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HALLOWE'EN

# OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

*Edited by*  
ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER  
AND OTHERS

A SERIES of anthologies for the use of students and teachers in schools and colleges; consisting of the best verse, plays, stories, addresses, special articles, orations, etc. Applicable to the holidays listed as follows:

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HALLOWE'EN . . . . .	<i>October 31st</i>
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Our American Holidays

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# HALLOWE'EN

*Its Origin, Spirit, Celebration, and Significance as Related  
in Prose and Verse, Together with Hallowe'en Stories,  
Plays, Pantomimes; and Suggestions for Games,  
Stunts, Parties, Feasts and Decorations.*

COMPILED AND EDITED,  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION,  
BY

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER  
(*Editor of "The Poetry Cure," etc.*)



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1933

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## FOREWORD

Because it precedes All Saints' Day, the last night of October is known as All Hallow Even, or Hallowe'en. It has been nicknamed Nutcrack Night, and Snapapple Night.

This uproarious occasion is chiefly marked by bonfires, amusing games, spooky plays and the perpetuation of numerous heathen customs inherited from times immemorial. Most Hallowe'en customs have a close connection with the old belief that ghosts, witches, goblins and all sorts of uncanny supernatural creatures of darkness are abroad on this their yearly carnival.

Like so many of its other holidays, Christendom has inherited Hallowe'en from Pagan times. In part it is a survival of the ancient Britons' autumn festival in honor of the Sun-god. To this bright deity the Druids lit bonfires—their dramatic way of expressing gratitude for the harvest. And they firmly believed that on this occasion Samhain, the lord of death, assembled the souls of those unfortunates who had died within the year and who had, for their sins, been confined in the bodies of the lower animals. To our own day, indeed, certain of the inhabitants of Ireland call the thirty-first of October *Oidhche Shamhna*, or "The Vigil of Samhain."

Upon the vestiges of these Druidic rites and beliefs have been grafted the vestiges of others fully as old, but far removed, in spirit and place of origin, from the primitive customs of Britain. For our Hallowe'en is almost equally descended from the ancient Roman festival in honor of Pomona, the goddess of fruit and gardens, who was honored about the first of November.

Thus the long-perished religions of the Druid and the Roman have been fused by their descendants into a single magic celebration at the time of year sacred both to Samhain and Pomona. And it has come to pass that, sanctioned by immemorial belief, Hallowe'en is still regarded by the young of all ages as the occasion *par excellence* for those who dwell in darkness to manifest themselves and convey intimations to the living about fundamental human concerns like death and love and marriage.

Naturally a holiday so intimately tied up with the world of spirits must feature such elemental things as earth and fire and water. The fruits of their coöperation, nuts and apples—symbolizing Pomona's gifts of winter food for mankind—still play important rôles on the Hallowe'en program.

Two awe-inspiring religious ceremonies of old have now, after long evolution, merged into a jocose modern revel. Far from the expression of gratitude for harvests received, its chief object now is to furnish lads and lasses with timely tips about their future love-life. Needless to say, the recipient's tongue is at all times thrust firmly into his cheek.

These tips are commonly deduced from the inquirer's measure of success in "bobbing" for apples, sowing hempseed, pulling cabbages blindfolded, pouring melted lead, repeating a prayer backwards while reeling a ball of yarn in at the window, burning nuts on the hearth, and so forth. In that quaint compilation, *Curiosities of Popular Customs*, William S. Walsh has described many of these methods for prying into the future.

"So they practise matrimonial vaticinations of all sorts. Most common of all and most intimately associated with the season is the roasting of nuts. These are placed together on the bar of the grate side by side in pairs, and named for

supposed lovers. If a nut burns quietly and brightly it indicates sincerity of affection. If it cracks and jumps it tells of unfaithfulness, while if the nuts burn together the youth and maid so indicated will be married.

These glowing nuts are emblems true  
Of what in human life we view.  
The ill-matched couple fret and fume,  
And thus in strife themselves consume,  
Or from each other wildly start,  
And with a noise forever part.  
But see the happy, happy pair,  
Of genuine love and truth sincere:  
With natural fondness while they burn,  
Still to each other kindly turn,  
And as the vital sparks decay,  
Together gently sink away,  
Till, life's fierce ordeal being past,  
Their mingled ashes rest at last.<sup>1</sup>

Or perchance two hazel-nuts are thrown into the hot coals by a maiden. She secretly gives a lover's name to each. If one of the nuts bursts, then that lover is unfaithful; but if it burns with a steady glow until it becomes ashes, she knows that her lover's faith is true. Sometimes it happens, but not often, that both nuts will burn steadily, and then is the maiden's heart sore perplexed.

"Gay has also some pretty lines about a girl who proved her lover in this way:

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,  
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;  
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,  
That in a flame of brightest color blazed;

<sup>1</sup> By Charles Graydon.

As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow,  
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow!

"Next to nuts in importance come apples. Endless are the methods of extracting from these fruits either fun or prophecy. What greater fun can there be, when you are at the right age and in the right mood, than ducking for apples? These apples are set afloat in a tub of water. They must be caught with the teeth, and the hands must not be used at all. The surest way to get an apple, it is said, is to force it to the bottom of the tub, and there hold it close while it is caught by the teeth. Any other way is hard to manage and uncertain of result. Another trick is to suspend a stick by a string tied in the middle. An apple is placed at one end and a lighted candle at the other. The stick is then whirled around, and the purpose is to catch the apple with the teeth and not to catch the candle.

"And as to prophecy, any maiden may find out at least the first letter of the name of her future husband by peeling a pippin, taking the paring by one end in her fingers, swinging it three times about her head, and then letting it drop. The pippin-paring thus dropped will surely fall in the shape of the initial of his name, as she will readily see, though the rest of the company, not having quite so discerning eyes as hers, may not.

"It is said to help among the witches wonderfully to repeat these North of England lines while swinging the paring about the head:

I pare this pippin round and round again,  
My sweetheart's name to flourish on the plain:  
I fling the unbroken paring o'er my head,  
My sweetheart's letter on the ground is read.

"Two cut apple-seeds stuck on the lids of the eyes help one immensely on Hallowe'en in determining which of two

lovers is the more desirable. All that is necessary is to name the apple-seeds after the lovers, respectively, and that which drops from the eye first points to him whose love is not adhesive. The advantage of this spell is that a body may help the Fates along, if they seem undecided, by winking.

"The hemp-seed divination is known both to the United States and to Britain. The experimenter must go out alone and unperceived with a handful of hemp-seed, which he must sow on the ground, dragging after him anything that may be convenient by way of a harrow. He must then say, 'Hemp-seed, I sow thee, hemp-seed, I sow thee: and him or her that is to be my true love come after me and pou thee.' If he then looks over his left shoulder, he ought to see a likeness of his future sweetheart pulling the seed which he has sowed. If he sees nobody, he may conclude that he is never to marry, or that there is some mistake in the experiment. A trial very like this may be made on Midsummer Eve.

"If a girl would see her husband by an Irish method, here it is. Let her throw a ball of yarn out of the window, holding the end of the thread, and then rewind it, at the same time saying the Pater Noster backward. Watching the ball of yarn without, she will see the desired apparition. Burns shows that the Scottish form of this test was more solemn. He says nothing of the Pater Noster, but he says that the yarn must be blue, and that the experimenter must go out to a lime-kiln and throw the ball therein; then, when the rewinding is nearly finished, something will hold the thread. To the question, 'Wha hauds?' the name of the future husband will be returned in answer. Of course it is understood that this or any of the other methods of divination of this night may be used with equal effect by a man or a woman.

"Wet the sleeve of a shirt and hang it on a chair before

the fire, as if to dry. Then go to bed, but do not go to sleep, only watch. At about midnight you may confidently expect to see your spouse that is to be, enter the room and turn the drying garment. If you do not see him, it must be because you allow yourself to drop asleep, if only for a minute, and so miss him when he comes. Burns adds to the difficulty of this trial, and therefore to its probable success if carried out rightly, by requiring that the shirt shall be wet in a spring or rivulet running towards the south at a point where three lairds' lands meet. It is the left sleeve that must be wet. This, also, is a test which may be tried equally well at midsummer.

"Numerous are the other ways in which the beatific vision of the future spouse may be conjured up. Lovers set three dishes on the floor, one empty, one with clean water, and one with foul water, and then approaching blindfolded dip their hands at random: they who dip in the empty one shall remain unmarried, and they who dip in the foul shall get one that is widowed, and they who dip in the clean shall be joined to a virgin. Or all alone they eat an apple before a mirror, feeling creepy as they look over the shoulder in the glass for the face of the sweetheart or spouse to be; or they go down the cellar stairs with a candle in one hand and a mirror in the other, for the same expected vision. Or they winnow in the dark three measures of nothing, simply with empty mimicry of winnowing, whereupon the face is to appear; or they pull the dead stalk from the garden, and judge by the earth clinging to the roots whether or not the lover has gold and gear; or they drop the yolk of an egg in water, and take heed of the indications concerning a lover's trade and tools, be they pen or be they spade.

"But the mysterious rites of Hallowe'en are not complete when the merrymaking is done and "good-night" is said. Each young lady, in order to complete the charms of the

night, on reaching her home must pluck two roses with long stems, naming one for herself and the other for her lover. She must then go directly to her sleeping-room without speaking to any one, and, kneeling beside her bed, must twine together the stems of the two roses and repeat the following lines, gazing meanwhile intently upon the lover's rose :

Twine, twine, and intertwine,  
Let my love be wholly mine.  
If his heart be kind and true,  
Deeper grow his rose's hue.

If her swain be faithful, the color of the rose will grow darker and more intense.

"The moment has at last arrived for the final and, to many, the most convincing and satisfactory test as to the identity of the maid's lover if she is still in doubt. A glass of water, in which a small sliver of wood has been placed, must stand on a small table by her bedside. In the night she will dream of falling from a bridge into a river ; but scarcely will she touch the water when her future husband, whose face she can plainly see, will jump in and rescue her.

"A noteworthy circumstance in the Scottish observance of the night which has not been largely followed elsewhere is the extraordinary and varied use to which cabbage, or kail, is put in the traditions and merrymaking of the occasion. Kail brose, or cabbage broth, is inseparable from the Scottish Hallowe'en feast. Mischievous boys push the pith from the stalk, fill the cavity with tow which they set on fire, and then through the keyholes of houses of folk who have given them offence blow darts of flame a yard in length. If on Hallowe'en a farmer's or crofter's kail-yard still contains ungathered cabbages, the boys and girls of the neighborhood descend upon it *en masse*, and the entire crop is harvested in five minutes' time and thumped against



the owner's doors, which rattle as though pounded by a thunderous tempest. In some shires at the 'pulling of the kail' the youths of both sexes go into the kail-yard blind-folded and in pairs, holding each other's hands. They each pull the first "runt" or stalk they find, not being permitted to make selection. All thus gathered are carried back to the house for inspection. The straightness or crookedness, leanness or fatness, and other peculiarities of the stalks are indicative of the general appearance of their future husbands or wives, while the taste of the pith, whether sweet, bitter, or vapid, forecasts their disposition and character. But the most singular of all beliefs in Scotland regarding the cabbage-stalk is confined to the minds of very young children, though it is so peculiarly a tender delusion that the guidwife holds it in respect to her dying day. The idea is universal among the little folks in the Land o' Cakes that where a new brother or sister appears in the household it has come, through fairy aid, from the roots of the cabbage-stalk. So that when all the bairns of Scotland are singing,—

This is the nicht o' Hallowe'en,  
When a' the witchie nicht be seen;  
Some o' them black, some o' them green,  
Some o' them like a turkey bean,—

however mad and merry all their games, they never lay their joy-weary heads upon their pillows until with their own hands they have laid generous piles of 'kail runts' against door-sill and window-ledge, so that the gracious and kindly fairies of blessed Hallowe'en night shall set free at least one baby soul from the roots and mould, and the household shall not fail of welcoming another tiny bairn within the coming year.

"A custom that prevails in Ireland and Scotland, and that is religiously followed in the United States by the people of those countries, has to do with the character of the evening meal. A dish, largely made up of mashed parsnips and potatoes and chopped onions, is served as the principal item on the bill of fare. It is called 'call-cannon,' though why it is thus designated only these people understand. A deep bowl filled to the brim with the food is placed in the middle of the table. Somewhere in the bowl is a gold ring, and in the centre is a deep well filled with melted butter. Portions are distributed to each person, and the one who finds the ring is certain to be married within a year, unless already married, in which event good luck will follow the finder."

Originally inspired by serious religious convictions, this holiday has been progressively lightened, secularized and jollified until it is now the most frivolous and sportive of all the year's festivals.

For the convenience of brain-weary hosts, librarians and teachers whose inventiveness has not yet recovered from the drain of last year's celebration, the present volume is offered with best wishes for a care-free Hallowe'en.

R. H. S.



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# I

## HALLOWE'EN CUSTOMS





# CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF HALLOWE'EN

BY LILLIAN EICHLER

It is customary for young people, throughout England, to dive or "duck" for apples. There are many superstitions connected with this custom. For instance, the maiden who is fortunate enough to win the apple is advised to sleep with it under her pillow, for she will surely dream of her lover. Another superstition is that if the young lady eats the apple while standing before her mirror, combing her hair, her future husband will look over her shoulder into the glass. She must under no circumstances turn around, or he will vanish.

One glimpses the almost childlike ingenuity of a superstition such as this. The apple is supposed to be eaten at midnight. The young lady, evidently very superstitious or she wouldn't be attempting the thing at all, peers into the mirror and actually imagines that she sees someone in the glass. She dares not turn around lest the vision disappear. She thinks of the person she would like to be her lover, stares wide-eyed and frightened into the mirror—and *sees him!* It is simply imagination tinged with fear and superstition, yet the next morning the young lady is quite positive that what happened at midnight was real, true. No one can convince her otherwise.

Most people avoid the churchyard and cemetery on Hallowe'en. The common notion is that the spirits of the dead walk abroad on that night. There is a superstition that if a man meet one of these spirits face to face, he will fall dead. Therefore, under no circumstances should one turn

or look behind if one hears footsteps on Hallowe'en!

Young girls in England were for many generations in the habit of gathering milfoil on Hallowe'en and sleeping with it under their pillows. Like the apple, it caused them to dream of their future husbands.

Another old custom was to throw a skein or ball of yarn from the window, holding the end of the yarn in the hand. It was believed that an apparition of one's future husband would take the other end, rewind the ball, and leave it just beneath the window. Clever fellows, courting young ladies who would have none of them, watched for the ball of yarn to come hurtling through the window, and played at being "apparition." They knew that eager eyes watched behind the curtains!

The black cat, being the traditional companion of witches, is ever present at Hallowe'en. The pumpkin is simply a symbol of the harvest. Stealing gates, buggies, chairs, etc., a popular Hallowe'en prank until recently, was a relic of the time when gates and gate-posts disappeared and were said to have been stolen by the evil spirits. According to tradition, everything connected with Hallowe'en smacks of the supernatural.

The white hare is more feared on Hallowe'en than any ghost. The superstition is that when a maiden, having loved not wisely but too well, dies of a broken heart, her spirit comes back in the shape of a white hare to haunt her deceiver. The phantom follows him everywhere, and is invisible to all but him. Ultimately it causes his death—on some dark Hallowe'en. We see the white hare as a symbol of conscience. It is usually conscience that gives rise to fear, and fear, to superstition.

*Chalking on Hallowe'en.* An old Hallowe'en custom, practised by street ruffians, is to chalk the backs of passersby, shout "Hallowe'en!" and scamper off. This ap-

pears to be a very old custom practised in parts of England, and particularly at Diss, Norfolk.

For generations it has been customary, in this locality, for the children to keep "Chalk-back Day" on the Thursday before the fair day, which was held on the third Friday in September. It is at this period that the sun (the whitener) is supposed to enter "the hinder part of the circle and the children chalk the people's backs to indicate that the rule of the White God has ended."

Somehow the custom became connected with Hallowe'en, and even now the children of our own country find keen joy in chalking one another's clothes at this period.

*Hallowe'en Festivities.* Tradition calls for feasting on Hallowe'en. The quaint old festival with its queer superstitions and fancies is becoming more and more an occasion for social entertaining. What, for instance, could be better fun than a Ghost Party?

From beginning to end the party must carry an element of mystery. The invitations, reading somewhat like the following, should be penned on cards in the form of witches, ghosts, or black cats:

Fellow-Spook!

You are hereby notified to attend a Ghost Convention on the 31st of October, otherwise known as Hallowe'en. Come at eight o'clock and park your troubles at the door. The password is "Fun." Full ghostly regalia of sheet and pillow-case will be given each ghost on arrival. Be sure to come and see what happens at the stroke of twelve.

(Name of Hostess)

*High Ghost*

(Address)

The home, of course, must be decorated for the occasion. Candlelight should be used, and only a few candles

at that, so that everything is dim. Or if you are afraid of fire omit the candles and shroud all the lights in lavender paper. Drape the furniture, the dress form, the broom with sheets—for ghosts must have a ghostly atmosphere.

Strangely enough, ghosts eat, and no Hallowe'en party is a success without a properly planned menu. A long, narrow table is the best, for when there are spirits and witches in the air, the nearer to one another the guests are the better they will like it! At each place have a small black pasteboard cat filled with candy.

Hot bouillon should be served, as it helps dispel the shivery feeling of Hallowe'en. Pumpkin pie is, of course, a tradition. And there should by all means be deviled eggs, devil's cake, and sand-*witches*.

Barn parties are particularly appropriate at Hallowe'en. The barn offers many opportunities for clever decoration. Pumpkins lighted with candles can be wired around the barn; bats made of brown cheesecloth and whalebone can be suspended by threads from the ceiling; ghosts and skeletons, made of broomsticks and sheets, can be hidden behind bales of hay. The very environment lends itself to Hallowe'en fun.

In the 18th century a very popular Hallowe'en frolic called "Fire o' Love" was practised outdoors. The frolic is very appropriate for the barn party if one wishes to carry out the old custom.

A large tub of water is brought into the barn. Each girl writes her name on a separate piece of paper, twists it to keep it closed, and throws it upon the water. A candle end, attached to a flat cork, is placed on the water and floats this way and that among the slips. One by one it burns them up. In a few minutes the candle end sputters and dies, and there are always one or two slips left.

These are taken out and opened. The unhappy young ladies whose names appear upon them will never marry, according to the old tradition. This method of divination was extremely popular about 1730 and was practised, and implicitly believed, by men and women alike.

Another time-honored Hallowe'en custom is to bob or duck for apples. This, too, is appropriate at the barn party. The lucky person to win the apple pares it round and round in one piece and throws it over his or her head. It falls in some grotesque form, which the guests interpret as the letter it most closely resembles. This is regarded as the initial letter of the player's future mate.

The apple-paring method of divination appears to be American rather than English in origin. It was a favourite among Colonial maidens, who quoted this bit of old verse while casting the paring over the shoulder:

By this paring let me discover  
The initial letter of my true lover.

The hostess who entertains at Hallowe'en should preserve all the old traditions and customs, no matter how silly and frivolous they may seem, for they add a certain quaintness which no one can fail to enjoy.

### A NATIONAL OCCASION FOR MERRYMAKING \*

All Hallowe'en, through the efforts of municipal recreation organizers, has taken its place among nationally observed dates. Unique among them, it is set apart for celebrating the spirit of nonsense. In towns and cities in every part of the country, after nightfall on the last day of October, revelry and prankishness prevail. Many types

\* From *The American City*, Oct. 1930.

of organization are current, but the Glens Falls, N. Y., experience is typical: "Everyone has a glorious time, and there is a complete absence of rowdyism."

Glens Falls has held its Hallowe'en celebration for three years. Manufacturing and retail concerns, schools and social and civic organizations of that city, all join in a huge parade, to the delight of thousands of spectators, young and old. Last year there were fully one hundred elaborate floats, as well as bands, grotesque animals by the score, clowns, groups of marchers, decorated automobiles and horse-drawn vehicles of ancient vintage. Carnival spirit pervaded the throngs on the side lines as well, and for an hour or two, hundreds of merrymakers in fantastic and colorful costumes mingled with the more soberly clad spectators.

This annual celebration was inaugurated by the Outing Club, an organization closely allied with the Municipal Recreation Commission in promoting public recreation, and the Chamber of Commerce was asked to cooperate. The object of the celebration was to take care of the urchins whose one aim in life on this night of pranks has been to ring-in fire alarms and steal gates. Considerable doubt was expressed, prior to the first parade, as to the feasibility of the undertaking. However, when the affair proved the largest community event ever staged in the city and accomplished the purpose for which it was planned, Glens Falls promptly accepted a Hallowe'en parade as an established annual event and began planning for the next one.

In Evansville, Ind., Hallowe'en is the biggest occasion sponsored by the Municipal Recreation Department, and is organized by Parent Teacher Clubs and school officials. Unlike the Glens Falls event, it is staged in neighborhood units, usually with a parade beginning and ending at

public and parochial schools. Thousands of young and old take part in the parades and in the programs of stunts held in the schools afterwards, with the awarding of prizes, and with a huge bonfire as a grand finale.

In Los Angeles, Calif., still another form of celebration is encountered in the carefully prepared dramatic events offered at each principal municipal playground. In Chicago, the Rules and Regulations for Municipal Playgrounds issued by the Bureau of Parks, Playgrounds, and Bathing Beaches provide that all directors and physical instructors aid in staging on each playground of the city All Hallowe'en programs suitable to the occasion, with stunts, games, frankfurter and marshmallow roasts, and a big bonfire; and that the wearing of costumes be encouraged. Grounds are kept open till 10 P. M. The whole child population of Miami Beach, Fla., is encouraged to participate in the annual Hallowe'en Frolic of that community, which is an affair of city-wide interest for days in advance.

These five cities are typical of different methods of celebration such as are staged in many places, all of which are demonstrating anew each year that something amusing to do is the finest antidote for ruthless destruction and lawlessness.

## HALLOWE'EN AND ALL SOULS' DAY CUSTOMS \*

### PRESENT-DAY SURVIVALS

ANONYMOUS

The ancient Celts were much preoccupied with the thought of death and the mysterious life beyond death. So that nowadays, in countries populated by a Celtic

\* From *The Catholic World*, Nov. 1930.



stock, as Ireland, Brittany, Wales, Gaelic Scotland, or in certain English counties permeated in the past by Celtic influences, we find extant survivals of old traditions and customs associated with the season of the Holy Souls.

Some of these observances will appeal to Catholics, others are distinctly superstitious; on the whole, however, whatever may have been the actual origin of many of these practices, they have been impregnated, transmuted, with Christian thought and feeling.

Brittany is the last great stronghold of old ways and manners. In that country, the people have—if one may thus express it—an intimate association with the departed souls,—the “*anaon*,” or “souls of the ancestors,” as they are generally called.

The suffering souls are thought of as sometimes fulfilling their purgatory close at hand, in farmsteads, fields, or unfrequented lanes. If in conversation, the name of an ancestor, even a neighbor's ancestor, is mentioned, some one will have the pious wish ready,—“Peace to their souls.”

Naturally, the continual remembrance of the departed has influenced Breton character and life considerably, while as might be expected from devout Catholic peasantry, this devotion to the “*anaon's*” welfare reaches its climax on the “Night of the dead,” our Hallowe'en. Then for forty-eight hours,—so the Breton believes,—the poor souls are liberated from Purgatory and are free to revisit their old homes, so that, of course, everything possible must be done to make them welcome.

It is a day of prayer, without a trace of the merriment of a Scotch or Irish Hallowe'en. All through the day, members of each household have prayed by the family graves; then in the late afternoon, everybody goes to

"black vespers" in the parish church; men and women kneeling round the catafalque, which throughout the year stands in a conspicuous position in the church.

In country parishes, as soon as vespers is said, the congregation proceeds to the charnel-house—an important building in many churchyards—where bones from an over-full graveyard are kept. This night the doors are opened, some peasants kneel inside among the bones, others on the grass outside. In the dark, lit up only by the candles burning on each grave, they sing the "Complaint of the Charnel-house," a Breton hymn, which first calls on Christians to gather together, then follows an appeal, as though issued by the bones themselves, beseeching for prayers and again for more prayers.

The ceremonies of the "*veille*" are by no means ended when the worshipers leave the churchyard. In the more unsophisticated districts, after supper is cleared away, each housewife spreads a clean cloth on the table, puts on it hot pancakes, curds, and cider. The fire is well banked up, chairs are put round it, and the family, after another *De Profundis*, goes to bed.

Soon after nine o'clock, a messenger goes through the streets, ringing a bell to remind every one to go indoors, as it is unwise to meet the souls streaming home at midnight. Later still, a band of singers—"the chanterers of the dead"—go through the village, rap at each door to wake the sleepers; whereupon they chant another Breton hymn asking for prayers,—"*the complaint of the Souls.*"

Then all is quiet, unless some one waking in the night, hears murmurs in the kitchen, or catches sounds of work. Then he knows the ancestors are back, warming themselves at the fire, for the poor souls are always cold; or trying their tools at their old labor.

Next day is "*Toussaint*" when the whole household go

to early Mass; the "*anaon*" go too, for on this day, families are reunited—living and dead hear Mass together.

Some districts had their special customs. In the Isle of Sein, four young men stayed in church during the night, tolling the bells hourly. Four other men went to every house on the island where some one had died during the previous year, and called on the inmates to say the *De Profundis* with them.

At Douarnenez a most touching custom prevails. There, it is not usual for women to go out in the fishing boats. But when a sailor or fisherman has been drowned and his body has never been recovered, on All Souls' Day, the women from the bereaved family sail far out with the men, and all say the *De Profundis* for their dead relative.

Irish folk, as is well known, keep Hallowe'en with great zest. But in the West, after the young people's games with nuts and apples are finished, the housemother builds up the fire with sods, sets the chairs round in a semicircle, spreads the table with a clean cloth, and puts ready for the Holy Souls a large uncut loaf and a jug of water. In parts of Kerry, a pot of tea is put out on Christmas Eve for the poor souls, and it is noteworthy that the Breton thinks that the ancestors are liberated from Purgatory on Christmas Eve and St. John's Eve, as well as on Hallowe'en.

Queen Elizabeth of England forbade all observances connected with All Souls' Day. In spite of her ordinance, "souling" customs—mentioned historically both before and after the Reformation—went on in English and Welsh counties for centuries, and indeed, have not quite disappeared yet from a few Shropshire villages.

The practice itself was very homely. On All Souls' Day, women and girls visiting well-to-do neighbors'

houses, begged for and received "soul cakes." The older forms of request are interesting as they show pre-Reformation Catholic phraseology, for in return for the cakes, prayers were apparently offered for the donor's soul: "A soul-cake; a soul-cake, have mercy on all Christian souls, for a soul-cake." Or in Staffordshire: "God have saul (soul), beens and all."

As time went on, prayers for the poor souls were forgotten, and the making of special soul-cakes (short-breads) ceased also. Apples, buns, and money were dispensed to children, the only "soulers" left, who came round singing doggerel instead of the request for "a soul-cake, Good Mistress, I pray thee, a soul-cake." The verses,

"Soul, soul, an apple or two,  
If you haven't an apple, a pear will do,  
One for Peter, two for Paul,  
Three for the Man Who made us all,"

is typical.

It is rather surprising to find that in East Yorkshire, where the people are of mixed Saxon, Danish, and Norse descent, a similar custom prevailed until about sixty to eighty years ago. There it was the bakers who gave their customers, on November 2d, "saumas (soul-mass) loaves," small square buns with currants on top, one of which was supposed to be kept in the house during the following year "for good luck."

Though not connected with Hallowe'en or All Souls' Day, the remarkable funeral custom of "sin eating" is worth mentioning.

In the 18th century and later, when some one died in Wales and Hereford, "the sin eater" of the parish, generally a very poor man, was brought to the house.

Standing on one side of the corpse, a crust of bread, a bowl of ale (in some districts, milk) and a sixpenny bit, were handed him over the dead body. The "sin eater" ate and drank, thereby signifying that he had taken on himself, *i. e.*, "eaten the sins" of the deceased and thus prevented the ghost from haunting the old home.

Nominally an 18th century custom, "sin eating" or traces of it seemed to have lingered in Wales until the middle of the 19th century, while in Herefordshire, the ceremonial drinking of port wine by bearers and visitors in the room in which lay the corpse, looks much as though it were a reminiscence of the same custom.

When a funeral takes place in the poor districts of London, the mourners make efforts to have among the floral tributes, at least one "gate," which as its name suggests, consists of flower or greenery-covered "bars," with a white bird also represented in flowers.

Now it seems as if this cherished floral "gate" might well be a folk memory, taking tangible form, of a once widespread belief that when a man died, his soul escaped through his lips in the form of some little creature,—in Brittany a gnat or mouse, in England and Ireland, a white butterfly or bird. There is another vestige of this superstition in Derby and Yorkshire, where white night-flying moths are called "souls" by country people.

It may be perhaps that past beliefs never quite disappear;—that some part lives on, though metamorphosed. So that in this great city, among the everyday materialistic business and hubbub, the Londoner has transformed—albeit unconsciously—the old conception into a Christian expression of hope—that the departed soul has winged its way through the gates of death to the life beyond.

## II

### PARTIES AND FEASTS



## THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY \*

WHERE OLD CHARMS AND SUPERSTITIONS ARE TRIED

BY THERESA HUNT WOLCOTT

Unconventionality is the keynote of Hallowe'en fun. Do have everything different from the usual! Invitations written on post cards decorated with button-face freaks will be unique. When the guests arrive at the front door let a sheet-draped "ghost" flash an electric light, showing a card reading, "Go to the cellar door and follow the rope." The rope must be stretched through the cellar, up the steps to the kitchen, and then up a back stairway to the second floor. Dim lights are furnished by pumpkin and skull lanterns. As the guests pass along some one behind the furnace drops a metal washtub on the cement floor, and other startling sounds are heard.

In the second-floor hallway an appropriately garbed witch directs the ladies and gentlemen into their respective dressing-rooms.

Upon descending to the reception hall the witch makes each guest take the following vow:

I promise that I will not shirk  
My share in all this evening's work;  
In all the fun, too, I'll take part,  
And enter in with all my heart.

### CHARMS AND SUPERSTITIONS

In olden times many queer superstitions prevailed. One old charm reads: "Take twenty-five new needles and set

\* From *The Book of Games and Parties*.



them on a plate, then pour water over them. Those that cross denote enemies." This might be tried by all of the guests under the direction of an "old crone."

Let each guest be blindfolded in turn and conducted into another room. Here he is turned around three times while he makes a wish. If when the bandage is removed from his eyes he "sees the new moon over his right shoulder his wish shall surely come to pass." So the old adage goes. The new moon is made of gilt paper, and each guest is turned around so that he cannot fail to have a fortunate omen.

Another queer old superstition says: "If any one tells you anything and shortly afterward you have to sneeze it is a true omen that what was told you is true." The "old crone" tells this sign to the guests, and each has the opportunity of telling something to some one. Then the crone waves her magic fan, which is in the shape of a cat and has some snuff on it, and a general sneezing ensues. Even the family cat may take part in this performance, for the sneezing of a cat was thought in olden times to be an omen of good luck to all who heard it.

The throwing of an old shoe after a bride is a relic of an ancient belief which was applied to any one who was about to undertake something new. Let all of the guests go through motions in pantomime showing something in which they hope to succeed. While so engaged the witch blindfolds one of the players and gives him an old shoe, which he tosses from him. The one whom it strikes is to be favored above all others. A baby's shoe should be used.

While the guests are wondering what will come next a great paper spider descends on a silken thread from its web of cords in a corner of the ceiling. According to the old superstition the one on whom the spider descends will

shortly inherit a large sum of money.

For a jolly Hallowe'en game scoop out a very large pumpkin and make a Jack-o'-lantern face in it, with an especially large mouth. Put the lantern on a firm table at the end of a hall, or in a large room, being careful not to have breakable things near. Give each person a small soft ball, and in turn let each try to throw it into the mouth of the lantern. Every time a player is successful he or she is given a funny Hallowe'en favor. Popcorn balls, lollipops and pumpkin stickpins are among the favors most appreciated.

For a novelty in refreshments the hostess might place on the table a quantity of crustless bread cut for serving, with plates of ham, tongue, anchovy paste, jelly, olives, cheese, etc., letting each lady, as her "work," make up the sandwich her partner likes best. Serve ice cream in Jack-o'-lantern orange shells.

When the guests are about to depart the hostess says she will give each "a good-night kiss," and passes a plate of candy kisses. Upon being opened each is found to contain a slip of paper on which is a "fortune."

#### WEIRD SETTINGS THAT ADD TO THE SPOOKINESS OF THE FROLIC

At the entrance on the front porch two jolly scarecrows welcome the arriving guests, and the decorations of corn shocks, pumpkins and autumn leaves help to put one at once into the spirit of the evening's fun.

Doors and windows may be converted into transparencies by covering them with yellow tissue and pasting on cut-out ghosts, Jack-o'-lanterns and pursuing witches. If the guests are received in a dimly lighted room, with all the windows thus decorated and a lantern hung outside

of each, the effect will be indescribably weird. The doors should be lighted from the inside.

An effective paneled screen is decorated to represent a brick wall along which black cats prowl, while the silhouetted heads of prowling witches are visible over the top. A flight of bats and a beaming moon fill the sky, and the base of the wall is trimmed with paper pumpkin vines and grinning "Jacks."

Telling fortunes is an indispensable feature of the Hallowe'en frolic, and an easy and effective way to contrive a booth for the seeress is to utilize an archway between two rooms. An ordinary folding clotheshorse draped with sheets forms the back and sides, and the front is draped with black crêpe paper dotted with ghostly figures. Below the roof of fringed festoons is a frieze of owl heads, and an owl and twining paper snakes symbolize wisdom and subtlety on the tripod of the incense burner whence the pythoness is supposed to derive inspiration.

Standing sentinel at the foot of the stairs is a witch, the newel post forming her "skeleton." At her feet a black cat crouches, and above her head a fat green and black spider has spun a giant web in whose golden meshes winged bogies are entangled. Cornstalks bank the balustrade, and the wall is hung with fringed festoons in autumn colorings, whose ends are held by wooden plaques decorated with gummed stickers of witches and bats.

If the fireplace is only an ornamental one a pretty decoration is afforded by swaying fringes of livid gray crêpe paper from which peep grinning bogey faces, while Jack-o'-lanterns on the mantel furnish illumination when the lights are lowered. The paper is fireproofed and may be used if one so desires above the hearth fire where Hallowe'en fun so largely centers.

## A NOVEL INVITATION

The lines below beginning "Now what on earth," are intended for a homemade invitation. Cut a piece of yellow paper twenty inches long and four inches wide, and in each inch write one of the lines. Then begin at the bottom and fold the paper up inch by inch. Fasten the last turn-down with a spooky gummed sticker, slip the invitation into a little envelope, put another sticker in the upper left-hand corner, a stamp in the upper right, address and mail it, and there will be no question that "everybody will be there."

NOW WHAT ON EARTH  
DO YOU SUPPOSE  
IS IN THIS  
LITTLE FOLDER?  
JUST KEEP RIGHT ON  
AND YOU'LL FIND OUT  
ERE YOU'RE A  
MINUTE OLDER.  
A FEW MORE TURNS  
AND THEN YOU'LL KNOW.  
OH, GEE! AREN'T YOU  
EXCITED?  
WE ENTERTAIN  
ON HALLOWE'EN  
AND THIS MEANS  
YOU'RE INVITED.  
NAME . . . . .  
DATE . . . . .  
PLACE . . . . .  
MASQUERADE

## THE FORTUNE'S THE THING!

Looking into the future is *the* stunt for Hallowe'en, and seeing it in pantomime is another way in which these Hallowe'en prophetesses, who may not be taken seriously except for the time being, may reveal it.

A caldron is conspicuously placed in the front of the room, and when all are assembled a witch, taking her place beside it, solemnly announces :

Does any dare to learn his fate?  
Then let him at the caldron wait;  
And he anon shall see revealed  
Whate'er his future days shall yield.

A candidate for enlightenment accordingly presents himself beside the caldron, and the witch asks :

Wouldst thou of thy fate then learn?  
Dost thou for thy fate then yearn?

Upon an affirmative reply the witch further questions :

Though for fear thy cheek grow pale,  
Will thy purpose never fail?

After replying the candidate is required to spell his full name backward three times while slowly walking around the caldron. Needless to explain this is done to gain time, until the curtain is drawn back and upon a large white sheet a supposed scene from the applicant's future life is enacted in shadow pantomime. A peddler with a huge pack upon his back limps painfully across the stage, for instance.

Among other "futures" similarly enacted are a fruit vender with a pushcart, a policeman, a traveling salesman, a nurse bandaging a patient's head, a waitress, a cook, a fishwoman, and others equally amusing. Of course

the "properties" are all in readiness and the cross-questioning of the witch gives the time necessary for preparation.

### YOUR FORTUNE ON YOUR HAND

Still another fortune stunt that is simple to prepare is to draw upon white gummed paper tiny symbols of fortune like moneybags, traveling bags, hearts, umbrellas, goggles, etc. These little squares are laid, gummed side up, on a plate.

In the darkness of the witch's tent the fortune seeker's palm is moistened with a piece of ice. He is then commanded to lay his hand flat upon the plate and when he lifts it he will have his fortune impressed upon his hand at least for the evening. The witch then interprets the symbols on his palm according to her flights of imagination.

### FRIVOLOUS FORTUNES SEEN BY THE OLD WITCH

You would like an auto and are wondering what you could get in the way of a good one: I see a good bump.

There will be slight disturbances and uprisings around you: but only should you be baking bread.

You have a very pleasing manner with you, and can brighten things up wonderfully for your friends: especially silverware, providing you have a good kind of polish.

A change will occur which will affect you greatly: the thermometer dropping a number of degrees will cause this.

I see a sudden trip in store for you: likely down the cellar steps tomorrow.

You will soon witness a turning point in your life, which will likely cause you a little inconvenience and

maybe pain: the pin in your collar will probably be the cause.

Good luck will follow you all the rest of your life: but will never overtake you.

You will figure conspicuously in a literary sphere: most likely a sudden fall over a pile of books.

You are very ambitious and aspire high, and I see you reaching the top of the ladder: house-cleaning time when you are hanging curtains.

You will come before the public frequently, and will be a leader: most likely in leaving street cars or crowded buildings.

You are of an irritable disposition, and will do considerable stewing: over tough meat.

I see checks innumerable coming your way: probably tomorrow you will meet some one with a checked dress on.

The future holds greater things for you: you will find them by going into any hardware store.

You are very fond of water, and it has always been the height of your ambition to take a water trip. I see such a trip coming your way shortly: over a pail of water.

You are of a musical turn: if you had to you could wind up a phonograph without injury to yourself.

I see a grate snap ahead of you: and it will likely happen the first time you are near a stove.

You are very shrewd in business matters, skillful in the management of others, having a desire to shine: and will, after washing your face with soap.

You will age slowly: every twelve months will add only another year to your life.

You will be very active in social undertakings, but will not be able to keep your place with the others: a polished floor causing your downfall.

You are inclined to literature: you will likely fall asleep in the library with your head leaning against the bookcase.

You will take up music shortly: likely when you are lifting the music to dust.

You have very taking ways with you: in fact, people are always sure to miss something after you have left.

Mercury is your ruling planet, with the sun lord of your horoscope. This denotes that most of your time will be spent in a hot, tropical atmosphere: likely over the kitchen stove or the washtub.

You are not easily annoyed—in fact, you make light of a good many things that other people would not: old clothing, books, etc., you always burn.

You are of an artistic temperament, drawing being one of the gifts bestowed upon you: drawing your breath.

You will be considerably overcast and ruffled one of these days: when you don a new dress.

#### NONSENSE RIMES FOR THE MAIDS

You vow you have no “parlor tricks,”

Which will requite a lover’s suit,  
But in the cake and bread you mix  
You’ll find a splendid substitute.

You like to teach arithmetic,

And say it is great fun;  
But there is one who’ll teach you quick  
That one and one make one.

Soon o’er the restless sea you’ll journey,

Be wooed by men of wide renown,  
But for a rising young attorney  
You’ll turn all other offers down.



You purpose now, as everybody knows,  
To lead the business life a little while,  
But should the only one you love propose,  
Don't keep his application upon file.

Your golden voice will win for you  
The plaudits of a continent,  
But Fame will prove a guide untrue,  
And home alone will bring content.

With genius you fervently burn;  
High-art stunts are constantly doing,  
But soon in your own home you'll learn  
The high art of baking and stewing.

When you are walking down the street  
One rainy day your fate you'll meet.  
Beneath a friendly, large umbrella  
He will propose, the wily fellow.

When you are away at college,  
Getting just "plump-full" of knowledge,  
A professor you will meet,  
Who will worship at your feet.

To write books you now do pine,  
Think as author you would shine.  
Shortly you will change your mind,  
And as wife contentment find.

You'll love a man of the right sort,  
Although in stature he is small;  
But, "Better to have loved a short,  
Than never to have loved a tall!"

In the country bright and sweet,  
    'Neath a blue September sky,  
A rich farmer you will meet,  
    And you'll wed him by-and-by.

You have many a passing fad,  
    "Can't endure a humdrum life,"  
But some day you will be glad  
    To settle down and be a wife.

You're fond of raising flowers and chickens,  
    Love music, and adore a ball.  
You dote on Kipling and on Dickens,  
    But you love some one best of all.

If I can read aright your fate,  
Within a year three changes great  
Will come to you, and you will see  
How very nice this world can be.

Domestic science you will teach,  
And at this work you'll be a "peach."  
But not for long will you be "teacher,"  
For you will wed a famous preacher.

If you would read your fate, methinks,  
    To Egypt you had better go,  
And there consult the wise old Sphinx.  
    This is the only way I know.

At first, "Love in a cottage"  
    Will be your kind fate,  
But later you'll live  
    In a mansion of state.

You'll travel in Michigan, Kansas and Maine.  
With pleasure your days will be rife;  
'Neath Florida's palms you'll meet a bold swain  
Who'll persuade you to try wedded life.

So many hearts to choose betwixt,  
So many courting with such zest,  
What wonder if you're sometimes mixt  
About the one you love the best?

As the wife of a captain of note  
You will travel upon the high seas.  
And you'll be the belle of the boat,  
And will spend all your days in great ease.

A broker rich is seeking you.  
His name as yet you do not know.  
So take the one from Kalamazoo,  
And let the unknown person go.

"To love, to cherish, and obey,"  
Are words you vow you'll never speak,  
But you will change your mind some day,  
And be a loving wife and meek.

If you'll wish on November the third,  
Then walk 'round a block with great speed,  
And for five hours speak not one lone word,  
Your wish shall be granted indeed.

Your love between two swains  
Once was equally divided;  
But now your heart appears  
Just a little bit lopsided.

No perfect husband's yet been found;  
Each has some peccadillo,  
But don't get sad and hang your harp  
Upon a weeping willow.

Your nature so winsome and breezy  
Even Time will not wither or fade.  
You need never get "fussed" or uneasy  
For fear you will be an old maid.

A stranger the girls think quite "classy"  
Has the airs of a novelette beau;  
But if you'd be happy, my lassie,  
Choose the nice plain young fellow you know.

A social light some day you'll be  
In dear old Washington, D. C.  
But when at this you've had your fling  
You'll scamper home like anything.

Some girls have charms that fairly stun,  
But which are not enduring.  
Your griddlecakes and "Sally Lunn"  
Will prove charms more alluring.

Your fondness for cats and for tea  
Might indicate you would not wed;  
But signs do not always come true;  
To the altar two times you'll be led.

If breaking hearts were termed a crime,  
You'd surely be indicted;  
But you would learn in ample time  
That hearts might be united.

## NONSENSE RIMES FOR THE MEN

In foreign lands you will reside,  
And you will be a gay globe-trotter;  
But you'll come back to win a bride,  
And you'll be very glad you got her.

Upon the pinnacle of Fame,  
You'll carve your name with letters deep.  
And folks will shout with loud acclaim:  
"That man invented snoreless sleep!"

You ought to be a famous banker,  
A man of great financial force;  
But since for outdoor sports you hanker,  
You'll wield a baseball bat, of course.

Your Chesterfield manner and style  
Makes you loved by the worldly mammas;  
But if you'd "get busy" awhile,  
'Twould look good to the sordid papas.

An author you'll be, of great note;  
As famous as Dickens and Scott.  
Your sayings the whole world will quote,  
But your head won't be turned the least jot.

One girl who's dark and one who's fair  
Will shortly come into your life.  
Should they both love you, don't you care,  
For you will have a red-haired wife.

A girl who is merry and bright  
Is holding your heart in her sway,  
And she thinks that you are "all right,"  
So ask her to just name the day.

A schoolmarm you love and adore  
Pretends to be heartless and cold;  
But the lock that is on her heart's door  
Will open to you if you're bold.

A stenographer, pretty and smart,  
Sits clicking her typewriter keys,  
And she'll soon click the keys of your heart  
With just as much quickness and ease.

A dashing widow's set her cap for you;  
Your heart already don't belong to you,  
For of it I have very lately heard  
The lady owns at least "a widow's third."

It once was your hobby to vow  
You'd be single through all of your life;  
But lately you met "Her," and now  
You soon will acquire a fine wife.

The thought of bills and other ills  
Has made you fear to marry.  
Cheer up, faint heart! it surely pays,  
So prithee do not tarry.

As a dabster at stocks and at shares  
Your luck will e'en dazzle the nation;  
But a share of her love you desire,  
And her heart is a "close corporation."

## HALLOWE'EN

You once claimed that girls were a bore;  
That no "carpet knight's" fate would be yours,  
But now, since there's one you adore,  
This feeling no longer endures.

July Fourth, when the weather is cold,  
As you skate on some velvety ice,  
A young girl scarce fifty years old  
Will rescue you. Won't that be nice?

The law will e'er be your strong forte;  
You'll be judge in an appellate court;  
But the courting most pleasant to you  
Will be courting a sweetheart who's true.

Her voice upon the unromantic phone  
From every other voice you quickly tell.  
That voice you love and that alone,  
In fact, you have a bad phonetic spell.

Your dream of bliss is coming true;  
A vine-clad bungalow for two,  
A moonlit porch, romantic quite,  
And you a real suburbanite.

One girl you love is very tall,  
One medium, and one is small.  
Why not effect a compromise  
And choose the one of middle size?

Don't deem your home town small or dull,  
For here the best things wait for you—  
Fame, wealth, and fortune, and a girl  
Who always will be fond and true.

Your brilliancy, polish, and wit  
Fit you for a diplomat's life.  
In Europe you'll make a great hit  
And a countess you'll win for a wife.

Your lucky fruit will be the luscious date,  
Your lucky month the "merry month of May,"  
And matrimony'll be your lucky state.  
Your wedding day will be your lucky day.

A widow of wealth and of grace  
Of you has been thinking a lot.  
She has beauty of heart and of face,  
And for money she don't care a jot.

A farmer's daughter you will wed,  
And live the simple life.  
And of you two it will be said:  
"They're happy man and wife."

As a scientist you will win fame;  
You'll be great at discovering germs;  
And the girl to whom you give your name  
Must converse in profound Latin terms.

To marry, you do not desire,  
But your fate you can't hope to evade.  
To your love now three people aspire:  
A widow, a girl, an old maid!

There's one you love who's far away.  
Her heart's not bound by any fetter,  
So go to her and "say your say,"  
And don't propose in a mere letter.



A life of excitement and daring  
Was once what you fervently sought;  
For domestic life now you are caring—  
There's adventure in that, like as not.

You now pursue "Art for Art's sake":  
"High thinking, plain living" for you;  
But soon a position you'll take,  
And chase Art for a Living for two.

At an accident soon you will be,  
Where many a life is at stake;  
But your courage, your nerve, and your skill  
All previous records will break.

So many compliments you pass,  
Vowing to each, "I'm yours alone,"  
That when lass compares notes with lass,  
They say: "He's kissed the Blarney Stone."

#### A MONEY-RAISING SOCIAL

The girls' class of a little church gave the following merry social at the schoolhouse on Hallowe'en.

The invitations read:

Come at early candlelight  
And learn your fate before midnight.

They were easily and effectively decorated in witch-and-cat silhouettes by means of a stencil and some black paint.

Big posters, also decorated with a striking black-cat silhouette, appeared at the crossroads store, and at the station, schoolhouse and other conspicuous places, while

neat cards of about six by eight inches were mailed to the churches in the nearby town, with a courteous request to the pastor to help their church by posting the notice or card on his church bulletin board.

In the semi-darkness of the entry, to greet the guests, stood a very tall white-draped figure that extended a long hand in welcome, which had a way of uncannily becoming detached and lying chill and heavy in the recipient's grasp, (caused by the figure on low stilts releasing the draped bar of iron which he extended instead of a hand).

### STRANGE TICKETS

The room was lighted by grinning, sad or menacing pumpkin lanterns; the booths draped in white sheets or black cheesecloth. At the right of the entrance was a novel ticket office with a stencil-decorated sign offering: "*6 tickets for 25 cents. Drop in your quarter, and the cat will be let out of the bag regarding your future.*"

A yellow paper "bag" stood on a tall box, the visitor dropped in his coin, and the witch presiding released a concealed bedspring, whereupon up shot six black card-board cats!

Securing his strange tickets, the guest looks around at the tempting "high jinks" awaiting his efforts to attain knowledge of his future. In one booth a row of apples hang by long strings in seemingly easy reach, each bearing on its concealed side the initial of the person who will most influence his future. So he permits his hands to be securely fastened behind him and marches up to grip an apple in his teeth. Having chosen his apple, he is not permitted to change his efforts to another, but must pursue his first very animated choice to the end. If he succeeds, he is given a tally card with a witch silhouette

on it, and one gilt star is stuck in the sky through which the witch rides.

The next booth is for the old-fashioned stunt of apple bobbing, which always causes merriment, the successful participants receiving another star on their tallies.

In the third (curtained) booth, after having found the initial of his or her future intended by throwing an apple paring over his shoulder, the inquisitive one is handed a mirror and told to view on it the moon up on the black screen, over his left shoulder. As he does this the face of the intended one passes across the moon. This marvel is accomplished by the "witch" pulling a concealed thread on the right of the lantern-box for a man's head, on the left for a woman's.

The lantern is in a cracker box with the holes covered with orange paper opposite the opening in the black screen. Similar-sized holes are cut in stout squares of cardboard and a man's or a girl's head is pasted over the opening, being careful that no printing appears on the back of the picture. These boards are slid into a set of grooves arranged on the box and have strings on each side of them, that the witch may easily manipulate them. Soap rubbed on the edges causes them to slide readily.

At another booth on one side one could draw from a magic caldron a slip of blank white paper which, heated above a candle, disclosed a prophecy, comical or dire as the case might be. The slips, of course, had been previously written upon with milk, with a clean, coarse-pointed pen.

In the fifth booth a row of pumpkins sat along the counter. Upon presenting his cat ticket a little red net bag was handed the fortune seeker and he was told to select a magic seed from each pumpkin in turn. These pumpkins were labeled much after the order of the old game of

"Fortune" of our rope-jumping days. The first card bore "Whom will I marry?" and on the seed was pictured, with black paint, dark- or light-headed figures, tall or short, fat or thin, young or old, good or bad (by their pious or diabolical expression), handsome, pretty, or ugly, etc. "His or Her Age" came next. "His or Her Occupation" was depicted by implements from all trades and professions. On the next lot of seed: "What Will I Ride to the Wedding in?" "What Will the Weather Be?" "In What Month Will the Wedding Come?" "What Clothes Will I Wear?" etc. The seeds were large, white and carefully dried, and the tiny sketches were cleverly made, so much fun was created.

At the last booth was mounted a big, tissue-wrapped cartwheel called the "Wheel o' Fortune," to the spokes of which were attached bundles of all shapes and sizes containing various articles. The presenter of the cat ticket was handed a long wand with which to spin the wheel, and the package suspended at the highest point where the wheel became still was his. At this last booth, instead of the star on his tally to show that his fortune seeking had been a success, a little crescent moon was stuck, which completed the scheme of the attractive little tallies.

At the refreshment tables, appropriately decorated, were found stenciled menus, mysteriously worded thus:

- (1) A witch's brew,
- (2) Or demon's stew,  
With seashore witch
- (3) or (4) To burn or twitch  
your tongues and lips;
- (5) Or I scream
- (6) And find a dream,  
Though hidden deep it seem.

The key to this is: (1) tea and crackers; (2) chocolate with a marshmallow floating on it, and cakes; (3) deviled ham sandwich, or (4) olive and cheese sandwich; (5) ice cream; (6) a square of cake in which is imbedded a paraffin-wrapped prophecy. Each number ordered was five cents, and on a table at your right, as you left, were dainty boxes of fruit cake, sold for ten cents each, with the assurance that if eaten that fateful night just before retiring, prophetic dreams would surely come!

The dainty witches cleared a nice little sum that night with comparatively little trouble.

#### FINDING THE WITCH'S CAT

Are you going to give a Hallowe'en party this year, and would you like to have it just a little different from any you ever went to, yet of a real Hallowe'en flavor? Then try "Finding the Witch's Cat."

Send out invitations on cards shaped in the outline of a pussy cat. They read:

#### LOST

One cat; black-green eyes, long whiskers. Return to the Hallowe'en Witch, ——— Street, at half-past seven, October thirty-first. Reward.

Those who receive the invitations will readily understand that they are to come to the party dressed to represent cats. There are various simple ways of turning one's self into a pussy. The easiest way is to wear a little black paper cap with pointed ears. Cover the face with a small mask of paper to which some bristles have been gummed for whiskers and a piece of pink flannel for a tongue. The hostess, of course, dresses in the regulation witch's costume with a peaked hat and shawl; she carries

a broomstick.

Over the door of the room where the party is to be held fasten the sign: CATS IDENTIFIED HERE. The room is decorated to represent the witch's house. By the fireplace stands an old broom, and over the mantel is a framed picture of a cat. Paste a figure of a cat, cut from black paper, on an orange background. This may be slipped under the glass of any framed picture or merely pinned up. The witch's black kettle, in which she brews her marvelous potions, hangs in the fireplace. Cobwebs of gray crêpe paper cut in strips flutter in every available place. Let Jack-o'-lanterns grin in the dim light of every corner and a dismal (paper) owl or two look down from a perch on a dead branch.

Identifying the witch's lost cat is the first business of the gathering; so, as soon as all the guests arrive, the old witch tells them that failing sight prevents her from picking out her cat in the usual way so she must put all the cats to a test. The Hallowe'en cat is a very clever animal that knows the answers to the following questions. Then she distributes pencils and cards on which are the questions:

(1) Of what should Hallowe'en candlesticks be made? (Broomsticks.)

(2) When a witch goes to school what does she do best? (Spells.)

(3) What relatives are always present at a Hallowe'en party? (Pumpkin.)

(4) Who takes charge of the lights on Hallowe'en? (Jack-o'-Lantern.)

(5) If a witch could change herself into something to eat, what would it be? (Sandwich.)

The one who makes the best answers proves himself the witch's cat, and is decorated with an enormous bow of

orange ribbon or paper and awarded a chocolate mouse. The witch says she is very sorry that she cannot keep all the cats, but they may stay a while and have some fun. Would they like to play a game called "Witch's Spells"?

The cats join hands in a circle, leaving the witch outside. She runs around and touches one player, who leaves his place and begins to run. Those in the circle count ten aloud, and the witch gives chase. If she succeeds in catching the other at the last count she "casts a spell" over him—that is, she whispers in his ear that she is going to turn him into some animal. Then, by his actions, he tries to make the others guess what he is. The first to guess correctly becomes the next witch. If the first player touched is not caught the witch has to try again.

The game of "Hallowe'en Cat" may follow. A line is formed and one chosen for a leader. He says, "I have a black cat and he likes buttercups. What does your black cat like?" Turning to the first one of the line. Suppose he replies: "My cat likes nails." The leader declares: "Your cat is not a Hallowe'en cat." The secret is that the Hallowe'en cats like objects that are yellow.

No Hallowe'en party would be complete without fortunes. In this case the fortunes are for cats, although they are written by the boys and girls. The witch gives out papers and pencils and asks each guest to write a fortune for a cat, answering these questions:

What kind of owner will you have?  
Where will you live?  
How will you be treated?  
What is your greatest delight?  
What is your greatest trouble?  
What tricks can you do?

The writers will try to make the answers as funny as possible. The witch collects them, putting all the answers to the same questions in separate dishes. Then each person draws one from each dish and reads the combined results. One cat's fortune might be this: "You will belong to a mountain climber and live at the bottom of the sea. Your owner will give you a bed of down and feed you on ice cream. Your greatest delight will be in ridding your master's home of mice; your greatest trouble, to find the end of your tail. You will be able to play your own accompaniments on the piano."

After these frolics, the Hallowe'en cats will be ready for refreshments. Give them Hallowe'en milk (orangeade) and sand Witches. The latter are ordinary sandwiches filled with cream cheese and chopped nuts or any other dainty filling, wrapped in a white paper napkin folded in a triangular shape like a witch's hat and fastened with a Hallowe'en seal. For sweets serve "saucers of cream, mice, and catnip ice cream." The saucers of cream are round wafers frosted with white; the mice are of the usual chocolate variety; the catnip ice is orange sherbet served with a little sprig of mint in every portion.

To decorate the table for the Hallowe'en pussies, lay two strips of orange crêpe paper lengthwise and crosswise over the cloth. For a centerpiece to cover a surprise "pie" dress a doll in an old-witch's costume. Make a cone of black paper for her hat, pin a pointed shawl over her shoulders and give her a very full skirt of crêpe paper. This is pulled out to cover a dish filled with little parcels containing jokes and surprises. Each is attached to a ribbon or strip of paper which ends around the neck of a black pussy cat standing before each plate. It is easy to find a good cat's figure among the designs on the fancy



papers sold at Hallowe'en, or the pattern may be traced from a picture in a book. Mounted on cardboard and cut out, these kitties make a fine showing on the Hallowe'en table.

### A HALLOWE'EN GHOST PARTY

#### Invitation:

If friendly ghosts you've never seen,  
And think there's nothing to it,  
Come to my house on Hallowe'en—  
I'm sure you will not rue it.

#### Or:

You are invited to see the ghosts of your friends (blank) evening, October thirty-first at eight. 327 Park Avenue.

For the invitation use orange-colored stationery. Cut the paper so that you have a single piece the size of the envelope. Fold down the two ends about half an inch from the edge. On the first crease write your guest's name heavily with ink; fold down quickly without blotting. This will spread the ink and make his "ghost." On the other crease make your own "ghost." When they are dry write the invitation.

The main work of preparation is the making of a ghost book for each guest. Use ordinary writing paper (without lines). Make each book with ten right-hand leaves, add a cover of orange-colored Bristol board decorated with a black-cat sticker and tied with black cord; or use black board with pumpkin stickers and orange ribbon. On the first page of the book write the guest's name; on the second page (not on the back of the first) write "The Ghost That Sings"; on the third page, "That Chews";

on the fourth, "That Bobs"; on the fifth, "That Roasts"; on the sixth, "That Writes"; on the seventh, "Reads Palms"; on the eighth, "Tells Tales"; on the ninth, "That Walks"; on the tenth, "That Eats." Now fold each page lengthwise, so that you have a crease on which to write the name that makes the ghost. It is easier to put the cover on after the writing is done.

When your guests arrive have a ghost, dressed in sheet and pillow case, receive them silently and point to the stairs. Upstairs have another ghost to point to the room, but let no word of greeting be spoken unless it can be done in a hollow voice that will give the guests chills.

After the guests have all arrived put off the ghost costume, turn up the lights, hand out the books and show the guests how to make the ghosts. Have three small tables, three bottles of ink and twelve pens with very coarse points (this number for twelve guests). Let each man write in each girl's book, and vice versa. For example, Mary writes in John's book on the page headed "That Bobs," John writes in Mary's book on the corresponding page, and John and Mary are partners for the bobbing.

When the books are finished remove the tables, ink and pens. Have the guests find partners for the first stunt, announce that they will be given two minutes in which to select a song, then have each pair sing their song at the same time that all the others sing theirs. The uproar will be hideous, no doubt. When the songs are over ring a bell for change of partners.

For the chewing give each man a new string with a raisin in the middle. He chews the string from one end, his partner at the other, the contest being to arrive at the raisin first.

For the bobbing hang six apples in the doorways, and let each pair try to get a bite from the swinging apple

without touching it.

For the fifth, roast marshmallows or chestnuts. For six, each writes a poem about his partner or Hallowe'en. In the seventh a girl reads her partner's palm. In the eighth the man tells his partner a ghost story. For nine, have the guests put on their wraps and go for a walk, warning them to follow their leader, who should be instructed to bring them back in a short time. If practicable have them come in through the back door or the basement, up back stairs, to remove their wraps. Or have them come back to find the house apparently dark.

While they remove their wraps light the candles and Jack-o'-lanterns in the rooms below; then as the guests come downstairs they find their partners and sit down at the tables. After the lunch is finished have some one tell a ghost story while medicated alcohol and salt are burned in a shallow tin on the table. To prevent the awkward pause which sometimes comes after eating have the whole crowd gather at the piano and sing.

Jack-o'-lanterns cut from pumpkins ought to be used wherever available. Bats and cats of black suspended from chandeliers and on curtains, orange and black streamers, autumn leaves and cornstalks, all give the right atmosphere. The table, however, affords the best opportunity. Have orange and black nut cups, a black cat sitting on the edge of each glass, a pile of oranges, with eyes, nose and mouth of black paper, pasted on each, and at each end candles with orange and black shades. Make the candlesticks of turnips, large carrots or a small squash; cut them so that they rest flat on the table; hollow a place in the top to hold the candle.

The supper itself may be a real old-fashioned one of doughnuts, pumpkin pie, coffee, apples and popcorn, or it may be as modern as you like. If you wish to make tiny

menu cards of black paper written in white, put the following on them:

Satan's Delight	Fruit Cocktail
Witch Stew	Creamed Chicken in Patties
Fried Butterflies	Potato Chips
Pumpkin Dainty	Orange Ice
Devil's Cake	Chocolate Cake
Black Cat Beverage	Coffee

### A HALLOWE'EN WITCH PARTY

The invitation was written on a card decorated with a gummed sticker of a witch on a broomstick and it read as follows:

Time—October 31, at 8 o'clock

Place—For you to find.

The Witches Three demand your presence for a spree  
Among the hills in a den they'll be.

If you figure this rime,

And have plenty of time,

Don suit and mask and a spirit of fun—

They'll be glad to see you, one by one.

R. S. V. P. to one of these:

A FOOD FOR THE GODS.

AN UPHEAVAL OF EARTH.

A TITLED LADY.

Beheading of the Victims at 8:15

As the intelligent reader has already guessed, the party was at the home of Miss Hill, and the other hostesses were represented in the above rebus.

We arrived, much gowned and masked, at the appointed hour. The electric lights had been turned out, and porch, hall, stairway and parlors were lighted with innu-

merable Jack-o'-lanterns. A very gaudy "devil" opened the door and pointed up the stairway. At the door of the dressing room, half hidden in a niche, stood a giant "Ghost." Gnomes, ghosts and devils were to be seen on every side. Instinctively one whispered. After removing our wraps we glided down to the parlor. Such a supernatural, grinning collection of spooks as we saw!

Not to be late for the beheading, people came on time, and almost at the hour set another giant, sepulchral figure mounted a chair, and, in guttural tones, read riming descriptions of each invited sinner. Two assistant demons seized each victim in turn, brought him to the door of the chamber of tortures, and ushered him in alone to meet his doom. In a moment one could hear a prolonged shriek and the thud of the headsman's ax, after which, as I learned when my turn came, the poor beheaded spirit was ushered into another room, where he found the hapless ones who had preceded him and where he was free to remove his mask and fraternize with kindred souls.

When the last head had been severed the lights were turned on, and the poster decorations caught our eyes at once. A frieze of black cats, witches and bats decorated parlor, library and dining room. They were cut from crêpe-paper napkins and borders and were most effective.

We found our partners by matching apples which had been cut in two. Then we proceeded to discover our fate (or fates) through a dozen mediums. Candy in which "fortunes" were wrapped up was a popular way. One booth contained a palmist; another a crystal gazer; a third, a fortune teller. In another niche our astral bodies were revealed to us by means of a book containing shiny leaves, each leaf folding vertically in the middle. With plenty of ink, we wrote our names on the crease, instantly blotting the other side over upon it. The sprawling sym-

metrical result was the aforesaid "astral body."

An amateur hypnotist and his well-trained "subject" divulged some good-natured and very embarrassing "truths" about those present. Then it was time for the lap supper, which consisted of sandwiches, dill pickles, coffee, doughnuts and pie served in paper plates (decorated), with tin cups and ornate paper napkins. The cream was in a diminutive can labeled "Gasoline" and stoppered by a potato. The sugar cubes were in a toy coalhod marked "Dynamite." During supper a weird ghost story, "The Wind in the Rose Bush," by Mary Wilkins Freeman, was very effectively told.

### A HORROR PARTY

Either of the following verses might be used as an invitation to a Horror Party and may be suitably decorated with gummed silhouette cats or witches:

On Tuesday eve, October 31,  
We will receive  
You and your Horror Chief.  
Admission Fee,  
This night will be,  
A symbol of your horror.

Oh, hither haste on Hallowe'en,  
Where woodland witches wait;  
Where silent sheeted ghosts are seen—  
Oh, come and learn thy fate.

Each person should be requested to bring something to the party of which he has a particular horror. Toy mice, snakes and spiders would be some of the things to be brought by the girls, while pins, candy and hatpins might be brought by the men. These might all be auctioned off

later in the evening.

The room should be decorated with weird pictures and crêpe paper in Hallowe'en design. In one corner an illuminated skeleton might stare out from a jungle of ferns and boughs. The electric lights might be covered with shades on which horrible faces have been painted. Very few lights should be used, so that the room will have as weird an atmosphere as possible. The hostess should meet her guests at the door in ghost's apparel. Weird piano music would add to the general effect and some one with ability should entertain the guests with ghost stories.

After the telling of ghost stories the host or hostess might announce in a solemn manner that "John Brown" had met with an automobile accident on his way to the party and that his body has arrived in sections. All the guests should be requested to kneel on the floor and a large sheet should be brought in. Each person should grasp the sheet with the left hand and hold it about a foot from the floor. The lights are turned low. The "remains" should then be brought in in a covered basket and the different parts passed around the circle under the sheet by each person's right hand, which is free. The hostess could start things by saying: "Poor John only had one eye," and a grape might be passed around to represent this. A bit of false hair or a doll's wig would do for his scalp, a number of spools strung on stiff wire would serve as the spinal column, odd lengths of cornstalks for various bones, a large rubber bath sponge slightly moistened for the brain, a kid glove stuffed with sawdust and dipped in ice water for his hand, and so on. Other spooky things which might be passed under the sheet for this game are a hot potato, a piece of ice, a feather, a potato stuck full of short bits of toothpicks, a piece of fur, a shelled hard-boiled egg, all explained as symbols of horror which John

was bringing with him to the party.

Seeing skulls looming up white out of black darkness is undoubtedly a spooky stunt. Mount on a sheet of white paper the outline of a skull cut from black paper, one for each guest, about three inches long. The guests are told they are to see what happens when any one is caught by a witch. A dark curtain is stretched across a doorway and the victim is seated several feet from it. The skull is looked steadily in the left eye under a strong light while the words, "Caught by witches," "Caught by witches," are repeated twenty times. Then the victim looks quickly at the dark curtain—and he sees what happens!

### HALLOWE'EN INITIATION

Did you ever try a Hallowe'en intiation? It is especially good for a club wishing to add to its members. Let the invitations read:

Thursday evening! What of it? Hallowe'en!  
And the club boys and girls will gather, I ween,  
To have just a jolly good time.  
Hobgoblins and witches! How fearful your fate  
If not in the house at a quarter past eight!

Ghosts welcome the guests and point the way to the dressing-rooms, not a word being uttered.

We will suppose each girl has been asked to bring a mask, a sheet and a pillow case. For the boys you can provide most complete disguises in the form of black cats' heads—and how easily one may be made! Simply a piece of black cambric on which are sketched eyes and whiskers. This is worn with the face on the back of the head, and slits for the eyes and mouth are cut on the other side. It will add not a little to the amusement of the evening to



have the cats always walking backward.

The boys are detained in the dressing-room and told when they don their heads—which are numbered—that their only articulations are to be in the language of the felines which they represent.

When the ghosts have put on their disguises and are roaming through the rooms downstairs the boys are summoned one by one by a ghost who knocks so many raps on the door, the boy having the number which corresponds with the knock answering. After being blind-folded he is led out "to ride the goat." This consists in a prowl downstairs and through the rooms, the floors of which are littered with every available obstacle—garden hose, old baskets, carpets and cushions. On one of the latter he kneels, and after raising the right paw responds in meows most unfamiliar to an oath of allegiance to the ghosts of the evening. A muffled dinner-gong will lend an added touch of awe. This is the oath the boys take:

In seeking admittance I most solemnly swear allegiance to this "Sisterhood of Ghosts." I promise to aid them in every way in their noble efforts to send creepy shivers up and down the spinal column of the so-called members of the sterner sex.

I promise to insist that aspiring members retain a breathless silence in the presence of this most esteemed "Order of the Sheets," and shall assist at all times in subduing the inevitable masculine giggle.

This I swear by saluting the symbol of my loftiest aspiration.

On removing the blindfold the boys find the symbol to be a pumpkin head.

Earlier in the evening the ghosts have also been given numbers, and numbered cards handed to them headed, "Who are the cats?" and to the boys similar ones headed, "Who are the ghosts?" After the initiation, for the most

correct answers prizes, hidden in pumpkins or cabbages, may be given.

The doors may now be thrown open into the dining-room, revealing a floor carpeted with leaves, in the center of which a large iron pot hangs on a tripod, the only light coming from the salt and alcohol burning on the grate. Mirrors hidden in the leaves reflect the eerie light, and cushions are arranged in a circle on the floor.

The old witch standing over the boiling pot perceives a fortune for each guest, and as the fortunes are told refreshments with curious names may be served.

The guests may be given "Wands from the Fairies" as a protection from evil spirits on their homeward way. These may be the noise-making favors that may be purchased at five cents each, and the guests will be out of sight long before they are out of hearing.

### MAPLE LEAF LUNCHEON

A "Maple-Leaf Luncheon" was the charming form of entertainment conducted by a hostess whose hospitality has a touch of originality.

The invitations to this particular luncheon gave a hint of something unusually delightful. As the envelope was opened several tiny leaves fell out, and the accompanying card read:

Maple leaves are falling fast,  
Red and brown in golden weather;  
Ere their beauty all is past  
Let us lunch and chat together.  
N. B. Wear your walking skirt and shoes.  
(Signed, with name and date.)

The luncheon fell on one of those rarely beautiful days that come sometimes in November—crisp and cool,

when, with a kindly sun overhead, it was a treat in itself to be out in the country. The guests were admiring the woods, aflame with color, just back of their hostess' home, and the bright flowers in her garden, when they were summoned to the dining-room. Their first impression upon entering the room was that they were in a miniature forest, by a campfire, with a table spread under the trees. Maple leaves and branches almost concealed the outlines of the long, many-windowed dining-room. The bare floor was strewn with leaves. The brick fireplace was surrounded with boughs of maple, and its crackling wood fire seemed to be burning on the ground. Shades were pulled high, and the sun streamed through the narrow windowpanes. On the dark oak table there was a centerpiece of green moss and bright leaves, with shaggy chrysanthemums blending with branches of dwarf maple and green ferns. The plate doilies were of maple leaves fastened on a round piece of paper, while single leaves were used wherever smaller doilies were needed. The favors were small trees with hollow trunks filled with salted nuts. They were made of brown cardboard and decorated with real leaves in the form of branches. The place-cards were beautiful single leaves, on which strips of paper with the guests' names were pasted.

The menu was in keeping with the brilliant colors of autumn. Fruit cocktails of shredded pineapple and oranges were served in shells of bright red apples. "Little pigs in blankets," which are fried oysters rolled in bacon, were accompanied by baked potatoes, broken open and seasoned with butter and pepper. Green peppers, stuffed with tomatoes and each garnished with a slice of carrot, were as pretty as they were delicious. There was a salad of chopped apples and chestnuts on lettuce leaves, and the dessert could be only one thing—pumpkin pie. Stuffed

olives and celery were the relishes, and toasted marshmallows ended the feast.

After luncheon, instead of embroidery which frequently sends the guests at a luncheon home with headaches, they had a long tramp through the woods, hunting chestnuts and gay foliage to brighten their city homes.

A similar form of entertainment with its open fire would be delightful after a nutting party or moonlight "hike," and the dainty maple nut sandwiches—made of chopped English walnuts and maple sugar, moistened with cream, and maple-leaf cookies, "frosted" with granulated sugar, or nut cake—could be served with coffee.

In that case the squirrel shades would be just the thing to soften whatever candlelight would be needed. They are made from nursery cut-out papers, which may be bought inexpensively from kindergarten supply stores. If place-cards are desired they may be decorated with squirrels cut from brown paper.

If given on Hallowe'en the favors could be the witches whose faces are nuts, and a humorous surprise may be planned by dressing up an electric flashlight. The grotesque heads may be bought at novelty shops, and as the light is flashed the transparent paper features are lighted up. These ghost figures are startling and lots of fun until the mysterious secret of the ghost is discovered.

### OTHER GAMES AND STUNTS

**HIDING RING, THIMBLE AND PENNY:** Hide a ring, thimble and penny in the room. To the one who finds the ring speedy marriage is assured; the thimble denotes a life of single blessedness; the penny promises wealth.

**APPLES AND FLOUR:** Suspend horizontally from the ceiling a stick three feet long. On one end stick an apple,

upon the other tie a small bag of flour. Set the stick whirling. Each guest takes a turn in trying to bite the apple end of the stick. It will be amusing to see each one receive dabs of flour on the face. The guest who first succeeds in biting the apple should receive a prize.

RING AND GOBLET: Tie a wedding ring or a key to a silk thread, and hold it suspended within a glass; then say the alphabet slowly. Whenever the ring strikes the glass begin over again, and in this way spell the name of the future mate.

BLOWING THE CANDLE: Place seven lighted candles on a table. Blindfold a man (or a girl), turn him around three times, then tell him to walk to the table and blow three times. The number of candles left burning shows the number of years before marriage. If all are extinguished, the wedding will be inside of a year. If none are blown out the wedding is never to be.

APPLE-SEED TEST: Cut an apple open and see how many seeds it contains. If only two are found, they show an early marriage; three, a legacy; four, great wealth; five, a sea voyage; six, great fame; and seven, the possession of any gift most desired.

## DECORATING THE TABLE

### SILHOUETTE TABLE

Solemnly circling around a diminutive box tree hung with Jack-o'-lanterns are seven sable owls (seven being a magic number) with staring yellow eyes. Around the edge of the table, as favors, are ranged a procession of taper holders in the form of black cats. A flight of bats hangs from the chandelier.

## MENU

- Astrologer's Broth (Bouillon containing carrots cut in the forms of stars, crescents, triangles, etc.)  
Fairy Wands (Bread sticks)      Mysteries (Chicken patties)  
   Nerve Tonic (Celery)  
Hobgoblin Salad (individual fruit salads decorated with goblin heads on toothpicks)  
Talismans (cakes cut out in symbolic forms, as shamrocks, horseshoes, etc.)  
Owls' Nests (ice cream formed into nests containing peanut owls)  
   Fortune Cups  
(Tea containing a few grounds for telling fortunes)

## PUMPKIN BLOSSOM TABLE

To the attractiveness of the paper Hallowe'en tablecloth, and the Jack-o'-lantern paper plates, is added a running pumpkin vine, and out of pumpkin blossoms the candles rise.

The favors are jaunty little figures with pumpkin faces and tendril arms, dressed in pumpkin blossoms and carrying tiny baskets filled with salted almonds.

## MENU

- Nightmare (Welsh rabbit)  
Jack-o'-Lanterns (Waldorf salad in apple shells with boggy faces carved on one side)  
Spinsters' Thimbles (hot, thimble-shaped biscuit)  
Brownies (Ginger Cooky Men)      Mystic Potion (Coffee)

## WITCH TABLE

In the center of the table is the mystical figure known

as Solomon's Seal, cut from cardboard, with a taper burning at each point. Upon this figure stands a tripod supporting a black caldron above a "fire" of twigs. Concealed in the caldron—from which rises a cloud of "steam," the new curled wool used on Christmas trees—are walnut shells containing humorous "fortunes." These are tied with narrow orange ribbons which extend to the various places, where they are fastened to toy insects, lizards, frogs, etc. Around the centerpiece is a ring of grotesque paper witches, and the tablecloth is decorated with weird figures performing incantations over caldrons from which grinning specters rise.

### MENU

Ghostly Dose (cream of celery soup served in witch caldrons  
made by covering custard cups with black crêpe  
paper and adding wire handles)  
Sand Witches (rolled bread and butter sandwiches)  
Magic Rings and Fairy Umbrellas  
(Filet of beef served in circular slices with mushrooms)  
Drifted Snow                      Blossoms in Disguise  
(Riced potato)              (Creamed cauliflower au gratin)  
Sorcerer's Surprise  
(Mixed vegetable salad served in green peppers)  
Hocus Pocus                      Witches' Brew  
(Pineapple trifle with whipped cream)              (Coffee)

### VEGETABLE TABLE

Hung from the chandelier are trailing wisps of gray crêpe-paper fringe, representing Florida moss, and a number of grotesque vegetable lanterns. Beneath, in the center of the table, is a vegetable figure rising from the heart of a huge lettuce. Smaller heads of lettuce are heaped with

miniature waxed vegetables containing "fortunes." The place-cards are held by pumpkin men painted in water-colors. Candy boxes representing absurd little vegetable figures form the favors. Around the edge of the table are Jack-o'-lanterns cut from decorated crêpe paper.

### MENU

Demon's Draught	Pigeon Wings and Capers
(Cream of spinach)	(Squab on toast, with caper sauce)
Puff Balls (potato puffs)	
Magic Molds	
(Molded tomato jelly in lettuce cups with mayonnaise)	
Conjurer's Cakes (Small fancy cakes with the signs of the zodiac drawn on the icing with egg yolk)	
Moonshine (this is the regular name of a delicious dessert)	
Elixir Vitæ (coffee)	

The crêpe paper vegetable mask adds a grotesque touch to the masquerade costume.

### GHOSTS IN THE CORNFIELD

The centerpiece represents a cornfield guarded by a grotesque scarecrow of cardboard and crêpe paper. The corn shocks are made by sewing fringed corn husks to inverted cornucopias. Ghosts and witches are chasing one another through the cornfield, and pumpkin Jack-o'-lanterns are placed here and there.

The favors are boxes representing cabbages, to each of which is attached a yellow ribbon ending in a cardboard pumpkin face. Fill the boxes with bonbons and candied fruits and ginger. The ice-cream course consists of "Hallowe'en Sundaes." These are orange ice cream over which is poured maple sirup and chopped nuts. They are decorated with walnut meats and black cats mounted on wires.



## THE TUG-OF-WAR CENTERPIECE

"Tug-of-War Centerpiece" is made by placing in the middle of a long oval mat of moss and lichens a hollowed-out cabbage filled with brown-crash bags of nuts, each bag having features cut from black passe-partout binding and pasted on, and the tops cut in points to represent ears. In each bag is a fortune. From the base of the cabbage on each side run yellow ribbons, held respectively by witches and ghosts in attitudes that suggest a tug-of-war. These creatures are cut from Hallowe'en crêpe paper and mounted on cardboard. Down the back of each is pasted a paper-wound wire coiled into a standard at the foot. This is covered with a second figure, pasted wrong side out. When thoroughly dry the markings show through enough so they can be traced with a large soft pencil, so the effect will be practically the same on both sides.

At each plate you might have one of the "Ghosties," a meat-skewer and peanut head doll, with the skirt covering a big red apple, which, of course, is to be pared and the peel thrown over one's shoulder at the close of the meal. It would also be a good idea to have a card bearing the guest's name placed in the ghost's fingers.

To serve at this table you might have the following:

Chicken Sand Witches	
Elfin Pickles	Ghostly Ice Cream
Devil's Food	Brown Brew

## THE TERRACED-GARDEN TABLE

A most unusual table is the terraced-garden one, with its funny boggy people holding ice-cream cups.

A square table is covered smoothly with green cambric to represent a lawn. Around the edge is pinned a strip of

cardboard, on which is pasted a fence cut from crêpe paper in a Hallowe'en design. Two boxes of different sizes are similarly treated and placed one upon the other in the center of the table to form terraces. They are decorated with prepared peppergrass and princess pine and several kinds of small artificial flowers. The ornamental trees, which suggest clipped cedars, are easily made of fringed tissue-paper disks of graduated sizes, strung upon heavy wires.

### THE WITCHES' WELL

A novel decoration which also provides a great deal of amusement is the "Witches' Well." A piece of cardboard is used for the foundation of the well. Cut a hole in the lid of the box and place stones around the box in the shape of a well. Print on a card the following verse:

The well of the witches is sure to tell  
The name of your husband and fortune as well.

Write a fortune for each of the guests, fasten it to a fishline tied to a fishing rod made of a skewer, and drop into the hole in the lid of the box. The fish poles are held up by pumpkin candy-box favors which are made to represent little men.

### HALLOWE'EN SALAD

To make Hallowe'en salad remove the stems from as many large chrysanthemums as there are to be guests and arrange on individual plates with a garnish of leaves. Sprinkle with French dressing, and in the heart of each blossom place a boggy head, shaped from cream cheese mixed with mayonnaise and ground nut meats, and with "olive" features pressed into the surface. The flower pet-

als may be pulled off and eaten, as well as the cheese mixture. One cheese makes two portions.

### HALLOWE'EN ICE

For Hallowe'en Ice, orange-and-pistachio ice is served in a sundae glass placed on a "doily" of autumn leaves. It is garnished with pecan meats and topped with a boggy-head taper holder in which burns a green candle. With the Hallowe'en Ice the ever-popular Lollipop, decorated Hallowe'en cakes, and Moonface Cookies may be served. Nuts, citron, candies, and chocolate and white icing are used for the decoration of these Hallowe'en cakes and add to the attractiveness.

The lollipop is dressed in a paper hat and ruff and stuck in a Hallowe'en cake, which may be decorated with icing, or tiny cones, obtainable from any first-class confectioner or caterer.

### THE SPOOKY GHOST TABLE WITH YELLOW MOONS

The table of the ghosts is covered with black percaline, with a border of black bats against orange moons. A mirror plateau covered with autumn leaves occupies the center of the table. From it rises a tall, thick, yellow candle around which white cardboard ghosts dance weirdly. Different-sized tissue-paper disks in all the autumn colorings—red, green, yellow, russet, orange—are arranged around the centerpiece, and on some of them are placed silver dishes filled with bonbons, nuts, olives, etc. The place cards are yellow paper scrolls held by ghosts of smaller size.

To make the centerpiece of ten ghosts clasping hands cut a pattern for one and lay on a piece of stiff white

paper folded back and forth nine times the width of the ghost. Cut out the same way that dolls are cut from paper to amuse children. The place where the hands are supposed to be joined should not, of course, be cut through, and in this way the ghosts will all be fastened together ready for your centerpiece, except the two end ones, and a piece of paper might be pasted on to hold these two together. Black pencil dots mark the holes for eyes, or a perforation might be made for the eyeballs, permitting the candle light to show through.

The smaller ghosts for place-cards should be cut out separately and eyes marked on them. Hands should also be drawn on and then clipped partly out with small scissors to make a place for the scroll place-card to be held. A stiff piece of cardboard might be pasted on the back of the ghost to make it stand up like a paper doll.

#### A GOBLINTOWN CENTERPIECE

For the central feature of this centerpiece choose a squash or a pumpkin that will be a good shape for a house, with a stem to represent a chimney at the top. Cut doors and windows, hang lace-paper curtains at the windows and surround the base of the house with artificial grass. At each side might be a paling fence made of cardboard painted a light green, over which vines may be trained. At the top of each section of fence a black cat cut-out might be placed. Hallowe'en figures may be placed about the front door. Inside the house might be small favors wrapped in yellow and green paper.

#### ALL ABOARD FOR SPOOKTOWN CENTERPIECE

A squash with a crooked neck might be used for an automobile. A slice should be cut off the bottom to make it

set level, and on the front, where the stem curves up, two grinning pumpkin faces should be placed for headlights. The inside should be hollowed out and shaped as nearly as possible like an automobile, with a little lower opening for the door. Inside make a pasteboard steering wheel and have a goblin for a chauffeur, and in the back seat place a witch with her black cat perched on back. The wheels may be slices of orange about half an inch thick and the car arranged on scarlet maple leaves.

The Goblintown and Spookville idea may be carried out in the decorations by having the candlesticks dressed in spooky and goblinlike fashion. One way to do this is to dress a candlestick in a fancy crêpe-paper dress, while the shade, which may be made of plain crêpe paper, is marked with the features of a face or a "pumpkin-head." The candle serves as a neck.

Square spaces might be cut out of the sides of boxes and lined with crêpe paper in Hallowe'en design. These boxes may be hung by wires over electric lights, or may be used the same as Japanese lanterns, if care is taken to have the candle fixed securely to the center of the box.

## A BLACK CAT PARTY \*

BY LILLIAN PASCAL DAY

Hallowe'en affords but slight opportunity for great variation from the time-honored traditional party program—Bobbing for Apples, Candle-and-Mirror fortune telling, and all the other ways of answering the important question, "Who is my fate?"

Those who prefer to deviate from the beaten track, will find a newer diversion for this prankish holiday in A

\* "A Black Cat Party," by Lillian Pascal Day, from *Social Entertainments*, Copyright 1914 by Moffat Yard & Company.

Black Cat Party. Instead of the customary pumpkin lanterns for decorations and invitations you are to confine your effects solely to black cats of every size. It is a very simple matter to cut them from a traced pattern laid on black cardboard or blotting paper. This cat pattern may be found in any kindergarten book of outline drawings. Or you can obtain the cats all ready to cut out of Hallowe'en crêpe paper which comes in bright orange hues, decorated profusely with black cats and witches in pointed caps.

Tiny black kittens romp over the margins of the card invitations which read as follows:

“Meow! Meow!  
Please listen now!  
I bring good luck  
Wherever seen,  
Especially  
On Hallowe'en.  
There'll be a stack  
Of cats as black—  
Come find your own  
Among the pack;

You'll learn your fate and know the worst  
The night of October thirty-first.  
Miss Brown.

Hotel Imperial,

New York.”

Instead of the expected hostess to greet them at the door, the Hallowe'eners are met by a monstrous black feline who gives a tentative pawshake with a loud “Meow!” After a while this creature on all fours is discovered to be a mischievous boy friend whose indulgent sister or mother has rigged up a costume for him out of black cotton crepon padded out with cotton batting at the proper places, with a comical long tail stiffly wired, and a Japanese cat-mask. This feature of the evening's enter-

tainment may be dispensed with, although the costume is not difficult nor expensive to make, and a boy of waggish tendencies can carry off the part of magnified puss and make a lot of fun for himself and others through the evening.

In larger towns or cities where theatrical costumers abound, a Puss-in-Boots costume may be rented for this part, with plumed hat, cat-mask, velvet coat, roll-top boots and all. But the home-made pussy will be perhaps even jollier.

The hostess pins a black cardboard cat upon every guest's coat lapel or corsage and any kind of Hallowe'en costume is permissible, just so a black cat figures somewhere upon it. Even if the witch of Endor should come in riding on her broom, she must be accompanied by her dark boon companion.

At one jolly Hallowe'en party a young woman wore a Chinese costume of yellow, appliquéd with paper cats and with her came wee two-year-old Robert, who trotted shyly around in a clown's white, puffy pantaloons and conical cap all plastered over with dusky kitty-cats. Everybody applauded vociferously when he sang—

“My kitty has gone from her basket,  
My kitty has gone up a tree,  
Oh, who will go up in the branches,  
And bring back my kitty to me?”

When the company is seated, the hostess brings in the family tabby and explains that the first one that puss touches after being set down on the floor will be the first one of the crowd to get married.

Thereupon, everybody breaks into cries of “Kitty! Kitty!” or “Scat!” according to their views on the all-

important question. The lucky or unlucky person favored by the cat is then presented with a toy kitten stuffed with sawdust as an emblem of marital good luck.

If Tabby is too frightened by the uproar to make up with any one, but dashes out of the room, this is a sure portent that nobody present will be wed within a year.

The toy cat is the oracle for the next test of fate. It is perched on the extreme edge of a long polished library table which has been cleared for the purpose. Whoever, by gently tipping the table, can slide the cat right side up into the waste basket waiting to receive it at the other end of the table will have good luck till next Hallowe'en. The unlucky wight who overturns the cat on its toboggan toward the waste basket will have misfortune for a year.

A toy black cat on casters or rollers is next introduced. At the end of a cleared space on the bare floor are ranged a set of child's blocks with the letters of the alphabet on their sides. Each player is given two chances to bowl the cat toward the blocks. Whatever letters are touched or displaced by the impact will be the initials of one's fate. If you are not skillful enough to speed the catapult into any block at all, you will remain for a year in single blessedness.

Another similar form of fortune-telling is being pursued by a jolly group of young folks nearby. A stuffed cloth cat has been plastered all over with white gummed letters of the alphabet and suspended by a ribbon in the doorway. Some one sets the cat swaying or whirling, after which the players each in turn spear it with long, heavy headed hatpins.

The letters impaled are the fateful initials and, of course, prospective bachelors and bachelor maids are numerous, for not every one is skilled in this precarious



form of marksmanship.

Papers and pencils are now given out for a new guessing game called:

### DISSECTING THE CAT

When properly dissected by the most skillful surgeon present, any pussy is found to contain the following astonishing assortment of things:

1. A kind of tree. Fur. (Fir.)
2. A silent delay. Paws. (Pause.)
3. A group of words making complete sense. Claws. (Clause.)
4. A story. Tail. (Tale.)
5. Parts of a line of poetry. Feet.
6. What mice do when they hear the cat. Hide.
7. Frequently heard in the talk of an egotist. Eyes. (I's.)

On closer examination "*Black Cats*" only are found to contain:

1. Something to play ball with. Bat.
2. Something lazy horses do. Balk.
3. Something most women love to do. Talk.
4. A part of the anatomy. Back.
5. Used in fastening carpets. Tack.
6. Found in a hay-field. Stack.
7. Common form of seasoning. Salt.
8. Used to hold flour. Sack.
9. Used on old-fashioned beds. Slat.
10. Largest part of growing corn. Stalk.

Another guessing contest for this occasion is:

### HIDDEN IN ALL HALLOWE'EN

1. A pair of shoemaker's implements? Two awls. (Alls.)

2. What we all like to take? Ease. (E's.)
3. What none of us likes to do? Owe.
4. A boy's name? Hal.
5. A large room? Hall.
6. To let? Allow.
7. Not high? Low.
8. What you say when you step on a tack? Ow!
9. What you say when you are surprised? Ha!
10. What you say over the telephone? Hallo!
11. An old name for eyes? E'en.
12. What an old-fashioned house has? Several ells.
13. What will a cramp do to you? Double you.
14. A paradox—something that never was? High-fen.  
(Hyphen.)

"Cat conversation" will enliven the crowd after the intent silence which falls over every guessing contest. Quick wits are brought into play in this amusing phase of A Black Cat Party.

The players are seated in a circle; the leader starts off with an observation about "the new school *catalog*"; number two replies that it is "most *categorical*," which number three follows quickly with, "I feel like *caterwauling* when I see it," while number four inquires, "I didn't *catch* what you said," or "I like *catsup*," and so on, around the room, the idea being that each must say something with a word containing "cat" as a syllable or part of one. Those who are unable in one minute to think up the required sentence are greeted with a chorus of "*Scats!*" and must get out of the circle, which finally narrows down to the winner, who receives a pocket dictionary as a well-earned prize for his cleverness in word-juggling.

By all means, some one should read or recite Anthony Euwer's clever "Boy's Essay on Cats" as most apropos to A Black Cat Party.

Any number of modifications of old games could be introduced—"A Cat-Hunt," instead of a Peanut Search, with animal crackers for quarry, pinning the tail on a cat instead of a donkey, when blindfolded, and various others will suggest themselves.

## WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN

BY MARY A. BLISS

If you are having a good old-fashioned Hallowe'en party we suggest summoning your friends with a Jack-o'-lantern cutout, the stem of which pulls out revealing the invitation.

And for eerie decorative effects try hanging gray crêpe paper moss from tree branches placed in dark corners. Amusing signs may also be had to help along the atmospheric background for your party. "This way, Beware!" warns one with a proverbial black witch carrying a pumpkin, while still another pumpkin figure lures the faint-hearted on with the cheering words, "Step lively! This way to refreshments."

For the table there are tricky place-cards concealing Hallowe'en paper napkins, paper "stick-ups"—witches and cats that stand erect in the salad or ice cream and a special combination place-card and tally in the shape of a roof top on which against a full moon is silhouetted a cat or witch.

And what is Hallowe'en without some magic? In one fascinating shop filled with all kinds of tricks which any amateur could demonstrate, I found a magic wand, which before one's eyes is broken to bits only to reappear in its original solid form; a gay sheet of paper which after being torn in many pieces becomes a hat; a little wooden box that does strange things with coins and still another trick

which shows how to place a lighted cigarette in a handkerchief without burning a thread.

Of course card tricks can always be counted upon to make a Hallowe'en party go. Several ingenious ones are described in a helpful little booklet entitled, "Fifty Parlor Tricks."

An ideal Hallowe'en prize is a small iron ash receiver in the shape of a witch's caldron. Hallowe'en wrapping paper is also to be had—orange tissue splashed all over with witches, cats, moons and lucky signs.

Horoscopes may well be made the keynote of your annual Hallowe'en party. Invitations can be written on note paper showing the sign of your special astral sphere. When your guests arrive or after they are seated at the table let them find Zodiottes which come boxed like cigarettes—gold tipped and all—but contain individual horoscopes instead of tobacco. This will create no end of fun.

There are a zodiac paper luncheon cloth and napkins, a game, Futurescope, by which you can tell the past, present and future of each guest and for favors or prizes, Parfums Astrologique—twelve perfumes, one for each sign of the zodiac.

## WHEN GOOD SPOOKS GET TOGETHER

BY NELLIE R. GATES AND CLAIRE WALLIS

A club had been organized by a crowd of last-year's high-school graduates who had not wanted to lose sight of one another now that their school days were over. Their first big party was given on Hallowe'en at Ella Robinson's home. They chose Ella's house because she had old-fashioned double parlors that could be thrown

into one big room, and the kitchen was an unusually large one.

The invitations—each girl sent one to the boy she wished to be her guest—were little witches of black cardboard just the right size to slip into an envelope, and under their arms were stuck tiny broomsticks made of toothpicks, the invitations written on slips of orange paper wrapped around them. The verse read:

Hist! Next Saturday night is Hallowe'en,  
Let's you and me make a date.  
Disguise yourself and be on the scene  
At promptly half-past eight.

The Robinson living-rooms were gay with garlands of bright autumn leaves fastened together with their stems and festooned from the chandeliers and around the picture molding. Strings of leaves were hung between the two rooms for portières. The corners were massed with boughs, with a few marigolds and dahlias interspersed among the branches.

The club had decided to keep this room as artistic as possible, and to fix up the kitchen for the real Hallowe'en games. They covered the kitchen walls with rolls of crêpe paper and painted weird figures, mystic circles, signs of the zodiac, etc., all over it with white paint. The lights were covered with green-paper bags to give the room a ghostly light. A most realistic ghost with a pumpkin devil head stood in one corner of the room. It was made of a floor lamp fastened to the socket back of the ironing-board. A rubber plug had been put into the sink and it was filled with water ready for the games.

Instead of the boys calling for the girls, the company met at Ella's in the usual sheet-and-pillow-case disguise. The fun started off with the Promenade of the Ghosts.

This was just a variation of the old game of "Follow-the-Leader." Clara Belle Toomey had supplied the weirdest music for this. She had taken an old phonograph record and made a second hole in it right near the hole used in putting it on the machine. The result was most unusual. After this every one was given a penny writing-pad to which a tiny pencil was attached with a cord, and a number to hang around his neck. On the pad were as many numbers as there were guests, with a question after each number, that would have to be answered with "yes" or "no." The game was to show Number 10, for example, the question that was written after his number on the pad. One mustn't ask it aloud, or Number 10 might recognize one's voice. He answered with a shake or a nod of his head, truthfully, and from his answer the questioner made a guess as to his identity and wrote it down after Number 10 on the pad. Then Ella called each number in turn and that number unmasked. It was great fun seeing how many one had guessed correctly. The girls had planned this game in order to get the company unmasked early and yet have all the fun and mystery of trying to discover one another's identity.

In a corner of the living-room was a table covered with fruit and vegetables associated with Hallowe'en: a huge pumpkin, an apple, corn, nuts, etc. Before they put aside their pads and pencils the guests were asked to guess how much the pumpkin weighed, how many seeds there were in the apple, how many nuts in the dish, how many kernels on the ear of corn, and so on. Prizes were given to those whose guesses were nearest right.

The company then adjourned to the kitchen for the more strenuous games: ducking for apples, going down the cellar stairs backward, discovering the names of their sweethearts by throwing apple parings, etc. They melted

lead in an iron spoon over the gas-stove, then poured it through the ring of a key into the water in the sink, and were thrilled at the divinations that could be read from the resulting shapes. For when Tom Hackenberg's couldn't possibly be mistaken for anything but a ship and every one knew Tom was going to South America with his uncle the very next month, one just couldn't help believing that there must be something in it.

Everybody left the kitchen for the next game. The committee had hidden sticks all over the house, one for each boy and girl, and each guest was supposed to hunt until he or she found a stick, and this stick told exactly the sort of helpmate the finder might expect to have. The slender straight stick meant a good and handsome husband or wife. Of course there were bent and withered sticks, and crooked sticks, and branched ones for widows and widowers, and so on.

Matching for partners was another game. Little black cats had been cut out of cardboard, one lot for the girls and one for the boys. On those that were passed to the boys were written "cat-conundrums." Some of them were: "What cat is a very good cook?" The answers which were written on the girls' cats were *-alogue*, *-apult*, *-echism*, and *-erer*. Of course each boy found his partner in the girl whose cat answered his riddle.

The refreshments—which were served cafeteria style, the boys helping themselves and their partners—were pumpkin pie, cheese, and doughnuts. With a stepladder, two clothes-poles, and some gray cambric, a witches' cave had been built around the slide in the dining-room through which the dishes were sent into the kitchen. In the dim green light—for the dining-room lights were shrouded in green-paper bags too—it was most realistic. One of the girls in a black cape and the conventional tall peaked hat,

assisted by her small brother in the costume of a little red devil, passed the plates to the boys and ladled cider from a large black iron kettle placed in the mouth of the cave.

After supper the company sat in a circle on the floor of the darkened living-room, telling a ghost story in relays. One of the crowd held a flashlight, the lens covered with green paper, and as he turned this ghostly light upon each guest in turn, the one in the light had to take up the tale where the last one left it, and continue until the light was turned away from him to some one else.

## A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

BY MADELINE SNYDER

In place of the age-old orange and black for Hallowe'en we have planned a party in black and white. The invitations are written on black photographer's paper, and we use white ink. The envelope pattern is easily made by tearing open a small envelope, placing it on black paper, and tracing around it with a white pencil. The invitations might be worded in this way:

The hobgoblins come on one night every year,  
O prithee come with them and celebrate here.  
Be a witch or an owl or a cat or a sprite.  
Be whatever you please, only wear black or white.

Or, if you do not wish the guests to wear costumes, change the last two lines to:

The last night in October, if you'd know your fate,  
Just come to our house at a half after eight.

Or else, if eight is not the hour, you might say, "Be sure you're not late."



Hallowe'en parties are more fun if you can have them in the early evening. So many of the stunts and tricks are more appropriate played after dark, especially if you live in the country and the children can go outdoors for some of the tricks. If the guests are to wear costume, ask them also to come masked. It adds so much to the mystery of the evening.

Your rooms should be mysteriously lighted, chiefly with candles and pumpkin heads. Black cardboard cats and owls and witches should be hung in every possible place, covering all the lights, etc. Burn wood alcohol in brass bowls. It makes a weird blue light that adds a lot to the spookiness of things. When the guests are gathered, the leader announces that a terrible tragedy has occurred to one of them. He was killed just as he was about to enter the house, and his body has been brought in, in pieces, and will be passed around to see if the guests can identify the slain man. The guests are then seated in a circle and the remains are brought in, in a basket, and one part at a time passed around—a grape for an eye, a chicken bone for a human bone, his mustache (bought at the Five and Ten Cent Store), spaghetti for veins, false teeth, a thin sea shell for a toe nail, a balloon for his stomach, wet salt or sand in a glove for his hand, etc., as far as your imagination will hold out and produce excitement for your guests.

#### WATER TEST

A laughable experiment consists in filling the mouth with water and walking around the house or block without swallowing or spilling a drop. The first person of the opposite sex you meet is your fate.

## TELLING YOUR FATE

Hide a ring, a thimble, and a penny in a room in which the games are to be played. The one who finds the ring is to be married first. The thimble denotes a bachelor man or maid. The penny promises wealth.

## APPLE SEED TEST

Cut an apple open and see how many seeds it has. Two point to early marriage; three, a legacy; four, wealth; five, many voyages across the sea; six, fame; seven, your heart's desire.

## BLOWING THE CANDLES

Place ten lighted candles on a table. Each blower in turn is blindfolded, turned around three times, and told to walk to the table and blow three times. The number of candles left burning shows the number of years before a marriage will take place. If all are blown out the wedding will be within the year. If none are blown out the wedding will never come off.

## OTHER HALLOWE'EN GAMES

Hang an ordinary wedding ring from the doorway by a string. Each player must stand twelve feet back, point a pencil and walk in the direction of the ring. The first one to put the pencil through the ring without moving the hand holding the pencil will be the first to marry.

Cut out good-sized letters of the alphabet and paste them about two inches apart on a sheet of cardboard. To learn the initials of a future husband or wife, each

player in turn is blindfolded, turned around three times, and told to walk to the cardboard and put his finger on three letters in succession.

Write fortunes on white paper with milk. They will seem like plain white pages. Give one of these apparently blank pages to each child. It would be amusing to have some one dressed as an old witch chant a spell while passing each paper in turn over the flame of a candle. The letters will mysteriously turn brown so that the fortunes are made plain to read.

Hide paper owls, paper cats, and paper witches all around the house. Each player is given a basket in which to place his findings. Owls count 5; cats, 10; witches, 15. The one receiving the highest score wins the prize.

Hang a sheet across a doorway. The sheet must have a small slit at the height of a child's face. Divide the children into two teams, one in front of the sheet and one behind it. Team One is given the first chance to play. Each child in turn puts his nose through the slit in the sheet. Members of Team Number Two are given paper and pencil and write down their guesses as to whose noses they have seen. Each one reads his list, and the one who has made the most correct guesses receives the prize. The teams change places, and the game is repeated.

Here is a variation from the usual bobbing for apples. Two apples are placed on newspapers on opposite sides of a chair; the two contestants, their hands tied behind their backs, kneel on either side of the chair and race to see who can eat his entire apple first. If the apple falls to the floor that player is disqualified.

Each guest is given fifteen letters cut from a magazine. At a signal from the leader each guest in turn places his handful of letters in a tub of water and with a long wand

stirs the letters around. When the water has again become still the letters will foretell either the initials of the future mate or some important forecast of the future. The leader can use his imagination as much as he likes to make this amusing. Each lot of letters is entirely removed before the next fate is forecast.

#### THE FUTURE

The young man in the secret announces that he is a mind reader. To test his power, he asks each player to write on a slip of paper, in not more than four words, what he or she resolves to do in the following year. These papers are placed, one by one, face downward on a table behind which the mind reader stands. He announces he will tell what is in each paper without reading it, asking that, as each is read, the author acknowledge it by raised hand.

Now, a fellow conspirator has already told the mind reader what he is going to write on his paper and he brings this paper last to the table. Its position is, of course, noted by the reader.

The mind reader closes his eyes, picks up a paper from the table and places it on his forehead, blank side toward the audience. The words he reads, presumably from this slip, are those previously planned and written by his confederate, who raises his hand in acknowledgment. The mind reader, on opening his eyes, glances casually at the paper to see what the real words are. These he uses for the next paper. His colleague's paper is the last he picks up and this closes the game, leaving the company completely mystified as to how it is done.

## MENU FOR A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Ghostly dose  
(Cream of celery soup)  
Sand witches  
(Sandwiches)  
Fairy wands  
(Bread sticks)  
Magic rings and fairy umbrellas  
(Filet of beef served with mushrooms)  
or  
Mysteries  
(Chicken patties)  
Drifted snow  
(Riced potato)  
Hobgoblin salad  
(Fruit salad)  
Owl's nest  
(Ice cream served in spun-sugar baskets)  
or  
Moonshine  
(The name for any dessert)

## THE TABLE

Half the fun of a Hallowe'en Party is the decoration and arrangement of the table. Carrying out the idea of a black and white rather than an orange and black party, keep away from pumpkin heads and think mostly of black cats and ghosts. A flat mirror, either round or oblong in shape, is placed in the center of your table. A thick cream-colored candle stands in the middle of the mirror. Around the edge of your mirror make a row of dancing ghosts which may be cut from white crêpe paper and wired. If this is too much trouble, Dennison's carry an autumn-leaf paper. The leaves must be cut and wired to make a border

for the mirror. A black cardboard cat should be wired and stood in one corner of your mirror, and a witch riding a broomstick should have similar treatment and stand in another corner. The table should be covered with black crêpe paper. You flute the edges so as to give a soft finish. At each place put a ghost hat made from white crêpe paper. It looks a good deal like a clown's hat and is decorated with a black paper ruff. Black ink is used to sketch out a face. A candy box to match the ghost hat could be made of white crêpe paper with little black sticker cats or owls or witches decorating it.

While the guests are still at the table, some one can come and ask each guest in turn which month he was born in and make up a little fortune for each month. Those born in January, she could say, will travel a great deal and always have money. To be born in February means you are sure to meet your true love; March, you will be successful in business but never go far from home. April brings great happiness and contentment. May means an artistic career; June, a love of out of doors—dogs, horses, gardening; July, you will be influential in the political world; August, you will be a clever home-maker and provider for your family of which there will be many; September, you will be a student and a very wise and noble person; October means a very happy, amiable disposition, sure to have many friends and many interests in life; November, you will be married twice, both times happily; December, you will be a very thoughtful, kind person, always doing nice things for people and being a very useful member of the community.

The final stunt for Hallowe'en, before the guests go home, is for each girl to walk down the cellar stairs backward (service stairs in apartments) holding a mirror over her shoulder, hoping to see her fate. As at a great

many of these parties there are only girls, it may be difficult to furnish fates for all, so one way we found was to corral a couple of young brothers and give them a variety of masks. The girls walk downstairs. The boys in turn put on one of the masks—a Chinaman, a Mexican, an Indian, a clown, a devil, and so forth—and gaze into the girls' mirror. Shouts of excitement and horror come from the girls!

## THE WITCH OF THE GLEN GIVES A PARTY

BY "ELAINE"

Invitation:

*The Witch of the Glen and her Black Cat  
Invite you to a party at  
Her den. Come at eight o'clock.  
Creep to the door and give a knock  
Like Rat-tat-tat—Rat-tat-tat,  
And then you'll hear the door unlock.  
911 Henry Street.*

How would you like being invited to a Witch's Den? Wouldn't it send chills up your spine? Well, chills and thrills are just what everybody wants in a Hallowe'en party, and you are sure to get your share of them at this one. According to the invitation the hostess must wear a witch costume, and her first aid must wear a black cat costume. Silhouettes of witches and cats should be placed inside the window or glass of the front door. Many houses have play rooms in the basement, and a room of this kind would be ideal for the den. A blanket or a pup tent can be arranged in the doorway, through which the guests are forced to crawl to get into the Witch's Den. Here the floor is loosely strewn with hay, and boxes and cushions

are the only seats to be found. In the city scattered rugs may take the place of hay. Tall branches of autumn leaves are placed in the corners, and the witch's pot is an important part of the equipment. This is the usual iron pot on a tripod. A realistic pot can be made by gathering a large circle of black crêpe paper about an ordinary bucket. Crooked tree branches form the tripod, and crêpe-paper owls perch on their tops. The witch boils frogs, newts, and dog tongues in the pot for her broth, but when it is time to serve, it will be found magically changed to a tastier drink of some kind. On the walls are hung ghostly pumpkin-head lights, and in the corner a stark, pasteboard skeleton grins and glares. A stuffed white stocking sticks out realistically from a branch, and stuffed white gloves beckon spookily. Sheeted ghosts take their places, one by one, as the guests reach the den, and when all have tapped their way inside, the fun begins.

It is to be hoped that there is a fireplace in the room, for here fortunes can be told with roasting nuts and apples. Then, too, it would be fun to pop corn and toast marshmallows or even weiners. Children, not too young, always like a spooky ghost story.

With the punch or cocoa dipped from the pot, serve Hallowe'en cookies, made by decorating chocolate cookies with white icing in the form of Jack-o'-lantern faces. Nuts and raisins go well with the apples and popcorn.

Game—A Trip to Spooktown by Airplane. Materials required: a small log and a short board. The board is placed across the log in seesaw fashion. The ticket seller stands by the door to admit the passengers, one at a time. As each enters, he must put on dark goggles. Two attendants place him exactly in the center with his hands resting on their shoulders. As they gently teeter the board,



they both begin to stoop very gradually until they can go no lower. This gives the airplane rider the feeling that he is ascending. When he makes a mighty jump of about six inches he is amazed.

## FUN FOR HALLOWE'EN \*

PREPARED BY

COMMUNITY DRAMA SERVICE

The party really begins when the invitations are issued and invitations are a very important part of the Hallowe'en party. These little notes should strike the keynote of the evening and carry a thrill as well as a promise of warm hospitality. For Hallowe'en is the one occasion in the year when, no matter how old or learned you are, you may throw aside your years and wisdom and revel in witches, ghosts and all the quaint superstitions of days long past.

It is more fun, of course, if the guests come in costume, but this party can be given in ordinary clothes—it is wiser not to wear one's Sunday best to a Hallowe'en party. The hosts and hostesses, or entertainment committee, dress as ghosts and witches.

If it is to be a costume party, the following invitation may be used:

There's to be a rendezvous of ghosts from distant ages—  
There'll be present queens and emperors, villains, priests and  
sages,

And many other famous folk of ancient song and story—  
You may even see Othello flirt with Annie Laurie!

We're certain that of one of these you are incarnated—  
So please assume some former form and let the past be fêted!

\* By Courtesy of the National Recreation Association.

Hallowe'en  
October 31st  
at 8 o' the clock

At the home of  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
Street  
\_\_\_\_\_

If it is not a costume party—

Do you like to play with witches?  
Have you ever waltzed with ghosts?  
They say they're entertaining  
And they're very merry hosts.  
Don't be afraid to come around,  
We promise lots of good fun—  
There's bound to be a jolly time  
With every ghost a live one!

Hallowe'en  
October 31st  
at 8 o' the clock

At the home of  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
Street  
\_\_\_\_\_

#### DECORATIONS

Have the room as bare as possible. Church parlors or club rooms from which all the furniture has been removed make the best places to hold the Hallowe'en parties. In the corners of the room make huge spider webs of silver cord, such as the twine used to tie Christmas packages. Fasten the threads to nails or push tacks and weave in the center, leaving several inches between the threads that go around the radiating threads so that the outlines are clear and as gigantic as possible. Toy spiders may be put in the webs. Along the sides of the room place shocks of corn with pumpkins beside them. At either end of the room arrange large, bare branches in which silhouettes of cats and owls are perched. Suspend huge black cats from the ceiling.

Lighting the Hallowe'en party should be given as much

careful attention as any other detail, for upon it depends much of the atmosphere. If lamps are used, cover them with lantern-like shades, using orange paper with skull and cross bones in silhouette. Jack-o'-lanterns placed in the far corners of the room always give a good effect. Excellent results can be obtained by lighting the room with a flood light and using colored gelatine sheets which can be changed from time to time. Green gelatine gives every one a ghastly appearance and red, of course, produces a spectacular reflection. Gelatine can be obtained from C. I. Newton, 253 West 14th St., New York City. (Fifteen cents per sheet.)

#### WELCOMING THE GUESTS

The guests are met by mute ghosts who silently extend a hand in welcome. When the guest reaches out to grasp the hand concealed by the ghost's draperies he grasps a chicken claw which has been dipped in thick suds to give it a slimy feeling. The guests are then lead to the rooms where wraps are laid aside. Ghosts are in attendance there, also. As they silently move about helping the guests to take off their wraps, they slip very small pieces of ice down the guests' backs. Small bowls of chopped ice are placed in inconspicuous and handy places.

#### TRUE HOSPITALITY

So that every one may feel at home and know that they are in the hands of friends, the guests are asked to partake of the choicest hospitality that ghosts and witches can offer. Of course a mere mortal might term this the "Chamber of Horrors," but the unsuspecting hosts are just doing their best to give every one a good time! Sev-

eral rooms may be used for this part of the program or one room, screened or curtained off into alcoves for the various "treats," will serve. Guests are taken, one by one, to try these super-natural devices. Blindfolding will be necessary for most of the stunts.

*The Broomstick Ride.* And what more can a witch offer! The broom has a flat, square piece of wood nailed on to make a platform on which to kneel. About two feet in front of this is a cross piece which the rider grasps. The witch takes just one precaution—every rider must be blindfolded. When the guest has balanced himself on the broomstick (a narrow plank will serve the purpose better than a real broom) two attendants lift the broom a few inches from the floor. An electric fan is turned on in the rider's face and a book or plate is bumped on top of his head to make him believe he has been raised up to the ceiling. The witches screech: "Don't run into the moon!" "Duck your head—here comes a comet!" "Now for a nice slide down the milky way!" Etc.

*Just Catty.* And now the witches give the guests the rare treat of visiting their cats. One by one they are let into a dark room and the door closed. Furs (borrowed from friends for the occasion) are hung on lines or suspended from the ceiling all over the room. A few are placed on the floor so that the gruesome effect of stepping on a tail will be obtained. Several persons stand in the far corners of the room and hiss and meow continually during the visits.

*Satan's Mark.* So that the witches may ever afterward know their own, every guest must be branded with the mark of Satan. Blindfolded, they are seated with great ceremony and the witches prepare to heat the branding iron. A pressing or curling iron is made to hiss and a piece of toast may be burnt to give an odor of burning.

An electric pad, held near the face of the victim, gives a further illusion. After a moment or two of discussion as to whether the brand is hot enough, it is decided to brand the guest. With a piece of ice, next to which a red lip-stick is held (not the indelible kind), "brand" the letter "S" on his forehead. Thus each guest emerges with a red "S" on brow.

*The Fate Mirror.* Every young person wants to catch a glimpse of the person he or she is destined to marry and so the hosts have thoughtfully arranged to let each look into the mirror of fate. The guest goes up to a mirror in a dimly lighted room, or may carry a candle into a dark room. Standing before the mirror with eyes closed, he, or she, repeats:

Mirror, mirror tell me true  
Will his (or her) eyes be black or blue?  
Will his (or her) cheeks be like the rose?  
Or will he (or she) have a Roman nose?

While the verse is being repeated, some one wearing a ridiculous make-up peers over the guest's shoulder. When the eyes are opened this alarming apparition is seen in the mirror. Two people assist at this, one wearing an old maid make-up and the other made up like a tramp with red nose and an old battered hat.

*The Ghosts' Easy Chair.* Any one who can rest in the ghosts' chair may have his wish. The chair is made of pillows or blocks piled in the shape of a low chair with a cover thrown over them. Cords are attached to the pillows and the guest has no sooner seated himself than several attendants, standing behind the chair, pull it apart and the guest sprawls.

## THE HALLOWE'EN FAIR

The guests are marshalled into the main room where the party is to be held and where they find the Hallowe'en Fair in progress. All the old traditional Hallowe'en sport is to be had here. There is a tub of apples with a ghost in charge, ballyhooing for apple bobbers. There are apples suspended on strings with a witch urging the guests to step up and try to catch one with the teeth. Strings with marshmallows in the center, to be chewed from each end in a race to reach the candy, are prepared. Other favorite games are in readiness and the guests invited to try whatever appeals to them, passing from one to another until every one has had a chance to try every game in the course of the evening. The following are a few suggestions for this part of the program.

*Fateful Walnuts.* A large bowl of walnuts with a supply of nut crackers is set on a table. The guests are invited to help themselves to the nuts. On opening them they are discovered to be hollow but each holds a small, folded piece of paper on which a brief fortune is written. If desired, a number of the nuts may contain the small lead objects used in fate cakes. Sets of these can be purchased from novelty shops. Shackman and Company, 906 Broadway, New York, carries the sets in a box of fifteen which costs fifteen cents. Order "cake sets."

*Candle Tests.* A red, green and an orange candle are placed in a row on a table about a foot apart. The guests are blindfolded, turned around three times and told to take three steps and blow out a candle. If the yellow candle is blown out the person is a fortune hunter. Blowing out the green candle means a successful business career and the red candle indicates a romantic, adventur-

ous life. If no candle is blown out, the person will live in single blessedness.

*Casting for a Mate.* The familiar game of peg board may be adapted to the party. The apparatus for this game consists of a board on which hooks are screwed about eight inches apart. The purpose of the game is to toss jar rings on the hooks, the hooks being numbered to make a score. For the Hallowe'en party two boards will be necessary—one for the boys and one for the girls. Instead of numbers, heads are pasted on the board above each hook. On the boys' board is a collection of pretty girls cut from magazines with here and there an old maid such as can be found on comic valentines or cartoons. The girls' board holds a display of handsome young men with a sprinkling of clowns, grouches and other humorous men's heads which the comic strips can supply. Of course the type of head that is above the hook on which the player manages to pitch his ring indicates the general nature of his future mate.

*The Gypsy's Forecast.* A gypsy fortune teller is installed in a corner and cannily dispenses information about the future as revealed in the palms of her visitors.

#### THINGS TO DO ALL TOGETHER

*Piercing the Disguise.* If the guests come in masquerade costumes, each is given a grain of corn. Then, directly following the Chamber of Horrors, they are taken into the main room and start to identify each other. Every time one recognizes another, if he is fortunate enough to be the first one to do so, he takes a grain of corn from the identified person. The guest having the largest number of kernels at the end of this game receives a prize. This may

be a large black cardboard cat with a bright red ribbon around its neck and green shoe button eyes.

*Recalling the Past.* Another stunt for the costume party which is always popular is impromptu characterizations. Guests may be asked to give a short scene from the past descriptive of the character they represent. Or, what is still funnier, ask each guest to write the name of the character he has taken on a slip of paper at the beginning of the party, probably just as he leaves the cloak room. These slips are jumbled and distributed. The guests are then asked to give a pantomime, speech or stunt of any kind descriptive of the character named on the slip handed them. Thus Old King Cole may be called upon to portray Hamlet, or Catherine de Medici may have to characterize the Pied Piper.

*The Tomb Stone Chorus.* Each guest is given a slip of paper with a single vowel on it. He searches for the other guests having slips with the same vowel and when five groups, each having a different vowel, have gathered together in different parts of the room they are told to pronounce their letter in any tone they care to. They try to vary the sounds as much as possible, making high, shrill "i's" and low, lugubrious "o's," etc. Very funny effects can be obtained by having the master of ceremonies lead the choristers, asking each group to "sing" separately and in unison.

*The Last Word.* The guests are asked to seat themselves around the wall or in a large semicircle with a storyteller in the center. The storyteller should be draped in black with a black cowl. His face is well powdered with flour. The listeners are instructed to listen carefully to the story and when the storyteller suddenly comes to the end they must fill in the last word, each one in turn giving an answer. The words may be as silly as possible and need



not apply to the story, but a prize may be offered for the best word.

### THE STORY

One dark threatening night in the late fall a young man was traveling by foot on a lonely moor in Scotland. Night overtook him before he reached a village and suddenly the storm broke. The rain descended in sheets and the lightning cast ghastly glimmers over the desolate moor. Seeing a great castle-like building looming up about five hundred feet in front of him, he ran toward it, thinking to at least find shelter for the night. A flash of lightning showed him the great knocker on the door and as it fell a peal more awe inspiring than the thunder rang through the great hall. After a long wait, the door began to open slowly, creaking on rusty hinges, and a small evil-looking serving man, carrying a dim lantern, croaked a dismal welcome to the stranger.

As soon as the traveler had entered the great, empty hall, the door closed behind him and was quickly bolted. The servant then placed his lantern on the ground and stood surveying the young man, smacking his loose, horrible lips and rubbing his skinny hands together. "We have been waiting for you a long time," he whispered. "All is prepared. Follow me." The young man, deciding that he was being mistaken for the master of the house and might as well obtain a night's sleep by carrying out the deception, followed the old caretaker up a long winding staircase and down several narrow, dark corridors, lighted only by the dim lantern which finally paused before a door.

"This is the room," the old man mumbled, opening the door. Both men entered. The older man lit a candle and placed it on an old chest, then prepared to leave. As he reached the door he turned and spoke again and this time

his voice seemed to come from the very grave.

"There's nothing to disturb your mind. Even the blood stains will be removed. Besides, not more than three people ever pass this spot in a whole year and I'm stone deaf."

With that he closed the door, and before the alarmed young stranger could protest, the key was turned in the lock. Mustering what courage he could, he turned to examine the room in which he was incarcerated. As he gazed at the heavy red velvet curtains that concealed—he knew not what—a hand holding a dagger slowly appeared. With a cry of horror he turned his head away only to find that some invisible hand was holding a revolver at his heart. Then his very blood froze as he saw at the extreme end of the room a guillotine. The great knife moved slowly up and down, propelled by some Satanic, unseen hand. At the other end of the room stood a gallows, the noose swinging, although no breath of air could penetrate this sealed chamber. Being a brave man, quick witted and daring, he looked about him to see if there were any possible escape from the horrible death that seemed inevitable. Suddenly his eyes lighted on a familiar object across the room from him. With a cry of joy he darted across the room and grabbed it. WHAT WAS IT? (As the storyteller says this he points to the right hand end of the line and as quickly as possible each person names an object. To start it off some one at the head of the line may be told to say "Campbell's Tomato Soup," "A Murad," "An Ever-ready Flashlight," etc. The more absurd the reply the better.)

### REFRESHMENTS

The refreshments are served cafeteria style. Ghosts are in charge of the sandwiches and salad, a witch pours

coffee, and cakes or individual pumpkin pies are served by brownies.

Attractive Hallowe'en cookies can be made by using orange frosting on ginger cookies and making a pumpkin face with melted sweet chocolate.

Hard-boiled eggs put on sticks, like lolly pops, and the entire egg and stick covered with a white paper napkin, fastened on with tooth picks, with a face drawn on, make good miniature ghosts and add fun to the refreshment hour.

Sandwiches cut with a cookie cutter in the shape of cats are attractive.

A delicious and novel idea for the Hallowe'en supper is the witch's hot dog. This is made by preparing a rich baking powder biscuit dough and wrapping it around skinless wiener wursts or the small Vienna sausages that come in cans. Bake until nicely browned with a dab of butter on top of each.

A salad made of gelatine with shredded cabbage, celery chopped fine, and strips of pimiento is always appropriate and popular. The recipe can be found on any box of gelatine.

Amusing hors d'œuvres can be made in this way. Take a sweet pickle and put tooth picks in one end to make legs. At the end of the legs put ripe olives. Use shorter tooth picks for the arms and green olives for hands. A very short piece of tooth pick makes the neck to which is attached a piece of liverwurst or other sausage for the head. The hat is a sardine. Of course these have to be arranged on paper plates. Whole wheat crackers should be served with them.

## AN OLD-FASHIONED HALLOWE'EN FROLIC

ANONYMOUS

## DECORATIONS

There is no necessity for patronizing an expensive florist for decorations suited to this ancient festival. The woods and fields, the garden and corner grocery will furnish everything essential. Cabbage heads hollowed out and suspended make delightful censers for holding lighted candles stuck in bottles, or they may be used as a centerpiece for the table, filled with nuts and fruit. Hubbard squashes and pumpkins cut in halves or boat shapes, then filled with autumn leaves or fruits, are frequently effective. The feathery gray "smoke" or clematis wound about the chandeliers and pictures, and bayberry branches, sumac leaves and mountain-ash berries are all decorative.

If a more eerie effect is desired, walls, chandeliers, and furniture may be draped with light gray or white cheesecloth, ornamented with long, bony hands and skulls cut from black paper. A number of black kid gloves stuffed with wet bran may be placed where the company are certain to run against them, the cold clammy fingers sending a shudder through one's body, or the hostess, clothed in a sheet, may greet her guests at the door, offering them this clammy hand to shake instead of her own.

## INVITATIONS

Invitations for a Hallowe'en party should be quaint and unique. A sheet of rough butcher's paper, fastened with coarse twine around wooden skewers, may hold the invitations, worded to suit the occasion. Decorations on

these may be pen-and-ink sketches of witches flying on broomsticks across the moon, owls perched in belfries or on leafless branches, a black cat with bristling tail, or "Br'er Rabbit" on a pumpkin. These drawings can be easily made by tracing the outlines on carbon paper, then marking over the tracing with pen and ink.

### PROGRAM

*Hallowe'en Favors.* With a little ingenuity favors for Hallowe'en may be made at home. Brownies made of crooked twigs and acorns, wish-bone dolls, or animals made of lemons, apples, peanuts and raisins are effective. At the shops are to be found witches' brooms, tiny gold-plated wishbones (five cents each), rabbit fob-charms, horseshoes, four-leaf clovers, black cat favors to be filled, red cats, skulls, ghosts, "Mother Witch" mottoes with cap and broom favors, surprise walnuts, twelve in a box with a favor in each, and so forth.

*An Open Fire.* An open fire adds much to the success of a Hallowe'en party, as fire and coals play an important part in many of the ceremonies. With lowered lights and a driftwood blaze, the astral bodies of Ichabod Crane and other spectral celebrities of the long ago may be persuaded, perchance, to leave their wanderings through space and be "comfy" for a few hours in the fellowship of flesh and blood, imparting to them meanwhile some of the things that may be coming to pass. This is the time for ghost stories. Before telling these, let little bundles of twigs be distributed to the guests (hazel or bayberry are best), and while these burn let each in turn tell a story, its length depending upon the time required to reduce his fagot to ashes. It is in front of this fire that the old Irish and Scottish divinations may be performed.

In one such test, two hickory nuts or hazel nuts, one named for the maiden, the other for her lover, are laid in the fire side by side. If they burn quietly, a happy courtship and marriage are assured, but if they fly apart there is trouble brewing.

Another nut test to determine the faithfulness of a lover consists in naming three nuts and placing them side by side on the ashes or grate. The nut that cracks stands for an unfaithful lover; the one that blazes bespeaks a high regard for the maiden, but the one that burns steadily she will wed.

*Test of the Three "Luggies."* In front of the fire may be placed three "luggies" or dishes, all in a row; one of these should contain clear water, one dirty water and the third be empty. Each individual who would know his fate is blindfolded and led to the luggies, whose position is shifted for each contestant. If he dips into the clear water, a happy marriage is foretold; if into the dirty one, it will be unhappy; while into the empty dish is the sign of bachelor- or spinsterhood.

*Hallowe'en Games.* Besides all the usual Hallowe'en customs—the bobbing for apples, the paring of an apple round and round in one unbroken strip and throwing it over the head to see what initial letter it will make, the eating of a teaspoonful of salt while walking down cellar backward with a lighted candle in one hand and a mirror in the other to catch a reflection of the "coming man"—there are plenty of new games that add their zest to the fun. For a contest with appropriate prizes, try threading wet pumpkin seeds on a string, an obstacle race, or jumping over the candle.

*Jumping Over the Candle.* This is a time-honored game, by which any maiden may find out in what month she is to be married. Twelve candles, named for the months, in

regular order, are lighted and over these the contestant is expected to leap one by one. The first that is extinguished by the draught of air from the jump tells the fateful season.

*The Salt Test.* Let a party of girls fill their mouths with water and their right hands with salt. Then at a given signal all start and run around the block. The first name each girl hears will be that of her future husband. If she giggles and the water flies out of her mouth, or unclasps her hand and loses the salt, the charm is broken.

*The Cellar Trick.* Just at midnight, take a match in one hand, a hand-mirror in the other and, walking backward, descend the cellar stairs. Go into the most remote corner, and then, striking the match, gaze into the mirror to see the face of the future husband. This is the more easily accomplished if there be a tacit agreement that some cavalier shall be in waiting for the inquiring maid.

*With Ashes.* Take a handful of fine ashes. Blow your breath hard into it. If it flies back over your face, the future husband will be a tyrant. If it does not, happiness is assured.

*Dumb Cake.* Seven girls are supposed to make a dumb cake and during its concoction not a word must be uttered. The sterner sex is banished. The cake, made of nothing except flour and water, is mixed to a stiff dough and placed in a pan. If any one dares speak she is thrust out of the charmed circle, will be the last to be married and find a poor stick at that. On the top of the cake each girl pricks her initials with a new pin and beside them those of her beloved. The cake is then put in the oven to bake exactly ten minutes, silence prevailing. When baked, those whose initials are still plainly to be seen will be married before the year is out. Then, when the door is opened, the girl upon whom falls the eye of the first man to enter will be

the first to be led to the altar.

*Fate Cake.* This may be made with any amount of talking going on, but each girl must have a hand in the stirring of it. Into this cake may go a ring, a silver thimble, a dime, a key and a wheel. Each of these trinkets should be wrapped in oiled paper. When the cake is ready, each person must cut a slice. She who gets the ring may rest secure that she is to be a happy wife. The possession of the dime assures riches, the thimble a life of single blessedness, the key unlocks all hearts, meaning many lovers, but no husband, and the wheel foretells journeyings on both sea and land. Any cake batter may be used for this fateful cake, but it should be a simple one that will bake quickly.

*The Wedding Ring.* Tie a wedding ring to a silk thread or hair and hold it suspended within a goblet. Then repeat the alphabet slowly. Whenever the ring strikes the side of the goblet, begin the alphabet over again, and in this way, spell out the name of your life partner.

### REFRESHMENTS

The food should be served early, as the hours just before midnight are to be reserved for the various divinations that will, of course, not work at any other time. Refreshments may be eaten in the kitchen, garret, or cellar, lanterns or candles stuck in bottles furnishing the illumination, or the "spread" may be in the dining-room, with more conventional fittings. An appropriate bill of fare would be:

Deviled Oysters or Deviled Lobster	
Sand Witches (Sandwiches)	
Deviled Eggs	Deviled Biscuit



Devil's Cake      Angel Cake      Witch Cake  
Ice Cream with Hot Chocolate Sauce  
Tea (with plenty of leaves for fortune-telling)

If you want traditional Hallowe'en dishes—those with history behind them—there should be cale-cannon, Ballyshannon pickle, Irish brade, bleached nuts, apples, and cider. The latter (sweet, of course) should also be on tap throughout the evening for guests to help themselves as desired. Paper tablecloths and napkins with appropriate Hallowe'en devices may be obtained in shops.

## A FRIDAY HALLOWE'EN PARTY

BY "ELAINE"

It is a tradition handed down from the Druids, probably, that on Hallowe'en night wicked witches meet together in their various secret haunts to plan out their deeds of darkness. No one is safe from their malice unless he knows how to take measures for his safety. Since Hallowe'en comes on Friday, itself a bad-luck day, we shall have to work all the magic we know to overcome the wiles of the witches and the influence of an unlucky day. The house should be decorated in a weird and spooky way with ghosts, black cats, bats, owls, witches, and goblin-head lights. Yellow flowers and autumn leaves will look well with these decorations. In addition we must have plenty of good-luck emblems to break the curse of bad luck. These are branches of mountain ash, horseshoes, wishbones, rabbit feet, four-leaved clovers, and elephants. Invitation:

A wise old owl once said to me,  
"It's wise to be light-hearted,"

So let's become as wise as he  
And on the road get started.

All bad luck that may come to you  
Can be turned right about.  
If a screech owl cries, the thing to do  
Is turn your pocket out.

Friday "Hallowe'en Party"  
8:30 o'clock

Mary Martin  
478 Holly Ave.

Games: Pulling Kale—This is an old Scotch game that can be modified for indoors. In the original game the ones seeking to know the future went into the garden and with eyes closed pulled a stalk. If earth stuck to the roots, it was a sign of good fortune. If the stem was straight or crooked, it indicated the figure of one's future husband or wife, and the disposition was shown by the taste of the heart of the stalk. Sticks to represent kale, with favors or funny fortunes attached to the ends, can be buried in a large box of sawdust.

Burning Nuts: The nuts are named and placed near each other in the fire. If they burn peaceably together, the course of love will run smoothly. If they pop apart, it indicates that the pair will be separated.

Apple Seed: Name two apple seeds and stick them on the cheeks. The one dropping off first indicates that he will be unfaithful.

Peelings: Peel an apple without breaking the peeling, and throw it over the left shoulder. It will form the initial of the future spouse.

Clue of Thread: Throw a ball of wool out of the window, holding on to the loose end. Rewind it on a reel. The name of the future husband will be found attached to the other end. These balls can be prepared in advance.

## ALL HALLOWE'EN

BY ELLYE HOWELL GLOVER

October 31 is the day *par excellence* on which to entertain. There is almost no limit to the things to be done—luncheons, dinners, and evening parties can be made most unique, and the stores provide a charming array of novelties for favors, place-cards, and decorative purposes. Then there is always the charm of mystery, the delving into the future for tokens of success in love affairs, and the surety that all omens will come true if tried on Hallowe'en in the dark of the moon at the witching hour of twelve.

Two girls planned this charming party:

The invitations were on red cardboard, lettered in black and ornamented with pen and ink sketches of witches, cats, owls, bats, brownies, cabbages, etc. They read: "You are invited to come to the Sign of the Jack-o'-lantern on witch night at eight o'clock." A small boy bearing a staff on the top of which rested a grinning Jack-o'-lantern delivered the invitations. He wore a white mask with the features marked on in red and black.

The hostesses were dressed as witches in black cambric robes ornamented with owls, toads, cats, etc., cut out of red cloth and appliquéd on. Tall witches' caps and masks completed these weird costumes. All the black cats in the neighborhood had been borrowed for the occasion, while the rest of the animals suitable to this night were manufactured to fly from the ceiling by invisible threads.

All the old-time charms, with apples, nuts, and tea grounds were tried, and the dining-room was the scene of the greatest mystery of all. As midnight approached a gong rang out twelve solemn strokes and the door opened to reveal a red-covered table with broad black ribbons

across it. A large stuffed owl was suspended in a tree bough by red and black ribbons from the overhead chandelier. "Pumpkin jacks" and candles furnished the only light, making the spiders, snakes, and toads, etc., crawling over the table, look gruesome enough.

A tissue paper pumpkin rested on each plate with a tiny black cat perched upon it, and there were the dearest little tin kettles for holding the salted nuts. The usual refreshments were served, but the mystery cake was brought in with due pomp and ceremony. It was illuminated by red candles and stood on a platter surrounded by burning brandy in which large table raisins were scattered. As it was passed around, each guest attempted to get a raisin out of the flame. Only one chance was allowed. The gaining of the bit of fruit is supposed to bring good luck. This is called a "snapdragon" and is a very old custom. The cake contained a coin, ring, pen, thimble, a lucky stone from the head of a sheepshead fish, and a rabbit's foot.

## A CHILDREN'S CELEBRATION OF HALLOWE'EN

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Thirty-one children to be entertained—a guest for each of October's golden days—and Hallowe'en to be celebrated! There are easier things to do. Such "stunts" as mirror-gazing at the shivery hour of midnight, as following a thread through a dark cellar, or pulling kalestocks; none of them could be called child's play. Something had to be planned that was different, something entertaining and "Hallowe'eny."

The invitations, which were sent out a week in advance, read as follows:

Won't you come to my Hallowe'en party, from 6 to 9, Saturday, October 31? Please wear real play-clothes.

Sylvia Hall,  
25 Park Avenue.

In the corner of each card was a tiny water-colored sketch—a witch riding a broom, a blinking owl, or a broad-winged bat.

Every response was an acceptance, and straightway preparations for the party began. From a farm-house we drove home one day with a load of cornstalks, pumpkins, and carrots. Everybody in the household who could use a jack-knife was pressed into service. Big pumpkins and little were transformed into lanterns, with faces upon which black or white paint had sketched queer eyebrows or fierce mustachios. They were distributed about the house: tucked among russet oak-leaves and green pine-boughs on each mantel, set lantern-fashion on a newel-post in the hall, or hung here and there from overhead grilles. Cornstalks were stacked beside a fireplace at a safe distance from the fire, and the house was lit dimly by pumpkin-heads or candles set in hollowed carrots.

The dining-table was set with a group of carrot candle-sticks and bowlfuls of apples, nuts, grapes, and candy. Upon a fat pumpkin was perched a Hallowe'en witch holding a handful of raffia, which came from the mouth of a grab-bag. In her black gown, peaked hat, and flying red cloak, with a veritable broomstick in her hand, she was the star of indoors. On the lawn, ready to offer a welcome to every guest who arrived, was a greater star, a life-size witch, with a pair of twinkling red eyes which could be seen two blocks distant. Her framework was a rough wooden cross with one end hewn to a sharp stake which was driven into the ground. Pillows were tied about

her lath-like form for shapeliness, while her garb was a nightgown. The pumpkin-head was of noble proportions, the hair a bunch of black raffia, and over it perched a lordly hat with a peak nearly a yard high, wide brim, and a crisp scarf of orange-colored paper tied in a magnificent bow at one side. The head was nailed securely to the framework, and inside the candles flared safely, for the witch's cap was lined with asbestos. That she made a hit would be praising her mildly; if her feet had not been securely planted in the earth she might have been tempted to curtsy from the attention she received.

When fifteen small girls filed downstairs, led by their young hostess, they were blindfolded one by one and each played a game of blindman's-buff with the boys in the hall, the one who was captured being her partner for supper. It shattered in an instant the ice which has always to be broken at a children's party. The crowd watching blindman's-buff began to shriek with laughter which grew to genuine hilarity when the sixteenth girl chased the sixteenth boy into a corner. There was a hungry rush at half-past six for the dining-room and parlor where eight small tables were set, four children being seated at each. The supper was a simple one, consisting of tongue and chicken sandwiches, with stuffed potatoes, baked apples with whipped cream, ginger-bread men, chocolate, nuts and grapes.

When the evening's fun began, a jolly young aunt was appointed referee and recorder in the various games. The first part of the program was held in the kitchen while tables were being cleared and dishes carried to the butler's pantry. There was, of course, a tub filled with lukewarm water (it was too chilly a night for a cold plunge), and in it floated a score of rosy apples. Bobbing for them was no end of fun, and the first youngster clever enough to bring

one up in his or her teeth was given the first place on the list of honor, which meant later the first chance at the grab-bag.

An apple tied to a string was swinging in a doorway—it got bitten at last—then fifteen minutes were spent over what the small hostess called “candle-boats.” It excited curiosity enough when there was handed about a plateful of walnut-shell halves. Each one was numbered on the bottom with India ink, then into it had been poured a spoonful of paraffin. In the center stood a bit of oil-soaked, cotton string to make a wick. The children, each one keeping in memory the number of his walnut-shell, crowded about the tub on the kitchen floor, and on its waters was launched a fleet of burning candle-boats. All sorts of exciting adventures befell them: they bumped into each other, one or two were capsized, some took fire and burned up, while a few sailed on serenely with their little candles burning up the last drop of grease. The last survivor was inspected for its number, then its owner’s name went third on the roll of honor.

There was no greater fun during the evening than a “peanut carry.” The boys chose partners and were ranged in two lines from the dining-room to the parlor. At the end of each line was a table; one held a big basket of peanuts, beside the other stood the umpire, with her pencil and paper. On it was a wooden bowl and two plates. When the umpire called a girl’s name she and her partner walked down the center to the farther table. Covering the backs of their hands with all the peanuts they could hold, they carried them to the other table, where they were counted. It sounds like an easy task, but the winner had only seven or eight peanuts to his credit. When the children began to giggle, when hands grew shaky, or a walk quickened into a run, the peanuts went tumbling everywhere to the

delight of the onlookers.

There was a game of bean-bags, then a spirited soap-bubble contest. For this partners were drawn again and a ribbon stretched from end to end of the room, with boys on one side of it and girls on the other. It was played almost like a tennis game, a girl blowing a bubble to her partner, who wafted it back. The contest went down the line, and the children who kept a bubble floating for two minutes won. At last thirty-two names were down on the referee's list and everybody gathered about the grab-bag in front of the witch-doll, who yielded up her reins of raffia. Each boy and girl, according to his or her place upon the list, pulled at a black or an orange-colored strand of raffia. One jerk brought out a bundle wrapped in tissue-paper—and such queer things were unwrapped, velvet cats and china elephants, feathered roosters or tiny dolls, old women who nodded their heads, and old men who winked their eyes, long-tailed mice, or fat little owls, and Japanese novelties without end.

What a stampede there was down cellar when the jolly aunt appeared with a corn-popper, tin pans, and a package of popcorn. Upstairs they came again presently with half a bushel of hot, snowy-white kernels. Then with bowlfuls of popcorn and peanuts they made a circle about the jolly aunt, who announced that the last half-hour was to be devoted to something very weird and "Hallowe'eny." She sat before a low table chanting softly, while into a saucer she tossed a tablespoonful of salt and poured alcohol upon it from a silver flagon. When she touched it with a match it blazed up in a blue uncanny flame. Then she began in a slow, deep voice:

"Little Orphant Annie's come to  
our house to stay!"



She had scarcely reached the last verse when the saucer-lamp flared strangely and went out. The reader lit it again, with her salt and alcohol, and recited:

"All around the house in the jet-black night,  
It stares through the window pane,"

but the light went out as she whispered slowly,

"All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp, tramp!"

There followed Eugene Field's ghostly "Seein' Things," with its "scary" refrain. But as she ended the last stanza, the lights suddenly blazed up, real electric lights instead of tallow dips in carrot candlesticks, and the clock struck nine. There was a scurry upstairs for warm caps and coats. "Good nights" were said, not only to the little lady hostess, her tall mother, and the jolly aunt, but to the witch-lady on the lawn, whose round eyes still glowed. Her black raffia hair was blowing across her pumpkin face; she could not very well push it aside, for her arms were stretched out stiffly and her back would not bend.

It had been a very jolly Hallowe'en; even the witch-lady seemed to acknowledge it the next morning, when her head was carried down cellar and her queer wooden leg bumped its way up the attic stairs.

## THE SPOOKS' TRYSTING PLACE \*

### A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

ANONYMOUS

Ghosts and skeletons have always been present at Hallowe'en parties but usually they are accorded only second

\* From *Recreation*, Oct. 1931.

honors. Witches, with their clairvoyant powers, have told pasts, presents and futures, and have dominated the party generally. This year the witches have been relegated to second place and spooks are to entertain, or better still, to scare the hearts out of those bold enough to venture out on Hallowe'en.

The following invitation announces a party at "Spooks' Trysting Place":

If you can grin when dry bones clank,  
 And laugh when goblins play their pranks.  
 If you can venture near a den  
 Where specters torture fearful men,  
 Then you are brave enough to face  
 The horrors of "SPOOKS' TRYSTING PLACE."  
 So come to see the phantoms white,  
 Which haunt my house on Hallowe'en night.  
 Place .....  
 Date .....  
 Time .....  
 Password "I fear no man,  
               I fear no spook.  
               Come on, you ghost,  
               Let's have a look."

When the fateful evening arrives and the guests knock on the door, a voice from within demands the password. As soon as the guest says, "Let's have a look," the door opens and a giant ghost appears which, much to the consternation of the visitor, dwindles in size after the door is opened. The giant is made by fastening a ghost's head on the end of a broom and tying a sheet around it at the neck. The entire device is held up by a girl or boy inside who holds the broom by the handle and raises and lowers it at will.

## THE INESCAPABLE CHAMBER OF HORRORS

Before the guest has recovered from his surprise, two skeleton assistants grab him, blindfold him, and push him quickly into the much-feared and inevitable Chamber of Horrors. This is a narrow passageway decorated with corn stalks from which protrude stuffed stocking legs and arms, hands made from cast-off gloves, a ghost's face under which a small electric bulb flashes on and off constantly, and other weird hair-raisers. Hidden behind the corn stalks are spooks who taunt the guests as they go by. One rubs a sharp piece of ice across their faces as the ghost guides shout, "Watch out, you're burnt." Others unexpectedly turn on the vacuum cleaner, an alarm clock, or an electric fan to which has been attached paper streamers with wet cotton balls on the ends. On the floor under a carpet is a section of an old spring over which the blindfolded guest must walk. On the floor, too, are cushions, old rubber automobile horns and various other noise-making devices. A large upholstered chair is placed at the end of the passageway so that the guests must struggle to reach the room in which are waiting the hapless guests who preceded them. When they finally reach it, they find themselves in "Spooks' Trysting Place," which, needless to explain, is a large room transformed into a graveyard. The ceiling and walls are draped in gray gauze or cheese cloth. Cut-out bats and owls suspended from invisible wires brush the cheeks of the unsuspecting guests. Lights are covered with black tin cans from which both lids have been removed and on which are painted white skulls and cross bones. The bottoms of the cans are covered with dull green gelatine which casts an eerie light over the room, and which reveals, in the distant corners, graves padded with paper or cotton and covered with green cam-

bric and headstones of white cardboard, on which are inscribed appropriate epitaphs. In the distance a bell tolls dismally. It is a cow bell attached to a faucet and is kept ringing by water splashing over it. In each corner of the room stands a leering ghost made from a clothes tree draped with sheets. Under the masks electric bulbs flash on and off at regular intervals.

When the guests reach this room, they are given ten "teeth of dead men" (kernels of corn) and are told by the receiving spook that they are to try to guess the identity of each guest there and of each new guest as he arrives. Any one whose identity is discovered must give a "tooth" to the person who guesses correctly. When all invited are present, the "teeth" are counted. The two having the highest number are dubbed Honor Spooks, and are given cardboard skull and cross bones as prizes. Those without any "teeth" are required by the chief spook to pay some such penalty as the following:

Hoot like an owl.

Act like a woman chased by a spook.

Imitate a classic dancer.

Play a slide trombone.

Imitate a beginner writing a letter on the typewriter.

### HALLOWE'EN GAMES

The guests are now ready for action so the following games are played:

*Catching Skulls.* Cardboard cutouts of skulls are scattered on the floor in the center of the room. There should be one less skull than the number of people who play the game. A lively march is played during which every one dances around. Suddenly the music stops and each person tries to catch a skull. The one who fails to get one must

sit in the center. As the circle is formed again one skull is taken away and the rest placed on the floor. This continues until all the guests are sitting in the center of the floor and no skulls remain.

*Cat Tails.* Before the guests arrive, a red and a black cat without tails are cut from cardboard. They are mounted on white cardboard allowing sufficient space for a twenty-inch tail. The tails are now cut from cardboard and then cut up into pieces about an inch long. These pieces are hidden around the room before the party starts. When the time comes to play the game the guests separate into two groups, the black cat tail hunters and the red cat tail hunters, each with a captain. The hunt now begins for pieces of the cats' tails. Each piece found must be brought to the captain who pastes it on the cat. The side completing the longest tail in a given time wins. Members of the red team finding pieces of the black tail may tear them up and vice versa.

*Ghosts Guess.* Make about a dozen bags of thin white paper and place a different object in each one. Select things that have as greatly differing and distinct outlines as possible. Pin the bags on a line stretched across the room or in a doorway so that there is a strong light behind them. Put out all the other lights in the room and give five or ten minutes in which to guess what the ghosts are. The bags must not be touched, the shadows giving the only clues. "Ghosts" of even well known articles are harder to guess than one would imagine. Turn the lights on and write lists of the articles. Two "ghosts" handkerchiefs, one to a boy and the other to a girl ghost, may be awarded the winners.

*Lucky Test.* Draw three concentric circles on the floor. The outside one is marked "Lucky," the middle one "Luckier" and the inner one "Luckiest." Each guest stands

at a certain line and is allowed three throws with a rope quoit at the circles. If it lands in any one of the circles, it decides the thrower's luck for that year. If none of the circles are touched the thrower remains a "luckless wight."

*Feeding the Spooks.* Dress milk bottles to represent spooks by covering them with white crêpe paper and fastening a ghost's head on the top so that the mouth fits exactly over the opening in the milk bottle. These spooks are now placed at regular intervals at the front of the room. The group is divided into teams and lined up into single file opposite a "spook." Each person in line is given three beans. At a signal from the leader, the first person in each line runs up to the spook and from shoulder height tries to drop beans into its mouth. As soon as he has dropped his beans he runs back, touches off the second in line and takes his place at the end of the file. This is repeated until each person in every team has had a chance to run. The team that succeeds in dropping most beans in the spook's mouth wins the game.

*Gravestone Relay.* The gravestones which are used for decorative effects can also be utilized as game equipment. They should be placed in such a way that there are at least four in two straight lines. The group is divided into two teams which line up in single file opposite the headstones. Players jump over the four headstones, run back to place and then tag the next one in line, who repeats the procedure. The team whose last runner returns to the starting point first wins the game. If the gravestones are not used, clothes trees dressed as spooks will be appropriate. These should be put at the head of each line and the players required to run around them before returning to place.

*Roll the Bones.* Paint several dumb-bells white. This is another relay game and should be played in exactly the

same formation as the preceding game. In this one each player rolls the bones with a stick about three feet long. They are rolled to a given point and back again where the second player takes the stick and continues the game.

*Hallowe'en Superstitions.* Have your guests write all the superstitions that they know. For instance, walking under a ladder is a sign of bad luck; picking up a pin found lying on the floor will bring good luck. At least two people must have heard of the omen to make it count. A small stuffed black cat would be an appropriate prize to the writer of the longest list.

#### AT THE END OF THE EVENING

Refreshments consisting of sandwiches, apples, doughnuts and cider are now served. After refreshments all the lights are turned out and each guest is given a lighted candle. From a bowl of nuts (English walnuts) passed around, each guest takes one which he cracks while the hostess repeats in a solemn tone: "Hold above the candle what you find within. Careful not to scorch it—that would be a sin." Inside the walnut is a tightly rolled bit of paper on which a fortune from Spookland is written in lemon juice. The Message remains invisible until the paper is heated over one of the candles. An inexpensive book of fortunes entitled *Hallowe'en Happenings* may be secured from Walter H. Baker Co., Boston.

And now comes a blood-curdling feature:

A ghost seats himself on the floor in the center of the room and commands the guests to sit around him. He begins to tell a very weird spook story. At a dramatic moment another ghost appears and spirits away one of the guests who screams piercingly. A minute later a light is flashed on in one corner of the room and the head of the

victim is seen. To make the effect gruesome, a sheet is hung from a horizontal rod several feet from the floor and the bottom is tacked to the floor to make it taut. The victim protrudes his head through a slit in the sheet. A strip of red flannel is fastened around his throat to cover the place where the neck touches the sheet. Splashes of carmine or red paint on the sheet below produces the effect of blood. If the victim is a girl, her hair is gathered up and fastened to the rod above with a ribbon. Her face is powdered and her eyes with a dash of lead color beneath them are kept closed.

After all these awesome happenings at Spooks' Trysting Place the guests will need relief from the strain of so many horrors before bidding each other good night. What could be more welcome or more appropriate than a good ghost-story?

## A TAM O'SHANTER HALLOWE'EN PARTY

BY MARY DAWSON

Best of all ghost-stories is that of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," and the time of times to enjoy it is on that high carnival night of evil spirits, hag-ridden Hallowe'en. Every one knows the splendid tale of how mare Meg saved her master at the bank of "Bonnie Doon," and the Hallowe'en hostess in search of a plan that is new and "different" for her dance or frolic on All-hallows' eve could draw her inspiration from Tam's immortal adventure.

A little ingenuity in decorating it will make of the barn, the church basement, or even the roomy parlor at home, a haunted ruin filled with some of the "unco sights" that Tam saw through the glassless windows of Kirk Alloway; and in addition to the witches and warlocks who



convene to hold their "Sabbath" there, auld Nick himself with the attendant demons and every fearsome variety of banshee and bogy can be added.

### "THE LIGHTNINGS FLASH FROM POLE TO POLE"

Invitations for such a frolic should give an advance hint of the novelty of the affair. Instead of the usual conventional notes, cut little folders from rough art paper. Across the top of the folder write, "All Hallowe'en, 19—." Any illustrated book on Burns' country will give a picture of the now famous ruin, which should be sketched in water-color on the outside of the folder, supernatural light streaming from its windows. Below it write the lines from the poem beginning "The lightnings flash from pole to pole." On the inside of the folder write the invitation proper, for which the following will serve as a form. With the aid of a carbon paper it can be written in witch writing (backward), requiring a mirror to translate it:

### THE INVITATION

Weird Sister—On all-hallow eve this year we, the spirits of the nether world, plan to hold a great Sabbath in the old ruin on the northeast corner of Ripley's Land and York Pike. We will assemble there at moonrise (nine o'clock), and you are weirdly bidden to make one of us in fitting costume. Any kind of evil spirit will be admitted by the doorkeeper, Old Nick, and unco sights are promised those who attend.

In converting the chosen situation into a sepulchral ruin, dark gray crêpe paper will be found a quick and cheap means of transformation. Walls and pillars which

are too light in effect can be quickly tacked with the crêpe, which is applied like wall-paper, almost without cutting. Grinning skull lamps need not furnish all the necessary lighting, but can play a startling part in it. Owls and banshee heads holding candles are other creepy possibilities, or ordinary carriage lamps can be concealed behind death's-head false faces; paper toads, snakes, and spiders disposed here and there add to the creeps. Get the black cardboard witches which come by the package, and paste them on tapes which can be swung as garlands across the ceiling. Huge bats made of raw cotton and wire, covered with tissue-paper, are also highly decorative on the ceiling. Let the doorkeeper be Auld Nick himself, with attendant corps of evil spirits. The attendant train must wear the new paper masks which, if slipped on over the head and face, convert the wearers into owls, bats, hawks, and other beasts and birds of prey—a truly eerie sight!

Lead off the fun with a novel game founded on the ballad. If the company are young folks who prefer a run-about frolic, give each a little cardboard witch to be pinned (while the Hallowe'ener is blindfolded) upon a curtain whereon Meg is represented galloping with her Master to safety. The player who pins his witch nearest to Maggie's tail, thus carrying out the story, wins a prize. For the more sedate of the company arrange a question paper with questions in rhyme to test the general knowledge regarding Tam o' Shanter's country. I give a brief example. Please name:

A famous stream whose watery charm  
Saved blundering Tam and steed from harm (Doon).

A town through which the fiends gave chase,  
Twa miles from Robbie's ain birthplace (Ayr).

The prize in either game could be an illustrated copy of "Tam o' Shanter."

Of course there will be dancing, but let some old-fashioned country measures, such as the Virginia reel or the lancers, introduce the program, even though the tango follow; and then, as the witching hours approach, the revelers will want to fathom the future by means of Hallowe'en divinations.

## FOR THE HALLOWE'EN FEAST

BY LOIS ANN STEVENS

### FOR HALLOWE'EN PARTIES

Brown Bread Sandwiches with  
Cheese and Chives  
Hallowe'en Salad

Orange Ice Jack-o'-Lantern Cookies  
Cider

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Black Cat Sandwiches Goblin Salad  
Hoodoo Puddings Witches' Brew

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Welsh Rarebit on Whole Wheat Toast  
Ginger Ale Salad  
Individual Pumpkin Pie  
Coffee

"All-Hallow Day" was originally the occasion of the harvest festival as celebrated by the ancient Druids. This festival centered around the yearly ceremony of extinguishing and replenishing the altar fire in each little village as a protection against evil spirits. Each family in the village was given a spark from the newly kindled altar fire, which they used to kindle a new fire on their own

hearthstones to be kept burning as a protection for the coming year. When the Druids adopted the Christian faith the festival was abandoned, but the country folk believed that on All-Hallow Eve the fairies and elves came out to dance in enchanted moonlight spaces and that on this night witches, goblins, and bad spirits congregated in ruined castles or deserted abbeys to plot against mankind. As late as the seventeenth century farmers would tramp over their acres on Hallowe'en brandishing lighted torches and chanting a weird doggerel to frighten away the goblins for the coming twelvemonth.

As these old superstitions were gradually dispelled, Hallowe'en celebrations developed into merry parties at which all sorts of pranks and mysterious games were played, and much fortune-telling was included. Witches and goblins, black cats and other manifestations of evil came to be used as a decorative background.

Delicious and different types of refreshment are now as much a part of the Hallowe'en festivities as are the decorations and entertainment and have really grown out of the fascinating traditions of the ancient All-hallow Eve feast. Here are a few menus and recipes for salads, sandwiches, and desserts that are appropriate for Hallowe'en parties.

For *Brown Bread Sandwiches*, cream one-half pound of any soft yellow cheese, or add enough cream to grated American cheese to produce a consistency that will spread easily, and add one-fourth cupful of chopped chives. Spread between slices of buttered brown bread. This will make ten to twelve sandwiches.

For *Hallowe'en Salad*, scrape three medium-sized carrots and cut in one-eighth-inch strips about one inch long; marinate for one-half hour in French dressing which has been slightly sweetened. Meanwhile dice three medium-

sized tart apples and pour just enough lemon juice over to keep the apples from turning dark; drain off excess lemon juice. Wash one cupful of seedless raisins, dry, and add with the apples to the carrots. Mix well, drain, and serve on lettuce. Serves eight.

To make *Jack-o'-Lantern Cookies*, use any chocolate or ginger cooky and cut in round shapes two and one-half or three inches in diameter. When baked and cooled, ice with orange icing. Make a face on the iced cooky with drops of melted chocolate for the eyes and nose and a streak of chocolate for the mouth.

*Black Cat Sandwiches* are made by using a cooky cutter shaped in the form of a cat. Spread thin slices of buttered graham bread with a filling made as follows: Cook six frankfurters, chill, remove skins, and put through the food-chopper. Add one-fourth cupful of chopped, stuffed olives and enough tomato catsup to moisten well. This recipe makes twelve sandwiches.

For *Goblin Salad*, arrange a leaf of lettuce on each plate and place half a canned peach round side up in the center of the leaf. Use whole cloves to make eyes and nose and a pimiento strip to make the mouth. With a pastry tube make a frill of cream cheese around the goblin's face.

For *Hoodoo Puddings*, make spice cup-cakes. When cool cut off tops, scoop out centers, and fill with the following: Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in one-fourth cupful cold water five minutes. To the beaten yolks of three eggs add one cupful sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful salt. Add one cupful of strong coffee and the gelatine and cook in the top of a double-boiler, stirring constantly, until the mixture coats the spoon. Remove and cool. Whip one cupful of heavy cream and fold into cooled custard with one-half cupful of chopped pecans. Fill cup-cakes, replace

tops, and frost with coffee frosting.

*Witches' Brew* is a Hallowe'en name for hot chocolate or any hot beverage.

## THE SPIRIT O' HALLOWE'EN

BY KATHERINE NORRIS

October and Hallowe'en parties—one suggests the other! With summer behind us and crisp days ahead we find ourselves planning different types of party refreshments. At Hallowe'en, of course, these must live up to the decorations—witches and black cats, pumpkins and corn.

Hallowe'en is a celebration that children love. An afternoon masquerade party gives them a chance to "dress up" and have ice cream—two things which make a successful party. Here's a menu we have planned for this. (Asterisks indicate that recipes are given in the article.)

Pumpkin-Face and Black-Cat Sandwiches  
 Orange Cream Sherbet in Orange Cups  
 Date Cakes   Hot Chocolate-Flavored Malt Drink

For the Pumpkin-Face Sandwiches, spread a filling of chopped raw, fresh cooked, or canned vegetables, mixed with lemon juice or salad dressing, between rounds of sliced white bread. Make faces with pimienta, dates, currants, or raisins.

The Black-Cat Sandwiches are made by using a cooky cutter in the shape of a cat. If such a cooky cutter is not available, cut around a pasteboard shape with a sharp knife. Spread cream or American cheese mixed to spreading consistency between slices of whole-wheat bread or steamed brown bread and cut the sandwiches as directed above.

## ORANGE CREAM SHERBET IN ORANGE CUPS

1 tsp. granulated gelatine	1 c. lemon juice
½ c. cold water	1½ c. orange juice
1½ c. boiling water	1 c. heavy cream
1½ c. granulated sugar	½ c. granulated sugar
Grated rind of 2 oranges	⅛ tsp. salt
2 eggs, separated	

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for 5 min., then dissolve in the boiling water. Add the 1½ c. sugar and stir until dissolved, then add the orange rind, lemon juice, and orange juice. Turn into freezing trays of an automatic refrigerator and free to a mush. Beat the cream until stiff, using a hand beater or an electric beater at high speed, then add the ½ c. sugar and the salt. Beat the egg whites until stiff and the egg yolks until lemon-colored, and add to the cream. Fold into the orange mixture and continue freezing until firm, stirring twice during the freezing process. Serves 8 to 10. If desired, whipped evaporated milk may be substituted for the whipped cream. Scald 1 c. evaporated milk in the top of a double-boiler. Add ½ tsp. granulated gelatine soaked in 2 tsp. cold water and stir until dissolved. Chill and whip.

To make the orange cups, cut oranges in half and squeeze as usual, being careful not to break the shell. Then carefully remove the remaining pulp and membrane. Place in a bowl of water until needed, drying well before using.

Should you not care to make the orange cream sherbet, vanilla ice cream may be purchased and served garnished with orange sections in the cups. Orange Ice served with chocolate shot would also carry out the Hallowe'en color scheme.

## DATE CAKES

1 c. finely-cut pitted dates	¼ tsp. salt
1 c. boiling water	1 egg, beaten
1 tsp. soda	1 tsp. vanilla
1 tbsp. shortening	1½ c. pastry flour
1 c. granulated sugar	1 c. chopped nut meats
	Confectioners' sugar

Cut the dates with scissors, then add the boiling water, soda, and shortening, and let stand until cool. Add the sugar and salt, beaten egg and vanilla, then the flour mixed with the nut meats. Beat well and fill tiny greased muffin tins  $\frac{3}{4}$  full. Bake in a moderate oven of  $375^{\circ}$  F. for 15 min. Roll in confectioners' sugar while hot. Makes 50 little cakes.

An evening masquerade for older boys and girls is just the thing for the first big party of the school year, and these refreshments could easily be made by the "eats" committee:

Apples on a Stick

Doughnuts

Caramel Pop Corn in Fancy Wrappers

Minced Ham and Pickle Sandwiches

Hallowe'en Sandwiches

Cider

## APPLES ON A STICK

2 c. granulated sugar	Red coloring
½ c. light corn sirup	½ tsp. cinnamon flavoring
¾ c. water	12 red apples
	12 wooden skewers

Cook the granulated sugar, corn sirup, and water in a small saucepan, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking without stirring until a temperature of



300° F. is reached or until the sirup is brittle when tested in cold water. During the cooking, any sugar crystals thrown on the sides of the pan should be washed down with a wet cloth. Remove the sirup from the heat and set at once over hot water. Add coloring and flavoring, and mix well. Insert the skewers, which can be purchased from the butcher, in the blossom end of the apples. Hold each apple by the skewer and plunge into the hot sirup. Draw it out quickly and twirl it until the sirup is spread smoothly over the apple. Place with the skewer end down in a cake rack which has been placed over a large bowl, so that the apple does not touch anything while hardening. These apples should be made the day they are to be used. Makes 12.

#### CARAMEL POP CORN

1 c. granulated sugar	½ c. brown sugar
¾ c. hot water	3 qts. popped corn
3 tbsp. confectioners' sugar	

Place the granulated sugar in a skillet, place over heat, and stir until melted and of a golden-brown color. Add the hot water very carefully to avoid spattering, and stir until the sugar is all dissolved. Add the brown sugar and cook until a temperature of 238° F. is reached (soft-ball stage). Pour over the popped corn which has been slightly salted, stirring until each kernel is coated. Sprinkle with the confectioners' sugar, stirring until the corn is slightly sugared. For Hallowe'en, form into balls shaped like ears of corn, wrap in waxed paper, and then in green crêpe paper, tying them to look like ears of corn. Makes 18 balls.

#### HALLOWE'EN SANDWICHES

Cut thinly-sliced white bread into circles. Spread ½ the rounds with any cheese mixture. Cut the remaining rounds

to resemble a face with a triangle for a nose, circles for eyes, and crescent for a mouth. Place firmly on top of the previously-spread rounds.

For an unusual Hallowe'en punch bowl, we suggest placing a large mixing pan or bowl in a pumpkin shell—it's decorative and easily done!

Here is an inexpensive but delicious buffet supper, not only for Hallowe'en but for any autumn party:

Baked Beans and Sausages  
Walnut Brown Bread Cabbage and Carrot Salad  
with Horseradish French Dressing  
Caramel Apples  
Coffee Cider Doughnuts

Frequently our readers ask us for a midnight supper menu, so here is one which should establish a reputation for any hostess:

Crabmeat and Cheese Pie  
Assorted Relishes Parsley Butter Sandwiches  
Ginger Nuts Apricot Sherbet  
Coffee

The Crabmeat and Cheese Pie is easily made by lining a casserole with plain pastry and then filling it with canned or fresh crab meat in a well-seasoned cheese sauce, using 4 c. crabmeat to 3 c. sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs if desired. Bake for about 1 hour in a hot oven of 400° F. or until the crust is brown and the mixture bubbling hot.

#### GINGER NUTS

3 c. pastry flour	½ c. granulated sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon	½ tsp. soda
½ tsp. cloves	½ c. molasses
½ tsp. ginger	1 egg, beaten
½ tsp. salt	½ c. melted shortening
1 c. chopped raisins	

Measure the flour, then sift with the dry ingredients, and add the molasses, egg, and shortening; then the raisins. Mix to a stiff dough; form into several long rolls  $\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter. Chill for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Cut off  $\frac{3}{4}$ " pieces and form into tiny balls. Roll each in granulated sugar and bake in a moderate oven of  $375^{\circ}$  F. 10 to 12 min. Makes 6 doz. Ginger Nuts.

These afternoon refreshments will look inviting when arranged as a plate lunch, or they may be served as a tea menu:

Jellied Carrot and Pineapple Salad	
Assorted Hallowe'en Open Sandwiches	
Cinnamon Nuts	Raisins
Tea	

### JELLIED PINEAPPLE AND CARROT SALAD

1 pkg. lemon gelatine dessert	1 c. canned crushed pineapple
1 c. boiling water	drained
1 c. canned pineapple juice	1 c. grated raw carrots
1 tbsp. vinegar	Lettuce
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	Mayonnaise or French dressing

Dissolve the gelatine dessert powder in the boiling water. Add the pineapple juice, vinegar, and salt. Chill until slightly thickened, then add the pineapple and grated carrot. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce and serve with mayonnaise or French dressing. Serves 6.

### CINNAMON NUTS

1 c. granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. boiling water
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cinnamon	$1\frac{1}{2}$ c. walnut meats
$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. cream of tartar	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla

Mix sugar, cinnamon, cream of tartar, and water and boil to  $246^{\circ}$  F. or until it forms a firm ball when tried in

cold water. Add the walnut meats, and cool. Add the vanilla, and stir until the mixture sugars, then turn on to a flat surface and separate the nuts.

### NOTES ON HALLOWE'EN DECORATIONS \*

Hang orange fringe 'at the window sides and use straight strips of decorated crêpe paper across the top. Grotesque crêpe paper flowers can be made and placed in flower-pots or window-boxes.

Arrange to have tick-tacks on the windows, piercing shrieks which come from nowhere, alarm clocks that go off at unexpected times, and various other noises that will add to the spirit of the affair.

If there is a dark entry through which the guests may pass, suspend a few thin strips of crêpe paper from the ceiling, cutting them off about five feet from the floor. The free ends of these strips will then be on a level with the faces of those who enter. On the ends of these strips will be attached paper spiders, bats, bugs and animals of various kinds. This should be planned only if there is another entrance, as nobody should be forced to go through the passage way suggested above.

Tack branches above the balcony, stage, or orchestra platform and hang from them strips of finely cut crêpe paper. Use black and white striped paper on the front of the place to be decorated to suggest a fence, and here and there, on light trellises, use sunflowers or poppies made of crêpe paper. A vine of pumpkins and their blossoms will look well running along the bottom edge of the fence, or corn-stalks can be used to fill in the spaces.

\* "Notes on Hallowe'en Decorations," from *Community Activity Manual*, published by the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.



### III

## GAMES AND STUNTS



# GAMES FOR HALLOWE'EN

BY ALICE CROWELL HOFFMAN

A party is no good without something to do—and sometimes it is hard for the youngsters to think what to play next unless their entertainment has been planned ahead. Here are some Hallowe'en games for small children that are guaranteed to make any party a howling success.

## BLACK CAT AND BAT

All the children, except two, join hands and form a circle. The one who has been chosen to be the bat stands within the circle. The other, chosen to be the black cat, stands on the outside. The black cat then tries to catch the bat. The play group favors the bat and lets him "fly" freely in and out of the circle. They work against the black cat and try to keep him from catching the bat by raising and lowering their arms. They must, however, not bend their knees or try to keep the black cat out by the use of their feet. When the black cat catches the bat, both join the circle at any point they choose. The child to the right of each becomes the bat and the black cat for the next game. If the play group is large it adds to the fun to have two cats.

## THE BLACK CAT AND HER KITTENS

The child who is chosen to be the black cat leaves the room and all the rest of the children take their places around the table. They place their arms on the table and



lay their heads on their arms in such a way that they cannot see what is going on in the room. The one in charge of the game then touches several of the children on their heads and they become the black cat's kittens. The black cat is recalled and her kittens meow for their mother. She must try to locate her kittens by their meows. The first kitten to be found by the mother black cat must take her place for the next round. After the first kitten is located the rest must keep on meowing until their mother finds them.

#### THE WITCH'S PINCH

All the children, except the one taking the part of the witch, stand in a row against a wall, with their hands joined behind them. It is best to have them stand closely together, almost shoulder to shoulder. The witch goes up to the first in line and gives him a pinch. He immediately passes the witch's pinch to the one whose hands he is holding and so the pinch is passed on down the line. As soon as the witch has given the initial pinch she steps back about two yards from the line of children against the wall. When the witch's pinch has traveled all the way down the line the last to receive it starts running to the wall opposite. This is a signal for all to run to the opposite goal before the witch can catch them. The first to be caught by the witch takes her place for the next game.

#### HAVE YOU SEEN MY JACK-O'-LANTERN?

All the children, except the one who has lost his Jack-o'-lantern, form a circle. The one not in the circle goes around on the outside, taps one of the group on the back and says, "Have you seen my Jack-o'-lantern?" The child addressed says, "How is your Jack-o'-lantern dressed?"

The child then describes the dress of some one in the circle. For instance, she might say, "My Jack-o'-lantern has on a blue suit, green necktie and brown shoes." As soon as any one senses that he is being described he runs around on the outside of the ring, the one who lost his Jack-o'-lantern going in hot pursuit. If the chaser catches the Jack-o'-lantern before he gets round the ring and back into his original place the Jack-o'-lantern must be "it" for the next game. If the chaser fails to catch his Jack-o'-lantern he must take another turn.

### GOBLIN WANTS A CORNER

Each player, but one, has a goal, either a corner or other definite spot. The one who has no goal is the goblin and goes up to one of the others and says, "Goblin wants a corner!" The one addressed replies, "Goblin, ask thy next-door neighbor." During the time the others change goals and the goblin tries to get a "corner" or place used as a goal. If the goblin has tried several times without getting a "corner" he may go to the center of the group and call "All change." All must then change places, thus giving the goblin a better chance to get a "corner." After all the players have changed goals the child left without a "corner" becomes the goblin for the next round.

### BLACK MAGIC

BY BEATRICE PLUMB

#### BAFFLING TRICKS AND STUNTS THAT MYSTIFY YOUR GUESTS

Black witches in the air! Others muttering darkly around a black caldron where brews a mystic broth. Be-

witched black cats with baleful eyes. Black bats from haunted belfries. Black bogies everywhere. With such a background who couldn't get by with a little Black Magic?

Just the same, brother, practice the tricks a few times in your own bedroom before making your first public appearance as a magician. For though the dimness of a spooky lighting may cover black threads and other visible aids to the supernatural, yet nothing is quite so conducive to easy poise and patter as that last little practice that makes you perfect. It's a fact!

#### APPLE SAUCE!

That's what your audience will say when you announce that you can divide an apple into several parts without cutting the skin.

Yet it can be done, neatly and quickly, by passing a needle and thread around the apple under the skin. How? By first thrusting the threaded needle into the rounded part of the apple as if you were about to make a fairly long stitch and then drawing it out, but leaving a good length of the thread end projecting from the first hole. Now put the needle in again at exactly the same hole from which it came out, and continue this procedure until you have gone all round the apple. Use strong thread—number eight or coarser. When you return to the first hole, take both ends of the thread in your hands and cross them. Then, while an assistant puts his hand on the apple to steady it, draw the threads out using a sawing motion, by which means the apple will be divided into two parts without the skin being cut.

You can slice the apple in the same direction and divide it into as many parts as you wish, or you can go around in the opposite direction, although this cut from the top

to the stem is more difficult because of the hollow near the stem, but careful "stitching" as near to this as it is possible to get the needle makes short work of even this.

After doing the trick, hand the apple to some one to peel—but give them a plate to catch the falling pieces!

This trick can be varied in many ways. For instance, the apple can be prepared beforehand, but not too soon as the "pricks" may discolor. It is then marked so the magician can easily spot it, and put it with other apples in a basket. When the magician asks for a few apples to demonstrate his ability to divide an apple in two without cutting the skin, this basket of fruit is brought to him. He cuts a good apple in two to show they are the real thing. Then he makes a few passes over the rest and mutters an incantation or two, picks up the trick apple, carefully pares it in plain sight and shows the mystified audience the pieces.

### MATCH THIS ONE!

All you need is an ordinary safety match box. Pass it around among the audience so that they can examine it. When it is again in your possession, without letting your audience see you do it, push it open so that the inside projects a little less than a quarter of an inch.

Announcing that you will now proceed to electrify the match box, you place it upon the back of your left hand, keeping the hand open, and at the same time firmly closing the box with a downward pressure so that a portion of the loose skin of the back of the hand is shut up with the matches. Now make passes over the box to electrify it. Then say, "Up, Edison!" quickly closing the fingers of the hand on which the box is resting. This sudden doubling up of the hand into a fist tightens the skin, and the

box springs up and stands on end. "Eddie" can continue to have his ups and downs until the connection breaks. If, for any reason, you fail to get sufficient loose skin caught to make the necessary "spring," you can easily explain that the box needs a little more electricity, and try again.

Hands vary, so test the trick out in order to find the fleshiest part of yours. It is usually right at the base of the fingers.

### VIA THE RING ROUTE

Once in a while fool them with a trick that is merely a play on words. If the hoax appears to be a variation of the preceding trick, the conjurer can get away with almost anything.

"You have seen me push myself through a post card," you say, "but you haven't seen anything yet! Here is an ordinary signet ring. I will push my head through it!"

There follows a good deal of stage business, such as greasing the ring, moulding the head, etc. Then, taking the ring in the left hand, you hold it near your noble brow and, thrusting the first finger of the right hand through the ring, you firmly push your head. "I am pushing my head through the ring," you announce and solemnly bow acknowledgment of the applause.

### FIRE PROOF

This is a showy trick, very easy to perform. You will need two small pieces of ribbon exactly alike. You hide one in your left hand and give the other to one of the audience, asking him to cut it up into as many pieces as he likes. You have on the table a plate, matches and a basin of water. After the man in the audience has made a thorough job

of shredding the ribbon, collect the pieces and burn them to ashes on the plate in front of the audience. Now have your assistant pass round the basin so that all can see its contents. When it is returned to you, drink a little to prove that it contains no chemicals.

"I will now," you intone, "restore the ribbon to its original state by placing the ashes in the water."

You then take up the ashes in the right hand, cover them with the left (in which the duplicate ribbon is concealed) and, putting both hands in the water, rub them together vigorously while you chant some cryptic charm. You rub until the ashes have disappeared, and then triumphantly produce the hidden ribbon, wet but all there!

### A MONEY-MAKER

In the first place you will have to prepare your mint beforehand by secretly pasting three or four dimes to the under side of the table you will use. With the table and dimes in place, you ask someone in the audience to lend you a dime, assuring him that his investment will make money.

Roll up your sleeves and turn back the tablecloth before seating yourself at the table. Then with the right hand rub the borrowed coin back and forth over the surface of the table, with your left hand cupped under the edge of the table to catch the coins you "make."

"I think it's made a dime," you say as you feverishly rub—"another!—another—but I'm not sure—"

As you give the latest financial reports, you loosen the dimes under the table ledge with the finger tips of the left hand so that they drop into the palm, and when they are all safely collected you give a triumphant shout and sweep the borrowed dime also into your cupped hand and bring

it up quickly with all the coins inside. Now jingle the dimes, rubbing them together in your hands to clear away any possible traces of paste, and then throw them down on the table and ask the man who lent you the dime to step up and collect his loan—with interest!

### WHICH? OR WHAT?

There are countless ways of giving secret information to a partner who has been sent out of the room while the audience has chosen which of several articles he is to name.

When the audience knows that you are working as a team, you can give the information by your method of questioning. You go around the room pointing to one article after another asking him, "Is it this? Is it that?" When you point to the chosen article, he instantly says, "Yes." His cue, decided on before the demonstration, may be that the first thing pointed at after your wand has touched a *black* article will be the audience's choice. Or it can be the first article after you have touched a white object, or something made of glass.

When no questions are asked, your patter guides him. Supposing he must guess which of three apples you have chosen. You have previously agreed to number them, from the audience's right to left, one, two, three, and to give "a" as the cue initial letter for the first apple, "b" as the cue letter for the second and "c" as the cue for the third.

The initial letter of the third word in the first sentence you address to him, as he enters the room, will tell him all he needs to know. Thus, if you say, "It is Always a little difficult at first, but you'll catch on," and not another word, he will know apple one is the choice of the audience. And if you say, "You must Be quick, old man—no stalling now!" he will immediately point out the

second apple.

When, however, you have pinned your faith and reputation to a secret confederate who is one of the audience, more ingenuity is required. For he must give you inside information and you must watch for it without arousing the suspicions of the rest.

You may number the apples as before. Without appearing to do so, you glance at your confederate. His right hand rests carelessly on his right knee. If one finger is laid across the black cloth, the first apple has been chosen; if there are two fingers there, the second apple, and so on.

The next time you enter, his hands are idly clasped on his knee. If his two thumbs are peaked together, the center apple is the chosen one. If his hands are folded together only one thumb will be in evidence. Its direction indicates whether the right-hand or the left-hand apple has been selected.

You may undertake to tell which one of ten people looked in the mirror during your absence. Your confederate is one of the ten. When you enter the room you ask that all in turn look into the mirror, in order that you can get your "reaction." Your confederate contrives to stand in line, so that his face is reflected there immediately *after* that of the one you must name.

You can take your choice of any of the above methods for fooling the people all of the time. Then go ahead and fool 'em. They love it!

### MY WORD!

This is the best of all thought-reading tricks. You will need the help of a confederate who sits with the audience and assumes an air of inquiring innocence. You have



secretly told him to write the word "Black."

On the table are pencils and slips of paper all cut exactly alike. You distribute these, asking each person to write down a word of not more than eight letters. After all have done this, you ask them to fold the slips lengthwise down the center, so that the word is hidden, then fold again. See that all slips are folded in exactly the same way, or some one may turn down a corner in order to distinguish his own, and that would crimp your style terribly!

You now walk among the audience collecting the slips. Your confederate will possibly be seated on an end chair, but in any case it will be an easy matter to keep his slip away from the rest. You can place it between the third and little finger of the left hand or crease down one corner. You return to the "stage," place the heap of slips on the table with your confederate's well away from the rest, and ask for silence.

"This," you say quietly, "is not easy to do, and I cannot hope to get all the words correctly. Also, being merely an amateur, I cannot stand the mental strain for long. Therefore, I shall be glad if when I successfully name a word, the writer of it will quietly rise and say, 'My word,' and remain standing."

You then take a slip from the pile and hold it to your laboring brow. "I see a *k*," you say, with groping hesitation. "There is a *c* before it. It starts with *b*. It is *Black*."

Of course it isn't, for your confederate's slip lies unopened on the table. But it gives you the much-needed start. You open the slip in your hand as if to see if your guess is correct, and not emphatic confirmation, while you read the word really written thereon. It is, we'll say, "cow." Meanwhile your confederate has arisen to say in an astonished voice, "My word!"

"Thank you," you say gravely, laying the opened slip in the discard heap, and taking up another.

Once more there is the business of painful thought. Finally you announce, "This is *cow*," and open it apparently to verify your guess, but really to see what word is written on it. And in this way you literally "read" every word, until your audience stands with you to a man!

In the case of their asking for a continued performance, say that you find the constant bobbing up and down makes it harder for you to concentrate, so will they please wait until three successful guesses have been made, and then the three writers rise together. This will cover the fact that your confederate's word is again the first to be guessed, since he will rise in the company of two others.

The third time you might request that nobody rise until all the words have been named.

### VIA THE POST CARD ROUTE

When you assure your audience that you can walk clear through a post card and come out the other side, they will probably ask you where you are getting your cider. Take an ordinary picture post card and fold it lengthwise down the middle. You now have a long narrow folder about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches. With sharp scissors, commence at the folded edge and cut through the doubled thickness *almost* to the straight edge, then commence at the straight edge and cut almost to the folded edge, and so on alternately until you have made 25 or 30 cuts, having a very small margin between each two cuts. Now cut each loop on its folded edge, except the two outside loops, and then your post card can be stretched out to make a "doorway" through which you can easily walk.

## A VACUUM

This hoax is always good for a laugh. You announce that you will demonstrate how a glass of water can be made to stick to the ceiling by means of a vacuum. You stand on a table, place a glass of water against the ceiling and hold it in place with a broomstick.

Then apparently you find you have forgotten some requisite. With your disengaged hand, you feel in your pockets. You ask your assistant to look for a piece of wire on the table. When he finds none you send him away to get a piece. You then ask if some one on the floor will hold the stick for you a minute. Some kindly soul rushes forward to help you out of your predicament. You then get down and push the table back against the wall, leaving the "goat" holding the broomstick.

"The vacuum," you explain to the audience, pointing to the victim's head, "is here."

Nothing gives you such an eerie, scared-to-death feeling as to have a magician tell you what's on your mind. For which reason, thought-reading stunts should find a place on the Hallowe'en party program.

## YOUR HOUR HAS COME

This is a baffling clock trick that leaves an audience utterly mystified. You will need a pencil to point and tap with and an alarm clock. Ask some person to come forward and secretly choose a number on the clock. He must tell no one the hour he has chosen. You now explain that you will begin tapping slowly on the face of the clock, and as you tap he must count silently, *a count a tap*, beginning with the next number to the one he has chosen.

If, for instance, he has thought of two o'clock, he will count with the first tap, three. Then he will count on silently up to nineteen, but count the "twenty" out loud.

"Your hour has come!" you say in a sepulchral voice. And sure enough it has; for he will see your pencil pointing to the very hour he chose!

How is it done? Well, your first seven taps can fall anywhere on the dial, but your eighth tap must touch the number twelve, then go *backwards*, eleven, ten, nine, etc., and when the player finally calls "twenty!" you will be tapping on the fatal hour.

Ask for silence so that taps can be heard all over the room, and make them very slow and impressive, like the tolling of a funeral bell. If you set the alarm clock so that it goes off in the midst of all this funereal stillness, your trick will be still more of a sensation!

## SOCIAL GAMES FOR HALLOWE'EN

BY CHARLES F. SMITH

### GHOST

Ghost may be played as an individual game, with the players seated in a circle, or as a team game, with the teams seated opposite each other. The first player starts to spell a word, naming the first letter. The second player immediately thinks of a word beginning with that letter and adds a second letter. Suppose the first one calls "D" and the second "E." Now the third player must try to add a letter which will not complete a word; so he may add "V." If the next player adds "I" and the fifth can think of no word beginning with "d-e-v-i" except "devil," of course he is obliged to add "L"; but by so doing he

becomes a "Half-Ghost." Then the next player starts a new word, and the game continues.

1. Any player who adds a letter which completes a word of more than two letters becomes a *Half-Ghost*.

2. Two *Half-Ghosts* make a whole "Ghost."

3. Anyone who speaks to a *Half-Ghost* becomes a *Half-Ghost* also. Similarly, anyone who speaks to a *Ghost* becomes a *Ghost*.

4. *Ghosts* cannot participate in spelling. They simply try to get others to become *Ghosts* by talking to them or answering their questions.

5. When anyone suspects that a player has added an odd letter just to keep from completing a word he may challenge him. If the one challenged cannot name a word that he had in mind, he is penalized a *Half-Ghost*. However, if he names a word correctly, the one who challenged him is penalized.

6. When *Ghost* is played as a team game, the team wins that has fewest *Ghosts* at the end of the game. When played as an individual game, play continues until all but one are *Ghosts*.

### Fizz-Buzz

This game is a variation of *Ghost*. Instead of letters and words, figures are used. Each player in turn counts consecutively up to 60. At 5 "Fizz" is said instead of 5, and also at 10, 15, 20, or any multiple of 5 up to 60. When 60 is reached, the counting is started all over again, and this time all multiples of 7 are called "Buzz," as well as all figures that have 7 on the end of them. In counting the second time *Fizz* is used just as it was in the first. Caution the players about the fifties which would be *Fizz-one*, *Fizz-two*, etc. Figure 55 would be *Buzz* and 57, *Fizz-Buzz*.

*Rules.* 1. Whenever a player misses he becomes a "Half-Ghost."

2. Two *Half-Ghosts* make a whole "Ghost."
3. Anyone who speaks to a *Half-Ghost* becomes a *Half-Ghost* and anyone who talks to a *Ghost* becomes a *Ghost*.
4. *Ghosts* cannot count, but they may try to get others to become *Ghosts* as in the rule above.
5. The person wins who is last to become *Ghost*. When played as a team game the team wins that has fewest *Ghosts* when time is called.

## OCTOBER HALLOWE'EN FUN

BY PATTEN BEARD

*MATERIAL REQUIRED TO MAKE OCTOBER HALLOWE'EN FUN: A sheet of cardboard to make a Witch's Cat Game, some black paper from which to cut cats, some orange-colored crêpe paper and cotton with which to construct pumpkin favors, some lemon juice to make magic ink, some small kitchen kettle for a caldron and three stout tree twigs for its supports, some white pad paper to use in making "fortunes." . . . . .*

*TOOLS NEEDED TO MAKE OCTOBER HALLOWE'EN FUN: Some crayons, scissors, pins, a clean steel pen with pen-holder, paste. . . . .*

Hallowe'en is always fun. I dare say you will want to plan for a party yourself. Maybe you will like to play the old, old games, but maybe, too, you will like to make some new ones, so I'll tell you about some.

First, you will like to make your invitations. If you can get as many correspondence cards and envelopes as you have guests to invite, each card may be decorated with a black cat cut from black paper. To make these, first draw the outline of a cat on white paper and then use this as a pattern to guide in the cutting of cats from black paper. If you have some pieces of black velvet, this may be used in place of the black paper. The invitation cards should

each have a wee black cat pasted upon them.

When the invitations have gone, you will then need to start other preparations that will make plenty to do to keep you busy in spare time. First, there are the pumpkin favors to make. They are not hard to construct but they take time: cut as many circles of cardboard as you have guests. Each circle is to be the foundation of a pumpkin. A circle that is about three inches in diameter—or less—is easy to manage. Put one of these upon a circle of crêpe paper that is three times as large. Gather the edge of this big crêpe paper circle into bag-shape. Stuff it tight with cotton, and when you have made it look like a pumpkin, tie a string tight to the top. You will need to make a pumpkin stem by twisting the ends of paper above this pumpkin with paste. A big green paper pumpkin leaf may be pasted on each pumpkin. If you like, you may outline pumpkin faces on each pumpkin. You will have to do this carefully or else your work of pumpkin-making will be lost. Use a paint-brush with dark paint and do not use much water on the brush. If you use much water, there will be a blot and all your work will have to be started anew.

To make a game of Witch's Cat, take a sheet of cardboard and paste upon it some picture of a Hallowe'en witch. The pictures are not hard to find. You will always find them in the gay crêpe papers used for Hallowe'en decoration. If you cannot find this picture, you may easily draw the picture of a witch and her broomstick. After you have all bobbed for apples in the usual Hallowe'en fashion, see who can put the witch's cat upon her broom. Give each guest a small cat cut from black paper. Everybody should have a pin, too. Blindfold each child in turn, and turn him three times. Then start him, hand outstretched with pin run through the cat, toward the picture

of the witch hung at the end of the room within easy reach. The one who can put his cat on the broom wins the game. It will be funny to see where the other black tabbies go—anywhere but the right place! A pumpkin is, of course, the prize.

You may prepare Witch Fortunes. They are great fun for Hallowe'en. First, you will need to squeeze a lemon into some clean little jelly jar. Strain the juice. *This is magic ink!* The lemon juice is truly wonderful, for I dare say you never before realized that it was possible to make writing-ink with it. It seems perfectly clear and colorless.

But take a piece of white paper and a clean steel pen. Write a few words with the pen after it is dipped into the lemon juice. Let the paper dry. You can see nothing upon it afterwards! And now for the magic! Just take a warm iron and pass it over the paper—lo, out of the white sheet come the words that you wrote, all black, as if written in ink! The sheet may be held toward the screen of an open fire quite as satisfactorily for bringing out the hidden writing as using the hot iron.

Now for the making of Hallowe'en fortunes: Take a pad and write short "fortunes," one on each leaf. When the sheets are dry, roll each one and put it in a kitchen kettle that you may easily make into the caldron by tying three stout twigs together and letting the caldron hang below them on a loop of string. Witch ink will blot as easily as real ink, so be careful about having all sheets dry before being rolled and placed in the pot.

After you have played the usual Hallowe'en games, have a black-clad "witch" (that may be you or some other boy or girl) enter the room and beckon the guests toward the fireplace. Seat them in a half-circle around it. Then ask each guest to take from the magic pot one "fortune scroll." When each has taken one, begin at one



end of the half-circle and let each guest read aloud his "fortune." Each fortune will have to be held toward the warmth of the fire before it will appear, and as the children have not before seen this most magic wonder, it will be very mysterious, and great fun for you who know that it is only everyday lemon juice! When all fortunes written on the papers have been made clear, let each guest read his aloud. That is part of the fun, you know. The fortunes, for this reason, must be made short and funny.

For another "round" of fortune-telling, prepare papers with witch writing that have the names of various careers upon them: rich man, poor man, beggar man, doctor, lawyer, chief, cook, boarding-house keeper, writer, artist, editor, newspaper man, policeman, president, are many of the professions you may name. Never mind if *girls* get them—that's all the more funny! You will think of many professions and you may choose those that you think might be most amusing for your friends.

Next, prepare a third "round" of fortune-telling by drawing pictures—yes, *real pictures* on the pad paper with the witch ink. Let the outlines be simple, of course. Write under each what it is intended to represent. Mark, for instance, *The House You Will Live in Some Day Soon*, *A Future Friend Who Will Influence Your Life*, *The Place Where You Go to School*, *Where You Ought to Go to Buy Candy*, *The Place Where You Will Find a Bag of Money*, *Your Lucky Sign*, and many other things. Illustrate these with drawings of simple things like houses or landscapes or objects. Then use these in the magic fortune pot to try at the Hallowe'en gathering around the fire.

Still another form of fortune-telling that you may play with the magic witch ink is to write upon half of the papers the word *Yes* and upon the other half the word *No*.

Then tell all the children to make a wish and turn around three magical times: bring in the potful of papers on which *Yes* and *No* are written and let every one choose a fortune scroll again. It will be said that those who receive "Yes" will have their wish come true and those who have "No" will not. *That*, as everybody knows, is just Hallowe'en play and nothing more—simply fun.

If you intend to have a little "party" at a table after this fun, decorate it with big cardboard pumpkins shaped first from patterns you drew. Cut these out for place cards and paste over each some orange-colored crêpe paper. Outline on each a Hallowe'en face. These may be your place-cards. They can be made to stand with easel-backs pasted to them.

Your last "round" of witch fortune scroll reading *might*, if you like, have some papers with the names of the guests written on them. One at a time, let half the company draw till all have chosen a partner to take to the table, or to play a game again.

## ORIGINAL HALLOWE'EN STUNTS

BY ELBRIDGE S. LYON

(Take Well Before Shaking)

### FOOD FOR REFLECTION

In a semi-lighted room place a large bowl on a small table. In the bottom of the bowl put a looking-glass face up, cover mirror with about two inches of peanuts (or pop-corn). Have a boy and a girl sit at opposite sides of table with a paper or curtain between them a few inches over bowl so neither knows who the other is. Tell them to remove the nuts one at a time, taking turns, the girl starting and the one to get the last peanut will see his

future spouse: of course when all but two or three nuts are gone they will see each other's reflection.

### ON YOUR KNEES, BOYS

Place a dish pan full of water on the floor just beyond the end of a small rug. Bring the victims in one at a time. Have each kneel in front of bowl, fold his arms behind him and try to catch an apple floating on the water, in his teeth. Just as he is succeeding or giving up pull the other end of rug and he will get his face washed whether it needs it or not.

### THIS IS DEVILISH

Send all the ladies out of the room and then invite them back one by one. Ask each to put a lump of sugar in her mouth, go to a certain window and raise the shade and the first man she sees is her ideal. Outside the window have a man dressed as his Satanic Majesty ready for an embrace through the pane.

Then the ladies invite the men one by one into the back room, place a lump of "sugar" in his mouth and invite him to raise a shade and see what the ladies supposed the evil one really looked like. Outside the window has been placed a large mirror. Or this might be inside the window under the shade.

### SEEING THINGS

Have every one sit on floor around fire-place. Burn a little wood and paper and when there is only a small amount of embers have a susceptible member of the party throw a handful of salt in the fire-place and watch for a

few minutes and then tell what she saw or imagined she saw, in the ashes. A terrifying serpent slowly rises. Every one but the victim denies seeing anything. The serpent is done from the cellar by means of a stick through the ash clean out and trap.

### WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?

Conceal a helper in a hall closet behind coats and wraps. Have a skull, cut from cardboard hanging in closet. Have all look at skull and count 100 and see what happens. Nothing! Ask some one to allow himself to be shut in with skull while he counts 100 and then tell what he thought he had seen. The village show-off will be the first to volunteer. Put out all lights. Shove your victim in closet and shut door tight. In a few seconds the hidden conspirator grabs him and in a sepulchral voice says, "Where were you last night?"

### STUNTS FOR YOUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY

BY SAM BROWN

October 31—Hallowe'en—that's the night the "ghost walks," and, believe it or not, if you can cause delicious shivers to run up and down the respective spines of your various party guests, you'll get three cheers and a tiger from every one concerned.

Did you ever "walk the plank"? Off into the briny deep, I mean, with salt water and everything! You will need a plank, of course, and one end of this should be supported on a low box. Also, you should have on hand an ordinary sprayer filled with salt water. Your victim is blindfolded, and a guide on either side take his hands and lead him up the plank. As he progresses, the guides should stoop lower

and lower in order to give the plank-walker the impression that he is going up a considerable height. At the end of the plank, the victim is told to halt. The guides step away. You can give a short farewell address: "The howling sea that is upon us tonight!" At this part of the speech, some one takes the sprayer and sprays salt water in the victim's face, while another member of the "plank-walking brigade" runs a wooden paddle around in a pail of water. A sheet of tin can be shaken to get the windstorm effect. The victim is then prodded gently from behind and commanded to "yump." From all past observations, he should experience a considerable thrill in jumping down through space those few short inches.

Here's something else. No Hallowe'en party is complete without the traditional "ghost story." An excellent manner in which to put this across is to seat your guests in a circle on the floor. In the center of the circle place three or four lighted candles. As the telling of the story proceeds, the candles magically go out, one by one, until at the climax, the "Now I've got you!" stuff, the last candle goes out, leaving the room in total darkness.

The "nigger in the woodpile" isn't much. It is merely a matter of cutting the candles, taking out a small piece of the wick, and then putting the candles together again by slightly heating both of the cut ends. Of course, when the candle burns down to the break in the wick it will go out. Give the idea a little experimenting beforehand, so that the various candles will be properly timed.

Try this stunt: You are seated at a table. Around the table are other spectators, all holding hands, making a complete chain. The room is dark. Now, slowly and with a soft glowing intensity, a small light appears in the center of the group. It grows in intensity and form until you are horrified—or should be—to see a death head floating

above the center of the table, bathed in a halo of saffron fire. The illusion lasts for a full breath-taking ten seconds, and then the head slowly fades from view. Lights! Everybody's hands clasped! Nothing on the table!

The manner of effecting this spooky illusion is quite simple. Get a hollow tube of tin or cardboard, about one-half inch in diameter and five inches long. Paint the outside of this tube black. Now, glue a large dark balloon to one end of this tube. After the glue has set, inflate the balloon to its full dimensions, and on it, with luminous paint, paint the figure of a grinning skull. Mark the tube at the free end in some manner so that you can tell, with your lips alone, whether the skull head is upside down or not. Stuff the balloon up into the tube.

And now for the stunt. You are seated at the table. Your hands are held. The prepared tube, looking for all the world like a fountain pen, is in your upper coat pocket, or if you happen to be a "leddy," under the top of your dress. The lights are out. Now, do you see how the trick is accomplished? A simple matter to duck your head, get the end of the tube, and, oh, well, the rest is just a lot of "hot air"!

Of course, there are hundreds of other spooky stunts which you can effect at Hallowe'en. You can use flasher buttons in order to make a ghost or a black cat with orange or red blinking eyes. How about painting skull heads on balloons with luminous paint so that they will glow weirdly in the dark? Painting a white skeleton on a black bag, touching it up with luminous paint, and having it shoot along a long wire from the top of the house to the garage? A wet glove, with thin sticks glued into each finger to imitate the real bony handclasp of some departed spirit, gives a real thrill in the dark. How about writing fortunes with a solution of baking soda and water, and

then revealing the fortunes by holding a lighted candle under them, causing the writing to turn brown?

But try this one: On a white sheet of cardboard, paste a large orange pumpkin cutout, with eyes, nose and mouth of blue paper pasted on. Hang this pumpkin face on the wall and below it arrange a second sheet of plain white cardboard. If you will look the Jack-o'-lantern square in the mouth as you count twenty without blinking, and then stare at the plain sheet of cardboard, you will soon see the filmy, ghostly spirit of Mr. Jack-o'-lantern—a blue face with orange features—mysteriously appear on the black cardboard and then as mysteriously pass through the solid wall. No, Amos, there's no trick about it. It's merely a matter of retention of vision—whatever that is—and you need but try it to be convinced.

## A HALLOWE'EN POST MORTEM\*

BY CHARLES F. SMITH

The success of this game depends largely upon the ability of the leader to create a mysterious atmosphere, and to be able to assume a sepulchral tone when reading the rimes below, which are taken by permission from *Community Manual*.

The guests are arranged, either sitting or standing, in any formation in which it is convenient to pass objects from player to player. After a moment of silence the lights are extinguished just as a white-robed figure appears, holding a flash-light that is concealed under his robe in such a position as to throw the light into his face. He takes his position at an elevation on a stage or bench. In a grue-

\* "A Hallowe'en Post Mortem," by Charles F. Smith, from *Games and Game Leadership*, copyright by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.; verses are from *Community Boy Leadership*, Boy Scouts of America.

some manner he begins to repeat the lines following, and pauses long enough between verses to allow his assistant to get the articles mentioned into circulation.

The truth it is, and not a myth  
That once there lived a man named Smith,  
And it became his mournful lot  
To murdered be quite near this spot.

---

We now will pass out his remains,  
You first will handle poor Smith's brains.  
*(Pass moist sponges from guest to guest.)*

---

The head, once crowned with locks so fair  
Is low—now here comes Smith's soft hair.  
*(Pass pieces of fur or corn silk.)*

---

Sweet music Smith once loved to hear.  
It fell upon this gentle ear.  
*(Pass dried peaches for ears.)*

---

When Smith would smile at boys and girls  
His teeth gleamed out like whitest pearls.  
*(Pass kernels of dried corn.)*

---

And now the next you'll scarce hold true,  
We pass his windpipe out to you.  
*(Pass lengths of uncut, cold, boiled macaroni.)*

---



## HALLOWE'EN

The next you soon will understand  
Is simply poor Smith's cold right hand.  
*(Pass kid glove stuffed with wet sand.)*

---

Smith's vision once was keen and wise,  
You'll know it when you touch his eyes.  
*(Pass skinned grapes.)*

---

His vertebrae, once needed much,  
You now shall have within your touch.  
*(Pass empty spools strung on thread.)*

---

Now harken, while midst dreadful groans  
You hear the clank of poor Smith's bones.

---

*(Chains jangle amid moans which grow fainter and fainter until they finally die away into a deep silence.)*

*Notes for Leaders.* If it seems necessary to make this an actual contest, after all articles have been passed, the players may be quickly arranged in teams or groups and assembled in corners of the room, to write out a list of the objects that were passed during the reading of the verses. It will take more time than it is worth to require that objects be listed in the order in which they were passed.

## HALLOWE'EN FUN

BY ELLYE HOWELL GLOVER

Have you ever tried an "owl hunt"? To each guest give a wooden gun such as may be purchased at a toy shop

for a few cents, and tell him to hunt owls. First, of course, these funny little gray paper owls decorated with water-colors must be hidden throughout the rooms. Ordinary gray owls count five, white owls count ten, and horned owls count fifteen. Each bird has a looped bit of red string tied through a punched hole, so it may be hung on the gun. This makes great sport, the one bagging the most owls and the one who has the fewest being awarded prizes.

I have not tried this next plan myself, but am told that others have done so with great success. Fortunes may be written with milk on white paper, and when held over the heat of a lamp or gas jet the letters turn brown and the writing becomes perfectly plain. These fortune slips may be distributed by a little fairy. Each guest may then take her fortune into another room where a wizard is hidden. With the aid of his magic lamp he interprets the writing. This adds to the mystery of the party.

Provide each guest with a neat bundle of faggots and tell him he must tell a mystery story while they burn. This is only practical where there is a large open fireplace around which the guests may gather. Have plenty of cushions and no light save perhaps a candle or "Jack" here and there. If some of the guests have been asked to prepare for this part of the program, so much the better, but many people do better on the spur of the moment.

Making tissue paper pumpkin caps is a favorite stunt. The hostess provides stiff cardboard for the rims and plenty of orange crêpe paper with some green paper and tubes of library paste, some coarse needles, and thread. This is especially good for young girls of twelve to fifteen, as they are just at the age when they love to make things. The caps are worn the rest of the evening.

## TWO OLD GAMES \*

DESCRIBED BY CHARLES F. SMITH

## OLD MOTHER WITCH

PLAYGROUND OR  
GYMNASIUMGIRLS, TAGGING AND  
CHANTING

A comparatively small area is divided into two parts—about three-quarters for Old Mother Witch and the remainder for the other players.

The Witch must stay in her own territory upon which the others trespass, tantalizing her by calling:

Old Mother Witch,  
Couldn't sew a stitch,  
Picked up a penny,  
And thought she was rich.

The Witch acts her part, stooping to pick up an imaginary penny, and then suddenly runs and tags a player, with whom she changes places.

## TOMMY TIDDLER'S GROUND

Boys play Tommy Tiddler's Ground quite the same as girls play Old Mother Witch. Boys use the following rime:

I'm on Tommy Tiddler's ground,  
Picking up silver by the pound.

The boys pretend to pick up the silver while repeating the couplet.

\* From *Games and Game Leadership*.

## THE GAME OF OLD WITCH

ANONYMOUS

Ten girls, a mother, a witch, and eight children—namely, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and the eldest daughter, Sue. The mother, preparing to go out, addresses her children:

Now all you children stay at home,  
And be good girls while I am gone;  
Let no one in . . . . .  
. . . . .  
Especially you, my daughter Sue,  
Or else I'll beat you black and blue.

The witch knocks at the door, and is refused entrance by the children. She beguiles them by promises to admit her, which they finally do. She then holds out her pipe (a bit of stick), which she carries between her teeth, saying to Sue, "Light my pipe!" Sue refusing, she makes the same demand to each child, in the order of the days of the week, in which they are ranged. All refuse till she reaches the last, who consents and touches her pipe, whereupon the witch seizes her hand, and drags her out of the house to her "den."

The mother then returns, counts the children, and Sue is questioned and punished. This is played over until each child is taken, Sue last.

When the mother has lost all her children, the witch calls, and invites her to dinner. Upon going to the witch's door, she finds a table set for the meal, and the witch asks her to order a dish to suit her taste. She does so, whereupon the witch produces Sunday, and lays her upon the table, with considerable assistance from Sunday.

A very amusing dialogue now ensues between the witch and the mother. The former urges the mother to eat, with many blandishments, and the mother (recognizing her child) declines, with such excuses as any ingenious child can devise.

The mother, upon pretence of inability to eat the food, calls for another dish, and, when the witch leaves the room, hurries the child from the table and places her behind the chair. When the witch returns, she says that she found the dish so good that she ate it all, and calls for another.

Each child is produced in turn, with the same result. When all are arranged behind their mother, she calls for another dish, and when the witch leaves the room to get it, runs home with all her children.

## TRICKS FOR HALLOWE'EN \*

BY CHARLES F. SMITH

### SPIRITS MOVE

To perform this trick you must have an accomplice working with you all the time. While you are out of the room he touches some person in the room, and you name the person without entering the room. The simplest way to perform this is to have your accomplice stand in front of the person he intends to touch. He may stand in front of that person just as you enter or just as you leave. Another way in which the trick is performed is to have your accomplice touch the person who spoke last as you left the room.

Your accomplice points at some one, saying, "The spirit moves." Then from without you reply, "Let it move."

\* From *Games and Recreational Methods*, pp. 77-81, Dodd, Mead.

After repeating this several times the accomplice touches the correct person, saying, "The spirit touches ——." You instantly call the name of the person, thus completing the sentence.

After you have performed the above trick a few times, some of the guests will insist that they be permitted to point out the person. By using the principle described in the game below, Spirit Photography, your accomplice may let them point out the person, provided you are permitted to come into the room to point out the particular person.

### SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY

Select any one in the room except your colleague to act as your assistant. Instruct him to take a magic exposure of some face in the room by holding a piece of paper in front of it for a few seconds while you are out of the room. When you return to the room you pretend to develop the photograph by making a few magic passes over it, then you study it very carefully and finally tell the name of the subject. Since the tendency of every one is to suspect your assistant of being the one who is helping you, it is quite easy for your confederate to give you the information by any of the following methods:

1. Imitating the exact sitting position and pose of the one who was photographed.
2. Counting the players around the circle going to the right starting with the individual previously agreed upon, and signaling the number to you with his fingers.

### POINTING OUT OBJECTS

Place about six books or similar objects in either a row or a pile. Have the crowd decide upon one of the objects,

and then have your accomplice come into the room. You touch the objects at random saying each time, "Is it this?" Finally touch the one selected by the group, and of course your partner answers "Yes."

When performing the trick first, indicate the object by touching the second or the second last object just before touching the one desired. After several persons object to your touching the objects, reluctantly agree to try to perform the trick otherwise. Then give your accomplice the desired information by the number of words you use in the sentence when you call him into the room. For example, if it were the fifth object you might say, "All right, Mary, come in."

### BLIND READING

A clever person who is somewhat of an actor can amaze an audience with this trick, which consists in reading written messages with his eyes closed. To perform the trick you must take one person into your confidence, telling him what to write on his slip. For example, suppose he writes, "Hope to go to camp." He is also instructed to be one of the last to bring up his paper when you call for all papers, placing it on the table directly in front of you.

Select an opportune time during the course of the evening and offer to demonstrate your inherited power of reading written messages with your eyes closed. Pass out small narrow slips, calling attention to the fact that they are all the same size and color. Ask each one who wishes to test his subconscious power of communication to write as briefly as possible some desire or resolution and to place it face down on the table in front of you. It is important to place your table in front of the audience, or, better still, place it in a corner of the room and sit

behind it.

Now you are ready to perform the trick. Shut your eyes, pick up a slip, place it upon your forehead, and pretend to concentrate intensely. Pass out buncombe claiming there is too much noise, stating that professional mediums require both silence and darkness to guarantee readings. Claim that some one is trying to make a fool of you, having written some foolish thing which of course cannot be communicated. Finally open your eyes and pretend to read from the slip, "Want the Southern Railroad." Of course that is not what was on the slip, so let us suppose that the following was written: "Wish for a new position." Appear to be disgusted, lay the slip aside saying, "I'll try just once more." Then pick up your colleague's paper and after a little hocus-pocus say, "Mr. Blank, did your wish concern the out-of-doors?" Of course he answers, "Yes." Then ask, "Did you write, 'Hope to go to Camp'?" As previously instructed, Mr. Blank replies, "I thought I wrote 'wish' instead of 'hope.'" Then without opening your eyes hold out the slip and request some one to read and see who is correct.

Now, working more rapidly, put another slip on your forehead and, without opening your eyes, tell what was written on the slip that you picked up first: namely, "Wish for a new position." Then ask the one who wrote it to raise his hand. While the attention of the audience is directed toward this person, lay the slip aside, pretending to verify your reading by glancing at it as you take it from your forehead. Of course, in the next reading you will tell what was on the slip that you just placed aside.

A clever person can occasionally tell the name of a writer by watching certain persons carefully and remembering where they laid their papers. With a little simple sleight-of-hand work you can accomplish Blind Reading



without assistance by slipping in a few papers that you have written yourself. Furthermore, when you read your own papers, you can forget to ask who wrote them and avoid the suspicion of the audience upon this omission by passing out those papers to the audience to verify your reading.

### MAGIC ACTION

Instruct the crowd to select a verb that can be acted out, and agree to come into the room and perform the action indicated by the verb without a single sound being uttered. Before leaving the room, ask any one except your confederate to knock when the word has been selected. If possible, arrange the audience in a circle, and have your confederate seated in a rocking chair.

Come into the room and stand behind some one nearly opposite your confederate. The instant you place your hands on the person's head your confederate begins rocking very slightly. With each motion of the chair you both say to yourselves a letter in alphabetical order, thus: on the first motion "A," on the second, "B," etc. When he stops rocking, you will be saying to yourself the first letter of the word. Then you go to a second person and your partner starts the second letter the instant you touch him. Finally you will go to a person and your confederate will do nothing, informing you that he has signaled all the letters. Then, without saying a word, you act out the verb.

Instead of transmitting the vowels by the method described above, it is much easier to signal them by the use of the hands. To let you know that he is going to send a vowel, the instant you touch a person your confederate crosses his feet and then indicates the number of the vowel with his fingers in the following order: A-E-I-O-U.

When holding your hands on any one's head, hold your head down also and raise your eyes only while watching your confederate. If you can place him in a shadow, it will be easy to observe the shadows from all parts of the room. When a rocking chair is not available, as at camp, your confederate can signal to you by breathing as heavily as possible and you can both count the movements of his chest. However, to do this you must watch him so intently that you can readily be detected. But if you can put out the lights in the room and place him in a long shadow cast by a light from without the room, even his slightest motion can be detected, since it is magnified in the long shadow.



IV  
RECITATIONS

1.

THE FESTIVAL AND ITS SEASON

2.

FAIRY- WITCH- AND SPOOK-LAND



I.

THE FESTIVAL AND ITS SEASON



# HALLOWE'EN

(*To-night*)

BY MOLLY CAPES

Bolt and bar the front door,  
Draw the curtains tight,  
Wise folk are in before  
Moon-rise to-night.

*Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en,  
Chestnuts to roast,  
A gift for the fairy,  
A prayer for the ghost.*

Who will have their fate told  
This night is known,  
Whose hand is full of gold,  
Who goes alone.

*Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en,  
Snapdragon blue,  
A lover for me  
And a fortune for you.*

Stars shiver blue and green,  
Moon's wide and white;  
There tattered clouds between  
Witches take flight.

*Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en,  
Apples a-bob,*



## HALLOWE'EN

*Elves at the key-hole  
And imps on the hob.*

"Twelve" calls the deep bell  
To the hollow night;  
"Twelve" whisper steeple tops  
Far out of sight.

*Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en,  
Fires burn high,  
Who shall say certainly,  
Who can tell truthfully  
What solemn company  
Pass through the sky?*

## A HALLOWE'EN MEMORY

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Do you remember, Heart's Desire,  
The night when Hallowe'en first came?  
The newly dedicated fire,  
The hearth unsanctified by flame?

How anxiously we swept the bricks  
(How tragic were the draught not right!)  
And then the blaze enwrapped the sticks  
And filled the room with dancing light.

We could not speak, but only gaze,  
Nor half believe what we had seen—  
*Our* home, *our* hearth, *our* golden blaze,  
*Our* cider mugs, *our* Hallowe'en!

And then a thought occurred to me—  
We ran outside with sudden shout  
And looked up at the roof, to see  
Our own dear smoke come drifting out.

And of all man's felicities  
The very subtlest one, say I,  
Is when, for the first time, he sees  
His hearthfire smoke against the sky.

## HALLOW EVEN

BY CARRIE WARD LYON

The autumn wind awakes and calls aloud,  
Piping a sweet, a long forgotten tune;  
The night has bared her beauty to the moon;  
Casting aside each softly clinging cloud,  
She walks in majesty, pale, starry-browed,  
With unshod feet upon the silver dune.  
Through witchèd wood she draws the laughing loon,  
And dolphins to the wave in leaping crowd.

In the green valley of lost yesterday,  
Safe from the hunter, wild deer frolicking  
With lambs and little children, dance and sing.  
To the eternal Beauty caught away,  
We too a vision of the truth are given,  
Sans preacher and sans book, on Hallow Even.

## ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,  
Ever beware that your couch be blessed;

Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,  
Sing the Ave and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,  
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,  
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,  
Sailing through moonshine or swathed in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,  
The dew of the night has damped her hair:  
Her cheek was pale, but resolved and high  
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She muttered the spell of Swithin bold,  
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,  
When he stopped the Hag as she rode the night,  
And bade her descend and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair  
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,  
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,  
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege  
These three long years in battle and siege;  
News are there none of his weal or his woe,  
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks;—  
Is it the moody owl that shrieks?  
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,  
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream?

The moon of the wind sunk silent and low,  
And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow;

The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,  
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly form!

## SHADOW MARCH

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

All around the house is the jet black night,  
It stares through the window-pane,  
It creeps in the corners hiding from the light  
And it moves with the moving flame.  
Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum,  
With the breath of the bogie in my hair,  
While all around the candle the crooked shadows come  
And go marching along up the stair.  
The shadow of the baluster, the shadow of the light,  
The shadow of the child that goes to bed,  
All the wicked shadows come a tramp, tramp, tramp,  
With the black night overhead.

## THE SPELL

BY JOHN GAY

At even o'Hallowmas no sleep I sought,  
But to the field a bag of hempseed brought.  
I scattered round the seed on every side,  
And three times three in trembling accents cried:  
"This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow;  
Who shall my true love be, the crop shall mow."

I pared a pippin round and round again,  
My shepherd's name to flourish in the plain;  
I flung the unbroken paring o'er my head;  
Upon the grass a perfect L was made.

Two hazelnuts I threw into the flame,  
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;  
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,  
That in a flame of brightest color blazed.  
So may thy passion grow,  
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

## HALLOWE'EN

BY JOEL BENTON

Pixie, kobold, elf, and sprite,  
All are on their rounds to-night;  
In the wan moon's silver ray,  
Thrives their helter-skelter play.

Fond of cellar, barn, or stack,  
True unto the almanac,  
They present to credulous eyes  
Strange hobgoblin mysteries.

Cabbage stumps—straws wet with dew—  
Apple-skins, and chestnuts too,  
And a mirror for some lass  
Show what wonders come to pass.

Doors they move, and gates they hide;  
Mischiefs that on moonbeams ride  
Are their deeds—and, by their spells,  
Love records its oracles.

Don't we all, of long ago,  
By the ruddy fireplace glow,  
In the kitchen and the hall,  
Those queer, cooflike pranks recall?

Eery shadows were they then—  
But to-night they come again;  
Were we once more but sixteen,  
Precious would be Hallowe'en.

HALLOWE'EN<sup>1</sup>

BY ROBERT BURNS

WITH NOTES BY ROBERT CHAMBERS

("The following poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity, makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.")

BURNS.

Upon that night, when fairies light  
On Cassilis Downans' <sup>2</sup> dance,  
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze, (fields)  
On sprightly courses prance;  
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,  
Beneath the moon's pale beams,

<sup>1</sup> All Hallow Eve, or the eve of All Saints' Day, is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.—B.

<sup>2</sup> Certain little romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighborhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.—B.

There, up the Cove <sup>1</sup> to stray and rove,  
 Amang the rocks and streams  
 To sport that night,

Amang the bonnie, winding banks,  
 Where Doon rins, wimplin', clear, (wheeling)  
 Where Bruce <sup>2</sup> ance ruled the martial ranks,  
 And shook his Carrick spear,  
 Some merry, friendly, country-folks  
 Together did convene,  
 To burn their nits, and pou their stocks (nuts, pull)  
 And haud their Hallowe'en  
 Fu' blithe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat, (trim)  
 Mair braw than when they're fine;  
 Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe, (show)  
 Hearts leal, and warm, and kin': (true)  
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs (spruce, knots)  
 Weel knotted on their garten, (garter)  
 Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs (bashful, talk)  
 Gar lasses' hearts gang sartin'  
 Whiles fast at night. (sometimes)

Then, first and foremost, through the kail, (cabbage)  
 Their stocks <sup>3</sup> maun a' be sought ance;

<sup>1</sup> A noted cavern near Colean House, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favorite haunt of fairies.—B.

<sup>2</sup> The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.—B.

<sup>3</sup> The first ceremony of Hallowe'en is pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with; its being big or little, straight

They steek their een, and graip, and wale, (close, grope.  
choose)

For muckle anes and straught anes. (straight)

Poor hav'rel Will fell aft the drift, (fool)

And wandered through the bow-kail; (cabbages)

And pou't, for want o' better shift,

An runt was like a sow-tail, (stalk)

Sae bow't that night. (crooked)

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,

They roar and cry a' throu'ther; (in confusion)

The very wee things, todlin' rin (tottering)

Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther:

And gif the custoc's sweet or sour,

Wi' joctelegs they taste them; (knives)

Syne cozily aboon the door, (Then)

Wi' cannie care, they've placed them (gentle)

To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a' (stole)

To pou their stalks o' corn;<sup>1</sup>

But Rab slips out, and jinks about, (dodges)

or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird or earth stick to the root, that is tocher or fortune; and the taste of the custoc—that is, the heart of the stem—is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door, and the Christian names of people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.—B.

<sup>1</sup> They go the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle—that is, the grain at the top of the stalk—the party in question will not continue spotless until marriage.—B.



Behind the muckle thorn:  
He grippet Nelly hard and fast;  
Loud skirlèd a' the lasses; (screamed)  
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,  
When kuittlin' in the fause-house <sup>1</sup> (cuddling)  
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordit nits <sup>2</sup>  
 Are round and round divided;  
 And mony lads' and lasses' fates  
 Are there that night decided:  
 Some kindle couthie, side by side, (agreeably)  
 And burn thegither trimly;  
 Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,  
 And jump out-owre the chimlie  
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;  
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;  
But this is Jock, and this is me,  
She says in to hersel':  
He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,  
As they wad never mair part;  
Till, fuff! he started up the lum, (chimney)  
And Jean had e'en a sair heart  
To see't that night.

<sup>1</sup> When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, etc., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *fause-house*.—B.

<sup>2</sup> Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.—B.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,  
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie; (demure)  
 And Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt (a pet)  
 To be compared to Willie.  
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,  
 And her ain fit it brunt it; (foot)  
 While Willie lap, and swore, by jing,  
 'Twas just the way he wanted  
 To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',  
 She pits hersel' and Rob in;  
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,  
 Till white in ase they're sobbin'. (ashes)  
 Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,  
 She whispered Rob to leuk for't:  
 Rob stowlins prie'd her bonny mou' (stealthily kissed)  
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,  
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,  
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;  
 She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks (conversing)  
 And slips out by hersel':  
 She through the yard the nearest taks,  
 And to the kiln she goes then,  
 And darklins graipit for the bauks, (cross-beams)  
 And in the blue-clue<sup>1</sup> throws them,  
 Right fear't that night.

<sup>1</sup> Whoever would with success try this spell, must strictly observe these directions:—Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a clue off the old one, and towards the latter end something will

And aye she win't, and aye she swat, (winded)  
 I wat she made nae jaukin'; (dallying)  
 Till something held within the pat,  
 Guid L——! but she was quakin'!  
 But whether 'twas the deil himsel',  
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en', (beam-end)  
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,  
 She did na wait on talkin'  
 To spier that night. (inquire)

Wee Jenny to her granny says:  
 "Will ye go wi' me, granny?  
 I'll eat the apple<sup>1</sup> at the glass  
 I got frae Uncle Johnny:"  
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt, (smoke)  
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin',  
 She notic't na, an aizle brunt (cinder)  
 Her braw new worset apron  
 Out through that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!<sup>2</sup> (young jade)  
 I daur you try sic sportin', (dare)  
 As seek the foul thief ony place,  
 For him to spae your fortune: (tell)  
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!  
 Great cause ye hae to fear it;  
 For mony a ane has gotten a fright,

hold the thread; demand "Wha hauds?"—that is, Who holds?  
 An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the  
 Christian and surname of your future spouse.—B.

<sup>1</sup> Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple  
 before it, and, some traditions say, you should comb your hair  
 all the time; the face of your conjugal companion to be will be  
 seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.—B.

<sup>2</sup> "A technical term in female scolding."—B.

And lived and died deleeret (delirious)  
On sic a night.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor— (harvest)  
I mind't as weel's yestreen,  
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure (young girl)  
I was na past fifteen:  
The simmer had been cauld and wat,  
And stuff was unco green;  
And aye a rantin' kirn we gat, (noisy harvest-home)  
And just on Hallowe'en  
It fell that night.

"Our stibble-rig <sup>1</sup> was Rab M'Graen,  
A clever sturdy fallow:  
His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, (son)  
That lived in Achmacalla:  
He gat hemp-seed,<sup>2</sup> I mind it weel,  
And he made unco light o't;  
But mony a day was by himsel',  
He was sae sairly frightened  
That very night."

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck, (fighting)  
And he swore by his conscience,

<sup>1</sup> The leader of the reapers.

<sup>2</sup> Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then: "Hemp-seed I saw thee, hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say: "Come after me, and shaw thee"—that is, shew thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say: "Come after me, and harrow thee,"—B.

That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;

For it was a' but nonsense.

The auld guidman raught down the pock, (reached)

And out a handfu' gied him;

Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,

Some time when nae ane see'd him,

And try't that night.

He marches through amang the stacks,

Though he was something sturtin; (timorous)

The graip he for a harrow taks, (dung-fork)

And hurls at his curpin; (drags, rear)

And every now and then he says:

"Hemp-seed, I saw thee,

And her that is to be my lass,

Come after me, and draw thee

As fast this night."

He whistled up Lord Lennox' march,

To keep his courage cheery;

Although his hair began to arch,

He was sae fley'd and eerie: (frightened)

Till presently he hears a squeak,

And then a grane and gruntle;

He by his shouter ga'e a keek, (peep)

And tumbled wi' a wintle (stagger)

Out-owre that night.

He roared a horrid murder-shout,

In dreadfu' desperation!

And young and auld cam rinnin' out,

And hear the sad narration:

He swore 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw, (halting)

Or crouchie Merran Humphie, (crook-backed)

Till, stop—she trotted through them a’—  
And wha was it but Grumphie (the pig)  
Asteer that night!

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,  
To win three wechts o’ naething;<sup>1</sup> (corn-baskets)  
But for to meet the deil her lane, (alone)  
She pat but little faith in:  
She gies the herd a pickle nits, (few)  
And twa red-cheekit applies,  
To watch, while for the barn she sets,  
In hopes to see Tam Kipples  
That very night.

She turns the key wi’ canny thraw, (gentle twist)  
And owre the threshold ventures;  
But first on Sawny gies a ca’,  
Syne bauldly in she enters:  
A ratton rattled up the wa’,  
And she cried, “L——, preserve her!”  
And ran through midden-hole<sup>2</sup> and a’,  
And prayed wi’ zeal and fervour,  
Fu’ fast that night.

<sup>1</sup> This charm must likewise be performed unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.—B.

<sup>2</sup> A gutter at the bottom of a dung-hill.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice; (urged)  
 They hecht him some fine braw ane; (promised)  
 It chanced, the stack he faddom't thrice,<sup>1</sup>  
 Was timmer-propt for thravin'; (timber, twisting)  
 He taks a swirly auld moss oak (knotty)  
 For some black grouse carlin; (loathsome)  
 And loot a winze, and drew a stroke, (oath)  
 Till skin in blypes cam haurlin' (shreds, peeling)  
 Aff's nieves that night. (hands)

A wanton widow Leezie was,  
 As canty as a kittlin; (merry—kitten)  
 But, och! that night, amang the shaws, (woods)  
 She got a fearfu' settlin'!  
 She through the whins, and by the cairn, (gorse)  
 And owre the hill gaed scribeven, (scrambling)  
 Where three lairds' lands meet at a burn,<sup>2</sup>  
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,  
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays, (fall)  
 As through the glen it wimpl't; (wheeled)  
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays; (cliff)  
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't; (eddy)

<sup>1</sup> Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bean-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.—B.

<sup>2</sup> You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and sometime near midnight an apparition, having the exact figures of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.—B.

Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,  
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle; (racing)  
Whyles cookit underneath the braes, (suddenly vanished)  
Below the spreading hazel,  
Unseen that night.

Amang the brackens, on the brae, (fern)  
Between her and the moon,  
The deil, or else an outler quey, (unhoused cow)  
Gat up and gae a croon: (moan)  
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; (case)  
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit, (lark)  
But mist a fit, and in the pool (foot)  
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit, (ears)  
Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,  
The luggies <sup>1</sup> three are ranged (dishes)  
And every time great care is ta'en  
To see them duly changed:  
Auld Uncle John, wha wedlock's joys  
Sin' Mar's year <sup>2</sup> did desire,  
Because he gat the toom dish thrice (empty)  
He heaved them on the fire  
In wrath that night.

<sup>1</sup> Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty; blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand—if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.—B.

<sup>2</sup> The year 1715, when the Earl of Mar raised an insurrection in Scotland.



Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,  
 I wat they did na weary;  
 And unco tales, and funny jokes,  
 Their sports were cheap and cheery;  
 Till buttered so'ns,<sup>1</sup> wi' fragrant lunt, (smoke)  
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin';  
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt, (spirits)  
 They parted aff careerin'  
 Fu' blithe that night.<sup>2</sup>

# HALLOWEEN

BY CARRIE WARD LYON

Walk into the dark room,  
And turn around,  
Quickly, three times,  
Then look into the glass.

Who'll be the first to go?  
Jane? Marianne?  
I'll be the first,  
What's there to be afraid of?

How dark it is!  
How my heart beats!

<sup>1</sup> Sowens, (a dish made of the seeds of oat-meal soured) with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Hallowe'en supper.—B.

<sup>2</sup> The most of the ceremonies appropriate to Hallowe'en, including all those of an adventurous character, are now disused. Meetings of young people still take place on that evening, both in country and town, but their frolics are usually limited to ducking for apples in tubs of water—a ceremony overlooked by Burns—the lottery of the dishes, and pulling cabbage-stalks. The other ceremonies are discountenanced as more superstitious than is desirable, and somewhat dangerous.

I cannot see the shepherds  
And the shepherdesses,

Or gilt flowers on the top.  
I think of all the lovers  
That have looked into this ancient  
Mirror before me!

In the dark shining pool,  
My ruffled dress makes a white blur  
How beautiful the rose wreath  
In my hair!

I thought I saw another face  
Just there,—I thought—  
I can't look any more,  
I'm trembling so.

## GHOST NIGHT

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

A hundred strange things  
Looked in at the door;  
There went a soft foot  
Across the old floor.

Oh, lovely and lost,  
It was you who were there,  
Wrapped round in the cloak  
Of your golden long hair!

The house grew as sweet  
As a just-lit flower,

## HALLOWE'EN

On the edge of the rain,  
In an April hour.

Wrapped round in the cloak  
Of your golden long hair,  
Oh, lovely and lost,  
It was you who were there!

I fell at your feet;  
Enough you were near,  
Although but a ghost  
With the ghosts of the year!

## AUTUMN

BY EDMUND SPENSER

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,  
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,  
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad,  
That he had banished hunger.

## A VAGABOND SONG

BY BLISS CARMAN

There is something in the Autumn that is native to my  
blood—  
Touch of manner, hint of mood;  
And my heart is like a rime,  
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping  
time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry  
Of bugles going by.

And my lonely spirit thrills  
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir;  
We must rise and follow her,  
When from every hill of flame  
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

### THE HUSKERS

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain  
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass  
again;  
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the wood-  
lands gay  
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-  
flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose  
broad and red,  
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;  
Yet even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,  
On the cornfields and the orchards and softly pictured  
wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,  
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;  
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;  
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener  
still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses  
of that sky,

Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew  
not why;  
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the  
meadow brooks,  
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet  
looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weather-  
cocks;  
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.  
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's drop-  
ping shell,  
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as  
they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay  
dry,  
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale  
green waves of rye;  
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with  
wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop  
stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that,  
dry and sere,  
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow  
ear;  
Beneath the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere  
of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking  
wain

Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;  
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down,  
at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream,  
and pond,  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,  
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,  
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,  
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;  
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,  
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,  
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;  
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,  
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,  
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;  
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,

At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,  
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,  
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,  
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

#### THE CORN SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!  
Heap high the golden corn!  
No richer gift has Autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers  
Our ploughs their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest-time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,  
And winter winds are cold,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk  
Around their costly board;  
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,  
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn!



Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let mildew blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod;  
Still let us, for his golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God!

2.

FAIRY- WITCH- AND SPOOK-LAND



## THE FAIRIES

BY ROSE FYLEMAN

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!

It's not so very, very far away;  
You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep straight  
ahead—

I do so hope they've really come to stay.  
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,  
And a little stream that quietly runs through;  
You wouldn't think they'd care to come merry-making  
there—

Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!

They often have a dance on summer nights;  
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,  
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.  
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams  
And pick a little star to make a fan,  
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?  
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!

You cannot think how beautiful they are;  
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and  
King

Come gently floating down upon their car.  
The King is very proud and *very* handsome;  
The Queen—now can you guess who that could be

(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away)?  
Well—it's Me!

## THE QUEEN OF ELFLAND

ANONYMOUS

True Thomas lay oer yond grassy bank,  
And he beheld a ladie gay,  
A ladie that was brisk and bold,  
Come riding oer the fernie brae.

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,  
Her mantel of the velvet fine,  
At ilka tett of her horse's mane  
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he took off his hat,  
And bowed him low down till his knee:  
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!  
For your peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,  
That name does not belong to me;  
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,  
And I'm come here for to visit thee. . . .

"But ye maun go wi me now, Thomas,  
True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,  
For ye maun serve me seven years,  
Thro weel or wae as may chance to be.

"Then harp and carp, Thomas," she said,  
"Then harp and carp, along wi me;

But it will be seven years and a day  
Till ye win back to yere ain countrie."

She turned about her milk-white steed,  
And took True Thomas up behind,  
And aye whenever her bridle rang,  
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

For forty days and forty nights  
He wade thro red blude to the knee,  
And he saw neither sun nor moon,  
But heard the roaring of the sea.

O they rade on, and further on,  
Until they came to a garden green:  
"Light down, light down, ye ladie free,  
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,  
"That fruit maun not be touched by thee,  
For a' the plagues that are in hell  
Light on the fruit of this countrie.

"But I have a loaf here in my lap,  
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,  
And now ere we go farther on,  
We'll rest a while, and ye may dine."

When he had eaten and drunk his fill:—  
"Lay down your head upon my knee,"  
The lady sayd, "ere we climb yon hill  
And I will show you fairlies three.

"O see not ye yon narrow road,  
So thick beset wi thorns and briers?  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Tho after it but few enquires.

"And see not ye that braid braid road,  
That lies across yon lillie leven?  
That is the path of wickedness,  
Tho some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,  
Which winds about the fernie brae?  
That is the road to fair Elfland,  
Where you and I this night maun gae.

"But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,  
Whatever you may hear or see,  
For gin ae word you should chance to speak,  
You will neer get back to your ain countrie."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,  
And till seven years were past and gone  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

## LITTLE FOLK

BY CARRIE WARD LYON

Under our hedge there is a pleasant nook  
Where I can go to read my fairy book;  
And though I think there is no brook so near,  
The tinkling sound of water I can hear.  
And sometimes tiny voices laugh so small,  
It sounds like hardly anything at all.

Jane said "they're crickets" and ran off to play;  
But Johnny came and heard them too one day.

## QUEEN MAB

BY THOMAS HOOD

A little fairy comes at night,  
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,  
With silver spots upon her wings,  
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,  
And when a good child goes to bed  
She waves her hand from right to left,  
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,  
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,  
And trees that bear delicious fruit,  
And bow their branches at a wish:

Of arbors filled with dainty scents  
From lovely flowers that never fade;  
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,  
And glow-worms shining in the shade:

And talking birds with gifted tongues,  
For singing songs and telling tales,  
And pretty dwarfs to show the way  
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,  
From left to right she weaves her rings,



And then it dreams all through the night  
Of only ugly horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,  
And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,  
And ogres draw their cruel knives,  
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,  
Or raging flames come scorching round,  
Fierce dragons hover in the air,  
And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,  
And wish the long black gloom away;  
But good ones love the dark, and find  
The night as pleasant as the day.

### QUEEN MAB

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

O, then I see, Queen Mab hath been with you,  
She is the fairies' midwife: and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
On the forefinger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;  
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;  
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
And in this state she gallops night by night,  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.

## THE DEATH OF OBERON

BY WALTER THORNBURY

Toll the lilies' silver bells!  
Oberon, the king, is dead!  
In her grief the crimson rose  
All her velvet leaves has shed.

Toll the lilies' silver bells!  
Oberon is dead and gone!  
He who looked an emperor  
When his glow-worm crown was on.

Toll the lilies' silver bells!  
Slay the dragon-fly, his steed;  
Dig his grave within the ring  
Of the mushrooms in the mead.

## THE FAIRY TO PUCK

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moone's sphere.  
And I serve the Fairy Queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green;  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,

## HALLOWE'EN

In their gold coats spots you see,—  
Those be rubies, Fairy favours:  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

## ARIEL'S SONG

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Where the bee sucks there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry;  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

## THE PALACE

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

Wilt thou? let us make a dream.  
I'll be two inches high.  
You shall be even slighter,  
and deft as a butterfly.  
We'll steal away with the dawn  
a long day's march through the clover,  
and the daisies will sprinkle dew  
on the tiny love and her lover.  
We'll gather the chestnut blossom  
(if we can) where it lovely lies,  
and I will wear one in my bosom,  
but yours will shine in your eyes.  
We'll see the enormous sparrows  
like eagles fan the air,

and mine will be rising to heaven,  
but yours will be waiting there.  
And we'll take our rest at noontide  
at the inn of summer weather,  
whose ancient sign is the Time, and the Place,  
and the Loved One altogether.  
And at evening we'll reach the golden  
Palace of Never Before,  
and I shall be winding the Slughorn,  
but you will open the door.

## THE FAIRY FOLK

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen  
We daren't go a-hunting,  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain-lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;

He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkill he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music,  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back,  
Between the night and morrow;  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lakes,  
On a bed of flag leaves,  
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn-trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring  
As dig one up in spite?  
He shall find the thornies set  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,

We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather.

## FAIRY SONG

BY JOHN KEATS

Shed no tear! O shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another year.  
Weep no more! O weep no more!  
Young buds sleep in the roots' white core.  
Dry your eyes! O dry your eyes!  
For I was taught in Paradise  
To ease my breast of melodies—  
Shed no tear!

Overhead! look overhead!  
'Mong the blossoms white and red—  
Look up, look up! I flutter now  
On this fresh pomegranate bough.  
See me! 'tis this silvery bill  
Ever cures the good man's ill.  
Shed no tear! O shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another year.  
Adieu, adieu—I fly—adieu!  
I vanish in the heaven's blue—  
Adieu, adieu!

## THE WOUNDED DAISY

ANONYMOUS

A fairy was mending a daisy  
Which some one had torn in half;  
Her sisters all thought her crazy,  
And only looked on to laugh.  
They showed her scores in the hedges,  
And scores that grew by the tarn,  
And scores on the green field-edges,  
But she went on with her darn.

Then round they cluster, and chatter—  
How each had a flower more fine;  
One shook buttercups at her,  
And one brought briony-twine,  
Strong red poppies to vex her,  
Tiny bright-eyes to beguile,  
Tall green flags to perplex her;  
But she worked on all the while.

She work'd and she sang this ditty,  
While insects wondered and heard;  
(They knew by the tone of pity  
The song was not from a bird):  
"Daisy, somebody hurt you!  
Are you afraid of me?  
Patient hope is a virtue,  
Wait and you shall see!

"Was it a careless mower  
Cut your blossom in twain?  
I hope his hand will be slower  
When he sees you again.

Was it a step unheeding?  
Or was it a stormy gale?  
Or was it—(*how* you are bleeding!)  
A dark, malicious snail?

“They did not know you would suffer,  
I think they had never seen;  
Slugs and snails may be rougher,  
Perhaps, than they always mean.  
Do I not hear one sobbing,  
Down just there at my foot?  
Or is it only the throbbing  
Down in your poor little root?

“Ah, you tremble a little!  
Have I hurt you at last?  
If you were not so brittle,  
I could mend you so fast.  
No; there’s nothing distressful,  
Only a quiver of bliss,—  
Daisy, I’ve been successful!  
Grow, and give me a kiss!

“Now I’ve mended you neatly,  
All the fairies can see;  
Now you look at me sweetly,  
Are you grateful to me?  
I’ll go hiding behind you,  
Then in a day or two,  
Perhaps a baby will find you,  
And I shall hear it coo.

“Yes, your cheeks may be whiter  
Than the rest of your race;



## HALLOWE'EN

Other eyes may be brighter,  
Others fairer in face;  
But no flower that uncloses  
Can be precious as you,  
Not an army of roses  
Fighting all the year through!"

Then the fairies confess it,  
As that daisy revives;  
All come round and caress it,  
All so glad that it lives.  
No one ventures to doubt it,  
Host of penitent fays  
Make their dance-rings about it,  
Sing their songs in its praise.

Years of fading and growing  
Pass,—the daisy is not!  
Sweeter grass-blooms are growing  
Still by that little spot.  
There each fairy that hover'd  
Sang while pausing above,  
"Here the daisy recover'd,—  
Here is a footprint of Love!"

## WITH PETER PAN

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

*(It is said that Sir James Barrie arranged to have Frampton's bronze erected by a large force of workmen, between dusk and dawn, so that the children might think it had been set in Kensington Gardens by the fairies.)*

When my Nana lets me run  
On the grass in Kensington,

First of all I like to go  
Past the pond where ducklings grow,  
To a little iron man  
By the name of Peter Pan.

There are fairies in a ring  
Climbing up like anything  
On the old stump where he stands  
With his whistle in his hands,  
While the rabbits dance and sing.  
Oh, you can not know what fun is  
If you've never seen those bunnies!

There's a jolly iron snail  
And a stork without a tail,  
And you've never, never seen  
Anything so very nice  
As the glossy little mice  
Creeping close above the green.

There's a 'squirrel I call Harry  
Asking something of a fairy  
Who's a little bit afraid. . . .  
I wonder what that squirrel said!

Did he ask how fairies could  
Make an iron man so good  
In a single summer night,—  
Put it up before the light,  
So that when we came to play  
We'd have Peter Pan next day?

Tell him, fairy, please—for he  
Will tell nobody but me!

## SABRINA

BY JOHN MILTON

Sabrina fair

Listen where thou are sitting  
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,  
Listen for dear honour's sake,  
Goddess of the silver lake,  
Listen and save! . . .

By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance  
Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head  
From thy coral-pav'n bed,  
And bridle in the headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answered have.  
Listen and save!"

By the rushy-fringèd bank  
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,  
My sliding Chariot staves,  
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen  
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green  
That in the channell straves,  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet  
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread,  
Gentle swain at thy request  
I am here.

## HAZEL DORN

BY BERNARD SLEIGH

They stole her from the well beside the wood.  
Ten years ago as village gossips tell;  
One Beltane-eve when trees were all a-bud  
In copse and fell.

Ominous, vast, the moon rose full and red  
Behind dim hills; no leaf stirred in the glen  
That breathless eve, when she was pixy-led  
Beyond our ken.

For she had worn no rowan in her hair,—  
Nor set the cream-bowl by the kitchen door,—  
Nor whispered low the pagan faery prayer  
Of ancient lore;

But trod that daisied ring in hose and shoon,  
To hear entranced, their elf-bells round her ring;  
The wizard spells about her wail and croon  
With gathering string.

Swiftly her arms they bound in gossamer,  
With elvish lures they held her soul in thrall;  
With wizard sorceries enveloped her  
Past cry or call.

A passing shepherd caught his breath to see  
A golden mist of moving wings and lights  
Swirl upwards past the red moon eerily  
To starlit heights.

While far off carollings half drowned a cry,  
Mournful, remote, of "Mother, Mother dear,"  
Floating across the drifting haze,—a sigh  
    "Farewell, Farewell!"

## LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,  
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs  
    away,  
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth,  
    an' sweep,  
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-  
    an'-keep;  
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,  
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun  
A-lis'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,  
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you  
    Ef you  
    Don't  
    Watch  
    Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—  
An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,  
His mammy heered him holler, an' his daddy heard him  
    bawl,  
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at  
    all!  
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole,  
    an' press,  
An' seeked him up the chimney-flue, an' ever'wheres, I  
    guess;

But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-  
about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,  
An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;  
An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was  
there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!  
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,  
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her  
side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed  
what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,  
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!  
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,  
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—  
You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and  
dear,

An' cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,  
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,  
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't  
Watch  
Out!

## THE BELL-MAN

BY ROBERT HERRICK

From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free,  
From Murders—*Benedicite*.  
From all mischances, that may fright  
Your pleasing slumbers in the night :  
Mercie secure ye all, and keep  
The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep.  
Past one aclock, and almost two,  
My Masters all, *Good day to you!*

## THE LITTLE MEN

BY ROBERT BURTON

Terrestrial devils are those Lares, Genii, Fauns, Satyrs, Wood-nymphs, Foliots, Fairies, Robin Goodfellows, Trulli, etc., which as they are most conversant with men, so they do them most harm. . . . These are they that dance on heaths and greens . . . and leave that green circle, which we commonly find in plain fields, which others hold to proceed from a meteor falling, or some accidental rankness of the ground, so nature sports herself; they are sometimes seen by old women and children. . . . Paracelsus reckons up many places in Germany where they do usually walk in little coats, some two feet long. A bigger kind there is of them called with us hobgoblins, and Robin Goodfellows, that would in those superstitious times grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work. They would mend old irons in those

Aeolian isles of Lipari, in former ages, and have been often seen and heard . . . Dithmarus Bleskenius, in his description of Iceland, reports for certainty, that almost in every family they have yet some such familiar spirits. . . . They will make strange noises in the night, howl sometimes pitifully, and then laugh again, cause great flame and sudden lights, fling stones, rattle chains, shave men, open doors and shut them, fling down platters, stools, chests, sometimes appear in the likeness of hares, crows, black dogs, etc. . . .

## ROBIN GOODFELLOW

BY BEN JONSON

From Oberon, in fairye land,  
The King of Ghosts and shadowes there,  
Mad Robin I, at his command,  
Am sent to viewe the night sports here.  
What revell rout  
Is kept about,  
In every corner where I go,  
I will o'er see,  
And merry bee,  
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I flye  
About this aery welkin soone,  
And, in a minute's space, descrye  
Each thing that's done belowe the moone.  
There's not a hag  
Or ghost shall wag,  
Or cry, "'Ware Goblins! where I go;"  
But Robin I



Their feates will spy,  
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Where'er such wanderers I meete,  
    As from their night-sports they trudge home;  
With counterfeiting voice I greeete  
    And call them on, with me to roame  
        Thro' woods, thro' lakes,  
        Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;  
Or else, unseene, with them I go,  
    All in the nicke  
    To play some tricke  
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;  
    Sometimes, an ox; sometimes, a hound;  
And to a horse I turn me can;  
    To trip and trot about them round.  
    But if, to ride,  
    My backe they stride,  
More swift than wind away I go,  
    Ore hedge and lands,  
    Thro' pools and ponds  
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,  
    With possets and with juncates fine;  
Unseene of all the company,  
    I eat their cakes and sip their wine;  
    And to make sport,  
    I dart and snort;  
And out the candles I do blow:  
    The maids I kiss;

They shriek—"Who's this?"  
I answer nought but, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows greene,  
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;  
And to our fairye king, and queene,  
We chaunt our moonlight minstrelsies;  
When larks 'gin sing,  
Away we fling;  
And babes new borne steal as we go,  
And elfe in bed  
We leave instead,  
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I  
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;  
And for my pranks men call me by  
The name of Robin Goodfellow.  
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,  
Who haunt the nightes,  
The hags and goblins do me know;  
And beldames old  
My feates have told;  
So Vale, Vale; ho, ho, ho!  
[*Exit* ROBIN GOODFELLOW.]

## PUD-WUDJIES \*

BY PATRICK R. CHALMERS

They live 'neath the curtain  
Of fir woods and heather,  
And never take hurt in  
The wildest of weather,

\* From *Green Days and Blue Days*, Norman Remington Co.

But best they love Autumn—she's brown as themselves—  
And they are the brownest of all the brown elves;

When loud sings the West Wind,  
The bravest and best wind,  
And puddles are shining in all the cart ruts,  
They turn up the dead leaves,  
The russet and red leaves,  
Where squirrels have taught them to look out for nuts!

The hedge-cutters hear them  
Where berries are growing,  
The scythe circles near them  
At time of the mowing;  
But most they love woodlands when Autumn's winds pipe,  
And all through the cover the beechnuts are ripe,  
And great spikey chestnuts,  
The sweetest and best nuts,  
Blown down in the ditches, fair windfalls lie cast,  
And no tree begrudges  
The little Pud-Wudjies  
A pocket of acorns, a handful of mast!

So should you be roaming  
Where branches are sighing,  
When up in the gloaming  
The moon-wrack is flying,  
And hear through the darkness, again and again,  
What's neither the wind nor the spatter of rain—  
A flutter, a flurry,  
A scuffle, a scurry,  
A bump like the rabbits that bump on the ground,  
A patter, a bustle,  
Of small things that rustle,  
You'll know the Pud-Wudjies are somewhere around!

## AT CANDLE-LIGHTIN' TIME

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

When I come in f'om de co'n-fiel' aftah wo'kin' ha'd all  
day,  
It's amazin' nice to fin' my suppah all erpon de way;  
An' it's nice to smell de coffee bubblin' ovah in de pot,  
An' it's fine to see de meat a-sizzlin' teasin'-lak an' hot.

But when suppah-time is ovah, an' de t'ings is cleahed  
away;  
Den de happy hours dat foller are de sweetes' of de day.  
When my co'ncob pipe is sta'ted, an' de smoke is drawin'  
prime,  
My ole 'ooman says, "I reckon, Ike, it's candle-lightin'  
time."

Den de chillun snuggle up to me, an' all commence to call,  
"Oh, say, daddy, now it's time to mek de shadders on de  
wall."  
So I puts my han's togethah—evah daddy knows de  
way,—  
An' de chillun snuggle closer roun' ez I begin to say:—

"Fus' thing, hyeah come Mistah Rabbit; don' you see him  
wo'k his eahs?  
Huh, uh! dis mus' be a donkey,—look, how innercent he  
'pears!  
Dah's de ole black swan a-swimmin'—ain't she got a'  
awful neck?  
Who's dis feller dat's a-comin'? Why, dat's ole dog Tray,  
I 'spec'!"

Dat's de way I run on, tryin' fu' to please 'em all I can;  
Den I hollahs, "Now be keerful—dis hyeah las' 's de  
buga-man!"

An' dey runs an' hides dey faces; dey ain't skeered—dey's  
lettin' on:

But de play ain't raaly ovah twell dat buga-man is gone.

So I jes' teks up my banjo, an' I plays a little chune,  
An' you see dem huids come peepin' out to listen mighty  
soon.

Den my wife says, "Sich a pappy fu' to give you sich a  
fright!

Jes' you go to baid, an' leave him: say yo' prayers an' say  
good-night."

## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

BY JOHN KEATS

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,  
With anguish moist and fever dew;  
And on thy cheek a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads  
Full beautiful, a faery's child;  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long;  
For sideways would she lean, and sing  
A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She look'd at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew;  
And sure in language strange she said,  
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,  
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—  
So kiss'd to sleep.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,  
And there I dream'd, al woe betide,  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
· On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
Who cry'd—"La belle Dame sans merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gaped wide,  
And I awoke, and found me here  
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

## TAM O' SHANTER

## A TALE

BY ROBERT BURNS

[Within a mile of Burns's birthplace, near Ayr, stands the ruin of old Alloway Kirk, surrounded by a graveyard, two minutes' walk from the River Doon. The legend of Tam's adventure was well known in Burns's time.]

*Of Brownie and of Bogillie full is this buke.*

GAWIN DOUGLAS

When chapman billies leave the street,  
And drouthy neibors meet,  
As market-days are wearing late,  
And folk begin to tak the gate;  
While we sit bousin at the nappy,  
And gettin fou and unco happy,  
We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter :  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise  
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
A bletherin, blusterin, drunken bhellum;  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou was na sober;  
That ilka melder wi' the miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
The smith and thee gat roarin fou on;  
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.  
She prophesied, that, late or soon,  
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon,  
Or catch't wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,  
To think how mony counsels sweet,  
How mony lengthened sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,  
Tam had got planted unco right,  
Fast by an ingle, bleezin finely,  
Wi' reamin swats that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:  
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;



They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;  
And ay the ale was growing better:  
The landlady and Tam grew gracious  
Wi' secret favors, sweet, and precious:  
The souter tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:  
The storm without might rair and rustle,  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy:  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;  
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts forever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.  
Nae man can tether time or tide:  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride,—  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he taks the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;

The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;  
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:  
That night, a child might understand,  
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mear, Meg,—  
A better never lifted leg,—  
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind and rain and fire;  
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,  
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,  
Whiles glowrin round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares.  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;  
And past the birks and meikle stane,  
Whare drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane;  
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.  
Before him Doon pours all his floods;  
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;  
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,  
Near and more near the thunders roll;  
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze:  
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!  
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!  
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,  
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.  
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,  
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
She ventur'd forward on the light;  
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
Nae cotillon brent-new frae France,  
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels  
Put life and mettle in their heels:  
A winnock bunker in the east,  
There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast;  
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge;  
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—  
Coffins stood round like open presses,  
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;  
And by some devilish cantraip sleight  
Each in its cauld hand held a light,  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchisten'd bairns;  
A thief, new-cutted frae the rape—  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;  
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;

A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft—  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawful'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
The piper loud and louder blew,  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit  
And coost her duddies to the wark  
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,  
A' plump and strapping in their teens!  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!—  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,  
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!  
But withered beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hogs wad spean a foal,  
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam ken'd what was what fu' brawlie;  
There was ae winsom wench and walie,  
That night enlisted in the core  
(Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore:  
For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,

And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear);  
Her cutty sark o' Paisley harn,  
That while a lassie she had worn,  
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie.  
Ah! little kent thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r,  
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,  
(A souple jad she was and strang,)  
And how Tam stood like ane bewitch'd,  
And thought his very een enrich'd;  
Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain,  
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'  
And in an instant all was dark:  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane of the brig:  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they dare na cross.  
But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fient a tail she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,  
But left behind her ain gray tail:  
The carlin clautht her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed,  
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear,  
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mear.

## MEG MERRILIES

BY JOHN KEATS

Old Meg she was a Gipsy,  
And Liv'd upon the Moors:  
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,  
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,  
Her currants pods o' broom;  
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,  
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,  
Her Sisters larchen trees—  
Alone with her great family  
She liv'd as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,  
No dinner many a noon,  
And 'stead of supper she would stare  
Full hard against the Moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh  
She made her garlanding,  
And every night the dark glen Yew  
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown  
She plaited Mats o' Rushes,  
And gave them to the Cottagers  
She met among the Bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen  
And tall as Amazon:  
An old red blanket cloak she wore;  
A chip hat had she on.  
God rest her aged bones somewhere—  
She died full long ago!

BROOMSTICK TRAIN; OR RETURN  
OF THE WITCHES

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

## I

Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track!  
The witches are here! They've all come back!  
They hanged them high, but they wouldn't lie still,  
For cats and witches are hard to kill;  
They buried them deep but they wouldn't die,—  
Books say they did, but they lie! they lie!

## II

A couple of hundred years, or so,  
They had knocked about in the world below,  
When an Essex deacon dropped in to call,  
And a homesick feeling seized them all;  
For he came from a place they knew full well,  
And many a tale he had to tell.  
They longed to visit the haunts of men,  
To see the old dwellings they knew again,  
On their well-trained broomsticks mounted high.  
Seen like shadows against the sky;  
Crossing the tracks of owls and bats,  
Hugging before them their coal-black cats.

## III

Well did they know, those gray old wives,  
The sights we see in our daily drives:  
Shimmer of lake and shine of sea,  
Brown's bare hill with its lonely tree,  
(It wasn't then as we see it now,



With one scant scalp-lock to shade its brow;)   
Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,   
Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,   
Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous snake   
Glide through his forests of fern and brake;   
Ipswich river; its old stone bridge;   
Far off Andover's Indian Ridge,   
And many a scene where history tells,   
Some shadow of bygone terror dwells,—   
Of "Norman's Woe" with its tale of dread,   
Of the Screeching Woman of Marblehead,   
(The fearful story that turns men pale:   
Don't bid me tell it,—my speech would fail.)

## IV

For that "couple of hundred years, or so,"   
There had been no peace in the world below;   
The witches still grumbling, "It isn't fair;   
Come, give us a taste of the upper air!   
We've had enough of your sulphur springs,   
And the evil odor that round them clings;   
We long for a drink that is cool and nice,—   
Great buckets of water with Wenham ice;   
We've served you well on earth, you know;   
You're a good old—fellow—come, let us go!"

## V

I don't feel sure of his being good,   
But he happened to be in a pleasant mood,—   
As fiends with their skins full sometimes are,—   
(He'd been drinking with "roughs" at a Boston bar.)   
So what does he do but up and shout   
To a graybeard turnkey, "Let 'em out!"

## VI

To mind his orders was all he knew;  
The gates swung open, and out they flew.  
"Where are our broomsticks?" the beldams cried.  
"Here are your broomsticks," an imp replied.  
"They've been in—the place you know—so long  
They smell of brimstone uncommon strong;  
But they've gained by being left alone,—  
Just look, and you'll see how tall they've grown."  
—"And where is my cat?" a vixen squalled.

## VII

"Yes, where are our cats?" the witches bawled,  
And began to call them all by name:  
As fast as they called the cats, they came:  
There was bob-tailed Tommy and long-tailed Tim,  
And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,  
And splay-foot Benny and slimlegged Beau,  
And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,  
And many another that came at call,—  
It would take too long to count them all,  
All black,—one could hardly tell which was which,  
But every cat knew his own old witch;  
And she knew hers as hers knew her,—  
Ah, didn't they curl their tails and purr!

## VIII

No sooner the withered hags were free  
Than out they swarmed for a midnight spree;  
I couldn't tell all they did in rhymes,  
But the Essex people had dreadful times.  
The Swampscott fishermen still relate

How a strange sea-monster stole their bait;  
How their nets were tangled in loops and knots,  
And they found dead crabs in their lobster-pots.  
Poor Danvers grieved for her blasted crops,  
And Wilmington mourned over mildewed hops.  
A blight played havoc with Beverly beans,—  
It was all the work of those hateful queans!

## IX

Now when the boss of the beldams found  
That without his leave they were ramping round,  
He called,—they could hear him twenty miles,  
From Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles;  
The deafest old granny knew his tone  
Without the trick of the telephone.  
“Come here, you witches! Come here!” says he,—  
“At your games of old, without asking me!  
I’ll give you a little job to do  
That will keep you stirring, you godless crew!”

## X

They came, of course, at their master’s call,  
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and all;  
He led the hags to a railway train  
The horses were trying to drag in vain.  
“Now, then,” says he, “you’ve had your fun,  
And here are the cars you’ve got to run.  
The driver may just unhitch his team,  
We don’t want horses, we don’t want steam;

You may keep your old black cats to hug,  
But the loaded train you have got to lug."

## XI

Since then on many a car you'll see  
A broomstick plain as plain can be;  
On every stick there's a witch astride,—  
The string you see to her leg is tied.  
She will do a mischief if she can,  
But the string is held by a careful man,  
And whenever the evil-minded witch  
Would cut some caper he gives a twitch.  
As for the hag, you can't see her,  
But hark! you can hear her black cat's purr,  
And now and then, as a train goes by,  
You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.

## XII

Often you've looked on a rushing train,  
But just what moved it was not so plain.  
It couldn't be those wires above,  
For they could neither pull nor shove;  
Where was the motor that made it go?  
You couldn't guess, *but now you know*.  
Remember my rhymes when you ride again  
On the rattling rail by the broomstick train!

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## THE MIRROR

*(A Ballad of Ohio)*<sup>1</sup>

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

"Milk, in God's name," the gypsy pled,  
"To give my baby life!"  
"Take this last drop—and welcome" said  
The young, red-kerchiefed wife.

"You might have had your fill in May—  
You—and your hungering child,  
But the cattle die—and Jan . . . is away—"  
The gleam of her eyes was wild.

The gypsy gazed on the forming curd,  
Then put the cup aside.  
"And would you know what ails the herd?  
It is bewitched!" she cried.

"Send folk with mattock, bar and spade  
To break the earth behind  
The eastward stable door," she bade,  
"And fetch me what they find."

The gypsy bent and touched the ground;  
She made a gypsy sign;  
She compassed all that spot around  
With gypsy paces nine.

<sup>1</sup> The basis of this legend was given me by two aged Bohemian peasants in the slums of Cleveland. Few realize how intensely the folk-lore of the Old World persists in the New.

The laborers dug by the eastward door;  
Within seven slabs they found  
Thin bones, crossed like the rood Christ bore,  
With a woman's curl well bound.

"This lock was shorn from a woman's head  
Who drowned with soul unshriven.  
Cursed be the water of the dead  
That shuts four souls from heaven!

"For these are the bones of one who died  
Untouched by holy water.  
This woman in her suicide  
Destroyed her new-born daughter."

"Then—tell me all, for Christ's dear sake!"  
The gypsy clasped her arm  
And led her to the glassy lake  
A furlong past the farm.

"Out of that watery silence, he  
Who laid this curse will rise!"  
The young wife bent—and shudderingly  
She met her husband's eyes.

She did not scream—she did not swoon—  
But waded in a pace  
And, bending low, began to croon  
To that dim, wavering face.

"My Jan—I think you loved me, Jan,  
Until the evil day  
When Marya's golden head, my man,  
Deviled your heart away!

"I saw you in her pregnant eyes—  
And spread her shame around. . . .  
In the brief ghost-hour before sunrise  
You found those two here, drowned.

"You crossed the unredeemed small bones  
And bound them with her hair ;  
You vaulted them with seven flat stones—  
And the Devil heard your prayer.

"The udders of the cattle dried ;  
Drought twisted stalk and tree ;  
Pastureless the oxen died—  
And then the charm touched me.

"For worse than every other spell  
Was this you laid on me—  
That I must follow you to Hell,  
Loving you bitterly."

Then slowly, gently she drooped down  
To press those wavering lips.  
The gypsy clutched at her floating gown  
With fearful fingertips.

Her hand clasped air. She heard with awe  
Huge wings threshing the breeze,  
And, turning quickly, thought she saw  
The Devil through the trees.

## THE WITCH'S CAVERN

BY BULWER LYTTON

[From "The Last Days of Pompeii"]

A fire burned in the far recess of the cave ; and over it  
was a small caldron ; on a tall and thin column of iron

stood a rude lamp; over that part of the wall, at the base of which burned the fire, hung in many rows, as if to dry, a profusion of herbs and weeds. A fox, couched before the fire, gazed upon the strangers with its bright and red eye—its hair bristling—and a low growl stealing from between its teeth; in the center of the cave was an earthen statue, which had three heads of singular and fantastic cast. A low tripod stood before this.

But it was not these appendages . . . of the cave that thrilled the blood of those who gazed fearfully therein—it was the face of its inmate. Before the fire, with the light shining full upon her features, sat a woman of considerable age. Her countenance betrayed the remains of a regular, but high and aquiline order of feature; with stony eyes turned upon them—with a look that met and fascinated theirs—they beheld in that fearful countenance the very image of a corpse!

GLAUCUS. It is a dead thing.

IONE. Nay—it stirs—it is a ghost!

SLAVE. Oh, away—away! It is the witch of Vesuvius!

WITCH. Who are ye? And what do ye here?

GLAUCUS. We are storm-beaten wanderers from the neighboring city; we crave shelter and the comfort of your hearth.

WITCH. Come to the fire if ye will! I never welcome a living thing—save the owl, the fox, the toad, and the viper—so I cannot welcome ye; but come to the fire without welcome—why stand upon form?

IONE. We disturb you, I fear.

WITCH. Tell me, are ye brother and sister?

IONE. No.

WITCH. Are ye married?

GLAUCUS. Not so.



WITCH. Ho, lovers! ha! ha! ha!

GLAUCUS. Why dost thou laugh, old crone?

WITCH. Did I laugh?

GLAUCUS. She is in her dotage.

WITCH. Thou liest.

IONE. Hush! Provoke her not, dear Glaucus.

WITCH. I will tell thee why I laughed when I discovered ye were lovers. It was because it is a pleasure to the old and withered to look upon young hearts like yours—and to know the time will come when you will loathe each other—loathe—loathe—ha! ha! ha!

IONE. The gods forbid. Yet, poor woman, thou knowest little of love, or thou wouldst know that it never changes.

WITCH. Was I young once, think ye? And am I old, and hideous, and deathly now? Such as is the form, so is the heart.

GLAUCUS. Hast thou dwelt here long?

WITCH. Ah, long!—yes.

GLAUCUS. It is but a drear abode.

WITCH. Ha! thou mayst well say that—Hell is beneath us! And I will tell thee a secret—the dim things below are preparing wrath for ye above.

GLAUCUS. Thou utterest but evil words. In the future, I will brave the tempest rather than thy welcome.

WITCH. Thou wilt do well. None should ever seek me, save the wretched!

GLAUCUS. And why the wretched?

WITCH. I am the witch of the mountain; my trade is to give hope to the hopeless; for the crossed in love, I have philtres; for the avaricious, promises of treasure; for the happy and the good, I have only what life has—curses! Trouble me no more.

As Glaucus now turned towards the witch, he perceived for the first time, just under her seat, the bright gaze and

crested head of a large snake. Whether it was that the vivid coloring of the Athenian's cloak, thrown over the shoulders of Ione, attracted the reptile's anger—its crest began to glow and rise, as if menacing and preparing itself to spring upon the Neapolitan. Glaucus caught quickly at one of the half-burned logs upon the hearth; and, as if enraged at the action, the snake came forth from its shelter, and with a loud hiss raised itself on end, till its height nearly approached that of the Greek.

. . . . .

GLAUCUS. Witch, command thy creature, or thou wilt see it dead!

WITCH. It has been despoiled of its venom.

Ere the words had left her lips, the snake had sprung upon Glaucus; the agile Greek leaped lightly aside, and struck so fell a blow on the head of the snake, that it fell prostrate and writhing among the embers of the fire.

The hag sprung up, and stood confronting Glaucus with a face which would have befitted the fiercest of the Furies.

WITCH. Thou hast had shelter under my roof, and warmth at my hearth; thou hast returned evil for good; thou hast smitten and slain the thing that loved me and was mine; now hear thy punishment. I curse thee! and thou art cursed! May thy love be blasted—may thy name be blackened—may the infernals mark thee—may thy heart wither and scorch—may thy last hour recall to thee the prophet voice of the Saga of Vesuvius!

. . . . .

Long and loud rang the echoes of the cavern with the dread laugh of the Saga.

The lovers gained the open air.

"Alas!" said Ione, "my soul feels the omen of evil. Preserve us, oh, ye gods!"

## I SAW THREE WITCHES

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

I saw three witches  
That bowed down like barley,  
And straddled their brooms 'neath a louring sky,  
And, mounting a storm-cloud,  
Aloft on its margin,  
Stood black in the silver as up they did fly.

I saw three witches  
That mocked the poor sparrows  
They carried in cages of wicker along,  
Till a hawk from his eyrie  
Swooped down like an arrow,  
Smote on the cages, and ended their song.

I saw three witches  
That sailed in a shallop,  
All turning their heads with a smickering smile,  
Till a bank of green osiers  
Concealed their wild faces,  
Though I heard them lamenting for many a mile.

I saw three witches  
Asleep in a valley,  
Their heads in a row, like stones in a flood,  
Till the moon, creeping upward,  
Looked white through the valley,  
And turned them to bushes in bright scarlet bud.

## OVERHEARD ON A SALTMARSH

BY HAROLD MONRO

Nymph, nymph, what are your beads?

Green glass, goblin. Why do you stare at them?

Give them me.

No.

Give them me. Give them me.

No.

Then I will howl all night in the reeds,  
Lie in the mud and howl for them.

Goblin, why do you love them so?

They are better than stars or water,  
Better than voices of winds that sing,  
Better than any man's fair daughter,  
Your green glass beads on a silver ring.

Hush, I stole them out of the moon.

Give me your beads, I want them.

No.

I will howl in a deep lagoon  
For your green glass beads, I love them so.  
Give them me. Give them.

No.

## THE SHADOW PEOPLE

BY FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

Old lame Bridget doesn't hear  
Fairy music in the grass

When the gloaming's on the mere  
And the shadow people pass :  
Never hears their slow grey feet  
Coming from the village street  
Just beyond the parson's wall,  
Where the clover globes are sweet,  
And the mushroom's parasol  
Opens in the moonlit rain.  
Every night I hear them call  
From their long and merry train.  
Old lame Bridget says to me,  
"It is just your fancy, child."  
She cannot believe I see  
Laughing faces in the wild,  
Hands that twinkle in the sedge  
Bowing at the water's edge  
Where the finny minnows quiver,  
Shaping on a blue wave's ledge  
Bubble foam to sail the river.  
And the sunny hands to me  
Beckon ever, beckon ever.  
Oh ! I would be wild and free  
And with the shadow people be.

## THE ERL-KING

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

*Translated by Sir Walter Scott*

O, who rides by night thro' the woodland so wild?  
It is the fond father embracing his child ;  
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,  
To hold himself fast and to keep himself warm.

"O father, see yonder! see yonder!" he says;  
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"—  
"O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."—  
"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

"O, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;  
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;  
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,  
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear  
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"—  
"Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease;  
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

"O, wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?  
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;  
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,  
And press thee and kiss thee and sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,  
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past through the  
rain?"—

"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;  
It was the grey willow that danced to the moon."

"O, come and go with me, no longer delay,  
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."—  
"O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,  
The Erl-King has seized me—his grasp is so cold!"

Sore trembled the father; he spurred thro' the wild,  
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;

He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,  
But, clasped to his bosom, the infant was *dead!*

## THE GHOSTS .

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[From "Hiawatha"]

Never stoops the soaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge and follows;  
And a third pursues the second,  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
First a speck, and then a vulture,  
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another's motions;  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
Round their victim, sick and wounded,  
First a shadow, then a sorrow.  
Till the air is dark with anguish.  
Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,  
Mighty Peboan, the Winter,  
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,  
Into stone had changed their waters.  
From his hair he shook the snow-flake  
Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,  
One uninterrupted level.

As if, stooping, the Creator  
With His hand had smoothed them over.

One dark evening, after sundown,  
In her wigwam Laughing Water  
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting  
For the steps of Hiawatha  
Homeward from the hunt returning.  
On their faces gleamed the firelight,  
Painting them with streaks of crimson,  
And behind them crouched their shadows  
In the corners of the wigwam,  
And the smoke in wreaths above them  
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.

Then the curtain of the doorway  
From without was slowly lifted;  
Brighter glowed the fire a moment  
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,  
As two women entered softly.  
Passed the doorway uninvited,  
Without word of salutation,  
Without sign of recognition,  
Sat down in the farthest corner,  
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,  
Strangers seemed they in the village;  
Very pale and haggard were they,  
As they sat there sad and silent,  
Trembling, cowering with the shadows.  
Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,  
Muttering down into the wigwam?  
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,



Hooting from the dismal forest?  
Sure, a voice said in the silence:  
"These are corpses clad in garments,  
These are ghosts that come to haunt you,  
From the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter!"

Homeward now came Hiawatha  
From his hunting in the forest,  
With the snow upon his tresses,  
And the red deer on his shoulders.  
At the feet of Laughing Water  
Down he threw his lifeless burden;  
Nobler, handsomer she thought him  
Than when first he came to woo her,  
First threw down the deer before her,  
As a token of his wishes,  
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers,  
Cowering, crouching with the shadows;  
Said within himself, "Who are they?  
What strange guests has Minnehaha?"  
But he questioned not the strangers,  
Only spake to bid them welcome  
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready  
And the deer had been divided,  
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,  
Springing from among the shadows,  
Seized upon the choicest portions,  
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,  
Set apart for Laughing Water,

For the wife of Hiawatha;  
Without asking, without thinking,  
Eagerly devoured the morsels,  
Flitted back among the shadows  
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,  
Not a motion made Nokomis,  
Not a gesture Laughing Water;  
Not a change came o'er their features;  
Only Minnehaha softly  
Whispered, saying, "They are famished;  
Let them do what best delights them;  
Let them eat, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawned and darkened,  
Many a night shook off the daylight  
As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes  
From the midnight of its branches;  
Day by day the guests unmoving  
Sat there silent in the wigwam;  
But by night, in storm or starlight,  
Forth they went into the forest,  
Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,  
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,  
Always sad and always silent.  
Once at midnight Hiawatha,  
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,  
In the wigwam, dimly lighted  
By the brands that still were burning,  
By the glimmering, flickering firelight,  
Heard a sighing, oft repeated,  
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.  
From his couch rose Hiawatha,

From his shaggy hides of bison,  
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,  
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,  
Sitting upright on their couches,  
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said: "O guests! why is it  
That your hearts are so afflicted,  
That you sob so in the midnight?  
Has perchance the old Nokomis,  
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,  
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,  
Failed in hospitable duties?"

Then the shadows ceased from weeping,  
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,  
And they said, with gentle voices:  
"We are ghosts of the departed,  
Souls of those who once were with you.  
From the realms of Chibiabos,  
Hither have we come to try you,  
Hither have we come to warn you.

"Cries of grief and lamentation  
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;  
Cries of anguish from the living,  
Calling back their friends departed,  
Sadden us with useless sorrow.  
Therefore have we come to try you;  
No one knows us, no one heeds us.  
We are but a burden to you,  
And we see that the departed  
Have no place among the living.

"Think of this, O Hiawatha!  
Speak of it to all the people,  
That henceforward and forever  
They no more with lamentations  
Sadden the souls of the departed  
In the Islands of the Blessed.

"Farewell, noble Hiawatha!  
We have put you to the trial,  
To the proof have put your patience,  
By the insult of our presence,  
By the outrage of our actions.  
We have found you great and noble.  
Fail not in the greater trial,  
Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden darkness  
Fell and filled the silent wigwam.  
Hiawatha heard a rustle  
As of garments trailing by him,  
Heard the curtain of the doorway  
Lifted by a hand he saw not,  
Felt the cold breath of the night air,  
For a moment saw the starlight;  
But he saw the ghosts no longer,  
Saw no more the wandering spirits  
From the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the Land of the Hereafter.

### SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

*(Old Ballad)*

As May Margaret sat in her bowerie, in her bower all  
alone,

Just at the parting o' midnight, she heard a mournful  
moan.

"Oh, is it my father, oh, is it my mother, oh, is it my  
brother John;

Or is it Sweet William, my ain true love, to Scotland new  
come home?"

"It is na thy father, it is na thy mother, it is na thy brother  
John;

But it is Sweet William, thy ain true love, to Scotland new  
come home."

"Oh, hae ye brought onie fine things, onie new things for  
to wear,

Or hae ye brought me a braid of lace to snood up my  
gowden hair?"

"I've brought you no fine things, nor onie new things to  
wear,

Nor have I brought you a braid of lace to snood up your  
gowden hair.

Oh, dear Margaret, oh, sweet Margaret, I pray thee speak  
to me;

Gie me my faith and troth, Margaret, as I gave it to thee!"

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get, nor yet will I thee  
lend,

Till thou come within my bower and kiss my cheek and  
chin."

"If I should come within thy bower,—I am no mortal  
man,—

And should I kiss thy rosy lips, thy days would not be  
lang.

"Oh, dear Margaret, oh, sweet Margaret, I pray thee speak  
to me;

Gie me my faith and troth, Margaret, as I gave it to thee!"

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get, nor yet will I thee  
lend,

Till thou take me to yon kirk-yard, and wed me with a  
ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard, afar beyond the  
sea,

And 'tis but my spirit, Margaret, that's speaking now to  
thee!"

She stretched out her lily-white hand, and for to do her  
best;

"Hae there your faith and troth, Willy, God send your  
soul to rest!"

And now she has kilted her robes of green a piece below  
the knee,

And a' the live-lang winter night the dead corpse followed  
she.

"Is there onie room at your head, Willy, or onie room at  
your feet,

Is there onie room at your side, Willy, wherein that I may  
creep?"

"There's na room at my head, Margaret, there's na room  
at my feet,

There's na room at my side, Margaret, my coffin's made so  
meet."

Then up and crew the red, red cock, and up then crew the  
gray;

"'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margaret, that you were  
going away!"

No more the ghost to Margaret said, but with a grievous  
groan

Evanished in a cloud of mist and left her all alone.

"O stay, my only true love, stay!" the constant Margaret cried;

Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een, stretched her soft limbs, and died.

## THE GHOST'S CONFESSION

BY LEWIS CARROLL

[From "Phantasmagoria"]

"Oh, when I was a little Ghost,  
A merry time had we!  
Each seated on his favourite post,  
We chumped and chawed the buttered toast  
They gave us for our tea."

"That story is in print!" I cried.  
"Don't say its' not, because  
It's known as well as Bradshaw's Guide!"  
(The Ghost uneasily replied  
He hardly thought it was).

"It's not in Nursery Rhymes? And yet  
I almost think it is—  
'Three little Ghosteses' were set  
'On posteses,' you know, and ate  
Their 'buttered toasteses.'

"I have the book; so, if you doubt it—"  
I turned to search the shelf.  
"Don't stir!" he cried. "We'll do without it:  
I now remember all about it;  
I wrote the thing myself.

"It came out in a 'Monthly,' or  
At least my agent said it did:  
Some literary swell, who saw  
It, thought it seemed adapted for  
The Magazine he edited.

"My father was a Brownie, Sir;  
My mother was a Fairy.  
The notion had occurred to her,  
The children would be happier,  
If they were taught to vary.

"The notion soon became a craze;  
And, when it once began, she  
Brought us all out in different ways—  
One was a Pixy, two were Fays,  
Another was a Banshee;

"The Fetch and Kelpie went to school,  
And gave a lot of trouble;  
Next came a Poltergeist and Ghoul,  
And then two Trolls (which broke the rule).  
A Goblin, and a Double—

"(If that's a snuff-box on the shelf,"  
He added with a yawn,  
"I'll take a pinch)—next came an Elf,  
And then a Phantom (that's myself),  
And last, a Leprechaun.

"One day, some Spectres chanced to call,  
Dressed in the usual white:  
I stood and watched them in the hall,



And couldn't make them out at all,  
They seemed so strange a sight.

"I wondered what on earth they were,  
That looked all head and sack;  
But Mother told me not to stare,  
And then she twitched me by the hair,  
And punched me in the back.

"Since then I've often wished that I  
Had been a Spectre born.  
But what's the use?" (He heaved a sigh).  
"*They* are the ghost-nobility,  
And look on *us* with scorn.

"My phantom-life was soon begun:  
When I was barely six,  
I went out with an older one—  
And just at first I thought it fun,  
And learned a lot of tricks.

"I've haunted dungeons, castles, towers—  
Wherever I was sent:  
I've often sat and howled for hours,  
Drenched to the skin with driving showers.  
Upon a battlement.

"It's quite old-fashioned now to groan  
When you begin to speak:  
This is the newest thing in tone—"  
And here (it chilled me to the bone)  
He gave an *awful* squeak.

"Perhaps," he added, "to *your* ear  
That sounds an easy thing?

Try it yourself, my little dear!  
It took *me* something like a year,  
With constant practising.

“And when you’ve learned to squeak, my man  
And caught the double sob,  
You’re pretty much where you began:  
Just try and gibber if you can!  
That’s something *like* a job!

“*I’ve* tried it, and can only say  
I’m sure you couldn’t do it, e-  
ven if you practised night and day,  
Unless you have a turn that way,  
And natural ingenuity.

“Shakespeare I think it is who treats  
Of Ghosts, in days of old,  
Who ‘gibbered in the Roman streets,’  
Dressed, if you recollect, in sheets—  
They must have found it cold.

“I’ve often spent ten pounds on stuff,  
In dressing as a Double;  
But, though it answers as a puff,  
It never has effect enough  
To make it worth the trouble.

“Long bills soon quenched the little thirst  
I had for being funny.  
The setting-up is always worst:  
Such heaps of things you want at first,  
One must be made of money!

"For instance, take a Haunted Tower,  
With skull, cross-bones, and sheet;  
Blue lights to burn (say) two an hour,  
Condensing lens of extra power,  
And set of chains complete:

"What with the things you have to hire——  
The fitting on the robe——  
And testing all the coloured fire——  
The outfit of itself would tire  
The patience of a Job!

"And then they're so fastidious,  
The Haunted-House Committee:  
I've often known them make a fuss  
Because a Ghost was French, or Russ,  
Or even from the City!

"Some dialects are objected to——  
For one, the *Irish* brogue is:  
And then, for all you have to do,  
One pound a week they offer you,  
And find yourself in Bogies!"

## SEEIN' THINGS

BY EUGENE FIELD

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or  
mice,  
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!  
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,  
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my  
prayers are said,

Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" an' takes away the  
light.  
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night.

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the  
door,  
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor;  
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're  
walkin' round  
So softly an' so creepy-like they never make a sound;  
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're  
white.  
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at  
night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our  
street,  
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,  
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,  
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!  
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—  
It's almost alluz when I'm bad that I see things at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl or I'd be skeered to death!  
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath;  
An' I am, oh! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then  
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again!  
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right  
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night!

An' so when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,  
I try to skwush the tempter's voice 'at urges me within;  
An' when they's pie for supper or cakes 'at's big an' nice

I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them things  
twice!

No, ruther let starvation wipe me slowly out of sight  
Than I should keep a-livin' an' seein' things at night.

V

STORIES



## WHAT WAS IT?

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN

It is, I confess, with considerable diffidence that I approach the strange narrative which I am about to relate. The events which I propose detailing are of so extraordinary a character that I am quite prepared to meet with an unusual amount of incredulity and scorn. I accept all such beforehand. I have, I trust, the literary courage to face unbelief. I have, after mature consideration, resolved to narrate, in as simple and straightforward a manner as I can compass, some facts that passed under my observation, in the month of July last, and which, in the annals of the mysteries of physical science, are wholly unparalleled.

I live at No. — Twenty-sixth Street, in New York. The house is in some respects a curious one. It has enjoyed for the last two years the reputation of being haunted. It is a large and stately residence, surrounded by what was once a garden, but which is now only a green enclosure used for bleaching clothes. The dry basin of what has been a fountain, and a few fruit-trees ragged and unpruned, indicate that this spot in past days was a pleasant, shady retreat, filled with fruits and flowers and the sweet murmur of waters.

The house is very spacious. A hall of noble size leads to a large spiral staircase winding through its center, while the various apartments are of imposing dimensions. It was built some fifteen or twenty years since by Mr. A——, the well-known New York merchant, who five years ago threw the commercial world into convulsions by a stupen-



dous bank fraud. Mr. A——, as everyone knows, escaped to Europe, and died, not long after, of a broken heart. Almost immediately after the news of his decease reached this country and was verified, the report spread in Twenty-sixth Street that No. — was haunted. Legal measures had dispossessed the widow of its former owner, and it was inhabited merely by a caretaker and his wife, placed there by the house agent into whose hands it had passed for the purposes of renting or sale. These people declared that they were troubled with unnatural noises. Doors were opened without any visible agency. The remnants of furniture scattered through the various rooms were, during the night, piled one upon the other by unknown hands. Invisible feet passed up and down the stairs in broad daylight, accompanied by the rustle of unseen silk dresses, and the gliding of viewless hands along the massive balusters. The caretaker and his wife declared they would live there no longer. The house agent laughed, dismissed them, and put others in their place. The noises and supernatural manifestations continued. The neighborhood caught up the story, and the house remained untenanted for three years. Several persons negotiated for it; but, somehow, always before the bargain was closed they heard the unpleasant rumors and declined to treat any further.

It was in this state of things that my landlady, who at that time kept a boarding-house in Bleecker Street, and who wished to move farther up town, conceived the bold idea of renting No. — Twenty-sixth Street. Happening to have in her house rather a plucky and philosophical set of boarders, she laid her scheme before us, stating candidly everything she had heard respecting the ghostly qualities of the establishment to which she wished to remove us. With the exception of two timid persons,—a sea-captain

and a returned Californian, who immediately gave notice that they would leave,—all of Mrs. Moffat's guests declared that they would accompany her in her chivalric incursion into the abode of spirits.

Our removal was effected in the month of May, and we were charmed with our new residence. The portion of Twenty-sixth Street where our house is situated, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, is one of the pleasantest localities in New York. The gardens back of the houses, running down nearly to the Hudson, form, in the summer-time, a perfect avenue of verdure. The air is pure and invigorating, sweeping, as it does, straight across the river from the Weehawken heights, and even the ragged garden which surrounded the house, although displaying on washing days rather too much clothes-line, still gave us a piece of greensward to look at, and a cool retreat in the summer evenings, where we smoked our cigars in the dusk, and watched the fireflies flashing their dark lanterns in the long grass.

Of course we had no sooner established ourselves at No. — than we began to expect ghosts. We absolutely awaited their advent with eagerness. Our dinner conversation was supernatural. One of the boarders, who had purchased Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature* for his own private delectation, was regarded as a public enemy by the entire household for not having bought twenty copies. The man led a life of supreme wretchedness while he was reading this volume. A system of espionage was established, of which he was the victim. If he incautiously laid the book down for an instant and left the room, it was immediately seized and read aloud in secret places to a select few. I found myself a person of immense importance, it having leaked out that I was tolerably well versed in the history of supernaturalism, and had once written a story

the foundation of which was a ghost. If a table or a wainscot panel happened to warp when we were assembled in the large drawing-room, there was an instant silence and everyone was prepared for an immediate clanking of chains and a spectral form.

After a month of psychological excitement, it was with the utmost dissatisfaction that we were forced to acknowledge that nothing in the remotest degree approaching the supernatural had manifested itself. Once the black butler asseverated that his candle had been blown out by some invisible agency while he was undressing himself for the night; but as I had more than once discovered this colored gentleman in a condition when one candle must have appeared to him like two, I thought it possible that, by going a step further in his potations, he might have reversed this phenomenon, and seen no candle at all where he ought to have beheld one.

Things were in this state when an accident took place so awful and inexplicable in its character that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory of the occurrence. It was the tenth of July. After dinner was over I repaired, with my friend Dr. Hammond, to the garden to smoke my evening pipe. Independent of certain mental sympathies which existed between the Doctor and myself, we were linked together by a vice. We both smoked opium. We knew each other's secret, and respected it. We enjoyed together that wonderful expansion of thought, that marvellous intensifying of the perceptive faculties, that boundless feeling of existence when we seem to have points of contact with the whole universe,—in short, that unimaginable spiritual bliss which I would not surrender for a throne, and which I hope you, reader, will never, never taste.

Those hours of opium happiness which the Doctor and I spent together in secret were regulated with a scientific

accuracy. We did not blindly smoke the drug of paradise, and leave our dreams to chance. While smoking, we carefully steered our conversation through the brightest and calmest channels of thought. We talked of the East, and endeavored to recall the magical panorama of its glowing scenery. We criticised the most sensuous poets,—those who painted life ruddy with health, brimming with passion, happy in the possession of youth and strength and beauty. If we talked of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, we lingered over Ariel, and avoided Caliban. Like the Guebers, we turned our faces to the East, and saw only the sunny side of the world.

This skilful coloring of our train of thought produced in our subsequent visions a corresponding tone. The splendors of Arabian fairyland dyed our dreams. We paced the narrow strip of grass with the tread and port of kings. The song of the *rana arborea*, while he clung to the bark of the ragged plum-tree, sounded like the strains of divine musicians. Houses, walls, and streets melted like rainclouds, and vistas of unimaginable glory stretched away before us. It was a rapturous companionship. We enjoyed the vast delight more perfectly because, even in our most ecstatic moments, we were conscious of each other's presence. Our pleasures, while individual, were still twin, vibrating and moving in musical accord.

On the evening in question, the tenth of July, the Doctor and myself drifted into an unusually metaphysical mood. We lit our large meerschaums, filled with fine Turkish tobacco, in the core of which burned a little black nut of opium, that, like the nut in the fairy tale, held within its narrow limits wonders beyond the reach of kings; we paced to and fro, conversing. A strange perversity dominated the currents of our thought. They would *not* flow through the sun-lit channels into which we

strove to divert them. For some unaccountable reason, they constantly diverged into dark and lonesome beds, where a continual gloom brooded. It was in vain that, after our old fashion, we flung ourselves on the shores of the East, and talked of its gay bazaars, of the splendors of the time of Haroun, of harems and golden palaces. Black afreets continually arose from the depths of our talk, and expanded, like the one the fisherman released from the copper vessel, until they blotted everything from our vision. Insensibly, we yielded to the occult force that swayed us, and indulged in gloomy speculation. We had talked some time upon the proneness of the human mind to mysticism, and the almost universal love of the terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to me, "What do you consider to be the greatest element of terror?"

The question puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew. Stumbling over a corpse in the dark; beholding, as I once did, a woman floating down a deep and rapid river, with wildly lifted arms, and awful, upturned face, uttering, as she drifted, shrieks that rent one's heart while we, spectators, stood frozen at a window which overhung the river at a height of sixty feet, unable to make the slightest effort to save her, but dumbly watching her last supreme agony and her disappearance. A shattered wreck, with no life visible, encountered floating listlessly on the ocean is a terrible object, for it suggests a huge terror, the proportions of which are veiled. But it now struck me, for the first time, that there must be one great and ruling embodiment of fear,—a King of Terrors, to which all others must succumb. What might it be? To what train of circumstances would it owe its existence?

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. That there must be one Something more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I

cannot attempt, however, even the most vague definition."

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered. "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than anything yet conceived by the human mind;—something combining in fearful and unnatural amalgamation hitherto supposed incompatible elements. The calling of the voices in Brockden Brown's novel of *Wieland* is awful; so is the picture of the Dweller of the Threshold, in Bulwer's *Zanoni*; but," he added, shaking his head gloomily, "there is something more horrible still than those."

"Look here, Hammond," I rejoined, "let us drop this kind of talk, for Heaven's sake! We shall suffer for it, depend on it."

"I don't know what's the matter with me tonight," he replied, "but my brain is running upon all sorts of weird and awful thoughts. I feel as if I could write a story like Hoffman, tonight, if I were only master of a literary style."

"Well, if we are going to be Hoffmanesque in our talk, I'm off to bed. Opium and nightmares should never be brought together. How sultry it is! Good night, Hammond."

"Good night, Harry. Pleasant dreams to you."

"To you, gloomy wretch, afreets, ghouls, and enchanters."

We parted, and each sought his respective chamber. I undressed quickly and got into bed, taking with me, according to my usual custom, a book, over which I generally read myself to sleep. I opened the volume as soon as I had laid my head upon the pillow, and instantly flung it to the other side of the room. It was Goudon's *History of Monsters*, a curious French work, which I had lately imported from Paris, but which, in the state of mind I had then reached, was anything but an agreeable com-

panion. I resolved to go to sleep at once; so, turning down my gas until nothing but a little blue point of light glimmered on the top of the tube, I composed myself to rest.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained alight did not illuminate a distance of three inches round the burner. I desperately drew my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The confounded themes touched on by Hammond in the garden kept obtruding themselves on my brain. I battled against them. I erected ramparts of would-be blankness of intellect to keep them out. They still crowded upon me. While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that by a perfect physical inaction I should hasten mental repose, an awful incident occurred. A Something dropped, as it seemed, from the ceiling, plumb upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat, endeavoring to choke me.

I am no coward, and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack, instead of stunning me, strung every nerve to its highest tension. My body acted from instinct, before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I wound two muscular arms around the creature, and squeezed it, with all the strength of despair, against my chest. In a few seconds the bony hands that had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more. Then commenced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most profound darkness, totally ignorant of the nature of the Thing by which I was so suddenly attacked, finding my grasp slipping every moment, by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck, and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy agile hands, which my utmost

efforts could not confine,—these were a combination of circumstances to combat which required all the strength, skill, and courage that I possessed.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned, with my knee on what I made out to be its chest, I knew that I was victor. I rested for a moment to breathe. I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness, and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was; that was one comfort. At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a large yellow silk pocket handkerchief. I felt for it instantly; it was there. In a few seconds more I had, after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. There was nothing more to be done but to turn on the gas, and, having first seen what my midnight assailant was like, arouse the household. I will confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before; I wished to make the capture alone and unaided.

Never losing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the bed to the floor, dragging my captive with me. I had but a few steps to make to reach the gas-burner; these I made with the greatest caution, holding the creature in a grip like a vice. At last I got within arm's length of the tiny speck of blue light which told me where the gas-burner lay. Quick as lightning I released my grasp with one hand and let on the full flood of light. Then I turned to look at my captive.

I cannot even attempt to give any definition of my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose I must have shrieked with terror, for in less than a minute afterward my room was crowded with the inmates of the



house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment. *I saw nothing!* Yes; I had one arm firmly clasped round a breathing, panting, corporeal shape, my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as warm, as apparently fleshy, as my own; and yet, with this living substance in my grasp, with its body pressed against my own, and all in the bright glare of a large jet of gas, I absolutely beheld nothing! Not even an outline,—a vapor!

I do not, even at this hour, realize the situation in which I found myself. I cannot recall the astounding incident thoroughly. Imagination in vain tries to compass the awful paradox.

It breathed. I felt its warm breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely. It had hands. They clutched me. Its skin was smooth, like my own. There it lay, pressed close up against me, solid as stone,—and yet utterly invisible.

I wonder that I did not faint or go mad on the instant. Some wonderful instinct must have sustained me; for, absolutely, in place of loosening my hold on the terrible Enigma, I seemed to gain an additional strength in my moment of horror, and tightened my grasp with such wonderful force that I felt the creature shivering with agony.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face—which I suppose, must have been an awful sight to look at—he hastened forward, crying, "Great heaven, Harry! What has happened?"

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried, "come here. Oh, this is awful! I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it,—I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the unfeigned horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps for-

ward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors. This suppressed laughter made me furious. To laugh at a human being in my position! It was the worst species of cruelty. *Now*, I can understand why the appearance of a man struggling violently, as it would seem, with an airy nothing, and calling for assistance against a vision, should have appeared ludicrous. *Then*, so great was my rage against the mocking crowd that had I the power I would have stricken them dead where they stood.

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried again, despairingly, "for God's sake come to me. I can't hold the—the thing but a short while longer. It is overpowering me. Help me! Help me!"

"Harry," whispered Hammond, approaching me, "you have been smoking too much opium."

"I swear to you, Hammond, that this is no vision," I answered, in the same low tone. "Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me, convince yourself. Feel it,—touch it."

Hammond advanced and laid his hand in the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Harry," he said in a hoarse, agitated voice, for, though he preserved his presence of mind, he was deeply moved, "Harry, it's all safe now. You may let go, old fellow, if you're tired. The thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold.

Hammond stood holding the ends of the cord that bound the Invisible, twisted round his hand, while before

him, self-supporting as it were, he beheld a rope laced and interlaced, and stretching tightly around a vacant space. I never saw a man look so thoroughly stricken with awe. Nevertheless, his face expressed all the courage and determination which I knew him to possess. His lips, although white, were set firmly, and one could perceive at a glance that, although stricken with fear, he was not daunted.

The confusion that ensued among the guests of the house who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene between Hammond and myself—who beheld the pantomime of binding this struggling Something,—who beheld me almost sinking from physical exhaustion when my task of jailer was over,—the confusion and terror that took possession of the bystanders, when they saw all this, was beyond description. The weaker ones fled from the apartment. The few who remained clustered near the door and could not be induced to approach Hammond and his Charge. Still incredulity broke out through their terror. They had not the courage to satisfy themselves, and yet they doubted. It was in vain that I begged of some of the men to come near and convince themselves by touch of the existence in that room of a living being which was invisible. They were incredulous, but did not dare to undeceive themselves. How could a solid, living, breathing body be invisible? they asked. My reply was this. I gave a sign to Hammond, and both of us—conquering our fearful repugnance to touch the invisible creature—lifted it from the ground, manacled as it was, and took it to my bed. Its weight was about that of a boy of fourteen.

“Now, my friends,” I said, as Hammond and myself held the creature suspended over the bed, “I can give you self-evident proof that here is a solid, ponderable body, which, nevertheless, you cannot see. Be good enough to

watch the surface of the bed attentively."

I was astonished at my own courage in treating this strange event so calmly; but I had recovered from my first terror, and felt a sort of scientific pride in the affair which dominated every other feeling.

The eyes of the bystanders were immediately fixed on my bed. At a given signal Hammond and I let the creature fall. There was a dull sound of a heavy body alighting on a soft mass. The timbers of the bed creaked. A deep impression marked itself distinctly on the pillow, and on the bed itself. The crowd who witnessed this gave a low cry, and rushed from the room. Hammond and I were left alone with our Mystery.

We remained silent for some time, listening to the low, irregular breathing of the creature on the bed, and watching the rustle of the bed-clothes as it impotently struggled to free itself from confinement. Then Hammond spoke.

"Harry, this is awful."

"Ay, awful."

"But not unaccountable."

"Not unaccountable! What do you mean? Such a thing has never occurred since the birth of the world. I know not what to think, Hammond. God grant that I am not mad, and that this is not an insane fantasy!"

"Let us reason a little, Harry. Here is a solid body which we touch, but which we cannot see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes us with terror. Is there no parallel, though, for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure glass. It is tangible and transparent. A certain chemical coarseness is all that prevents its being so entirely transparent as to be totally invisible. It is not *theoretically impossible*, mind you, to make a glass which shall not reflect a single ray of light—a glass so pure and homogeneous in its atoms that the rays from the sun will pass through it

as they do through the air, refracted but not reflected. We do not see the air, and yet we feel it."

"That's all very well, Hammond, but these are inanimate substances. Glass does not breathe, air does not breathe. *This* thing has a heart that palpitates,—a will that moves it, lungs that play, and inspire and respire."

"You forget the phenomena of which we have so often heard of late," answered the Doctor gravely. "At the meetings called 'spirit circles,' invisible hands have been thrust into the hands of those persons round the table,—warm, fleshly hands that seemed to pulsate with mortal life."

"What? Do you think, then, that this thing is——"

"I don't know what it is," was the solemn reply; "but please the gods I will, with your assistance, thoroughly investigate it."

We watched together, smoking many pipes, all night long, by the bedside of the unearthly being that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. The boarders congregated on the landing outside my room, and Hammond and myself were lions. We had to answer a thousand questions as to the state of our extraordinary prisoner, for as yet not one person in the house except ourselves could be induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bed-clothes were moved in its efforts to escape. There was something truly terrible in beholding, as it were, those second-hand indications of the terrible writhings and agonized struggles for liberty which themselves were invisible.

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover some means by which we might

realize the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth; a round, smooth head without hair; a nose, which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks; and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy. At first we thought of placing the being on a smooth surface and tracing its outlines with chalk, as shoemakers trace the outline of the foot. This plan was given up as being of no value. Such an outline would give not the slightest idea of its conformation.

A happy thought struck me. We would take a cast of it in plaster of Paris. This would give us the solid figure, and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering and distort the mould. Another thought. Why not give it chloroform? It had respiratory organs,—that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility, we could do with it what we would. Doctor X—— was sent for; and after the worthy physician had recovered from the first shock of amazement, he proceeded to administer the chloroform. In three minutes afterward we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body, and a modeller was busily engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay. In five minutes more we had a mould, and before evening a rough facsimile of the Mystery. It was shaped like a man,—distorted, uncouth, and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs revealed a muscular development that was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen. Gustave Doré, or Gallot, or Tony Johannot, never conceived anything so horrible. There is a face in one of the latter's illustrations to *Un Voyage où il vous*

*plaira* which somewhat approaches the countenance of this creature, but does not equal it. It was the physiognomy of what I should fancy a ghoul might be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and bound everyone in the house to secrecy, it became a question of what was to be done with our Enigma? It was impossible we should keep such a horror in our house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would have gladly voted for the creature's destruction. But who would shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance of a human being? Day after day this question was deliberated gravely. The boarders all left the house. Mrs. Moffatt was in despair, and threatened Hammond and myself with all sorts of legal penalties if we did not remove the Horror. Our answer was, "We will go if you like, but we decline taking this creature with us. Remove it yourself if you please. It appeared in your house. On you the responsibility rests." To this there was, of course, no answer. Mrs. Moffat could not obtain for love or money a person who would even approach the Mystery.

The most singular part of the affair was that we were entirely ignorant of what the creature habitually fed on. Everything in the way of nutriment that we could think of was placed before it, but was never touched. It was awful to stand by, day after day, and see the clothes toss, and hear the hard breathing and know that it was starving.

Ten, twelve days, a fortnight passed, and it still lived. The pulsations of the heart, however, were daily growing fainter and had now nearly ceased. It was evident that the creature was dying for want of sustenance. While this terrible life-struggle was going on, I felt miserable. I

could not sleep. Horrible as the creature was, it was pitiful to think of the pangs it was suffering.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of that viewless corpse into the damp hole. The cast of its form I gave to Dr. X——, who keeps it in his museum in Tenth Street.

As I am on the eve of a long journey from which I may not return, I have drawn up this narrative of an event the most singular that has ever come to my knowledge.

## RAPUNZEL \*

FROM GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

There once lived a man and his wife who had long wished for a child, but in vain. Now there was at the back of their house a little window which overlooked a beautiful garden full of the finest vegetables and flowers; but there was a high wall all round it, and no one ventured into it, for it belonged to a witch of great might, and of whom all the world was afraid. One day that the wife was standing at the window and looking into the garden, she saw a bed filled with the finest rampion; and it looked so fresh and green that she began to wish for some, and at length she longed for it greatly. This went on for days, and, as she knew she could not get the rampion, she pined away, and grew pale and miserable. Then the man was uneasy, and asked:

"What is the matter, dear wife?"

"Oh," answered she, "I shall die unless I can have some of that rampion to eat that grows in the garden at

\* Translated by Edgar Taylor.



the back of our house." The man, who loved her very much, thought to himself:

"Rather than lose my wife I will get some rampion, cost what it will."

So in the twilight he climbed over the wall into the witch's garden, plucked hastily a handful of rampion, and brought it to his wife. She made a salad of it at once, and ate of it to her heart's content. But she liked it so much, and it tasted so good, that the next day she longed for it thrice as much as she had done before; if she was to have any rest the man must climb over the wall once more. So he went in the twilight again; and as he was climbing back he saw, all at once, the witch standing before him, and was terribly frightened as she cried, with angry eyes:

"How dare you climb over into my garden like a thief and steal my rampion? It shall be the worse for you!"

"Oh," answered he, "be merciful rather than just. I have only done it through necessity, for my wife saw your rampion out of the window, and became possessed with so great a longing that she would have died if she could not have had some to eat." Then the witch said:

"If it is all as you say you may have as much rampion as you like, on one condition—the child that will come into the world must be given to me. It shall go well with the child, and I will care for it like a mother."

In his distress of mind the man promised everything; and when the time came when the child was born the witch appeared, and, giving the child the name of Rapunzel (which is the same as rampion), she took it away with her.

Rapunzel was the most beautiful child in the world. When she was twelve years old the witch shut her up in a tower in the midst of a wood, and it had neither steps

nor door, only a small window above. When the witch wished to be let in, she would stand below and would cry :

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel! let down your hair!”

Rapunzel had beautiful long hair that shone like gold. When she heard the voice of the witch she would undo the fastening of the upper window, unbind the plaits of her hair, and let it down twenty ells below, and the witch would climb up by it.

After they had lived thus a few years, it happened that as the King's son was riding through the wood, he came to the tower; and as he drew near he heard a voice singing so sweetly that he stood still and listened. It was Rapunzel in her loneliness trying to pass away the time with sweet songs. The King's son wished to go in to her, and sought to find a door in the tower, but there was none. So he rode home, but the song had entered into his heart, and every day he went into the wood and listened to it. Once, as he was standing there under a tree, he saw the witch come up, and listened while she called out :

“Oh, Rapunzel, Rapunzel! let down your hair!”

Then he saw how Rapunzel let down her long tresses, and how the witch climbed up by it and went in to her, and he said to himself, “Since that is the ladder, I will climb it and seek my fortune.” And the next day, as soon as it began to grow dusk, he went to the tower and cried :

“Oh, Rapunzel, Rapunzel! let down your hair!”

And she let down her hair, and the King's son climbed up by it.

Rapunzel was greatly terrified when she saw that a man had come in to her, for she had never seen one before; but the King's son began speaking so kindly to her and told how her singing had entered into his heart, so that he could have no peace until he had seen her herself. Then Rapunzel forgot her terror, and when he asked her to

take him for her husband, and she saw that he was young and beautiful, she thought to herself :

"I certainly like him much better than old Mother Gothel," and she put her hand into his hand, saying: "I would willingly go with thee, but I do not know how I shall get out. When thou comest, bring each time a silken rope, and I will make a ladder, and when it is quite ready I will get down by it out of the tower, and thou shalt take me away on thy horse." They agreed that he should come to her every evening, as the old woman came in the day-time. So the witch knew nothing of all this until once Rapunzel said to her, unwittingly :

"Mother Gothel, how is it that you climb up here so slowly, and the King's son is with me in a moment?"

"Oh, wicked child!" cried the witch. "What is this I hear? I thought I had hidden thee from all the world, and thou hast betrayed me!"

In her anger she seized Rapunzel by her beautiful hair, struck her several times with her left hand, and then, grasping a pair of shears in her right—snip, snap—the beautiful locks lay on the ground. And she was so hard-hearted that she took Rapunzel and put her in a waste and desert place, where she lived in great woe and misery.

The same day on which she took Rapunzel away she went back to the tower in the evening and made fast the severed locks of hair to the window-hasp, and the King's son came and cried :

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel! let down your hair!"

Then she let the hair down, and the King's son climbed up, but instead of his dearest Rapunzel he found the witch looking at him with wicked, glittering eyes.

"Aha!" cried she, mocking him, "you came for your darling, but the sweet bird sits no longer in the nest and sings no more; the cat has got her, and will scratch out

your eyes as well! Rapunzel is lost to you; you will see her no more."

The King's son was beside himself with grief, and in his agony he sprang from the tower; he escaped with life, but the thorns on which he fell put out his eyes. Then he wandered blind through the wood, eating nothing but roots and berries, and doing nothing but lament and weep for the loss of his dearest wife.

So he wandered several years in misery until at last he came to the desert place where Rapunzel lived with her twin children that she had borne, a boy and a girl. At first he heard a voice that he thought he knew, and when he reached the place from which it seemed to come, Rapunzel knew him, and fell on his neck and wept. And when her tears touched his eyes they became clear again, and he could see with them as well as ever.

Then he took her to his kingdom, where he was received with great joy, and there they lived long and happily.

## THE BLACK CAT

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

For the most wild, yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet, mad am I not—and very surely do I not dream. But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburthen my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences these events have terrified—have tortured—have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me they have presented little but Horror

—to many they will seem less terrible than *baroques*. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the commonplace—some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.

From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them. This peculiarity of character grew with my growth, and in my manhood I derived from it one of my principal sources of pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog, I need hardly be at the trouble of explaining the nature or the intensity of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere *Man*.

I married early, and was happy to find in my wife a disposition not uncongenial with my own. Observing my partiality for domestic pets, she lost no opportunity of procuring those of the most agreeable kind. We had birds, gold-fish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and a *cat*.

This latter was a remarkably large and beautiful animal, entirely black, and sagacious to an astonishing degree. In speaking of his intelligence, my wife, who at heart was not a little tinctured with superstition, made frequent allusion to the ancient popular notion which regarded all black cats as witches in disguise. Not that she was ever

*serious* upon this point, and I mention the matter at all for no better reason than that it happens just now to be remembered.

Pluto—this was the cat's name—was my favorite pet and playmate; I alone fed him, and he attended me wherever I went about the house. It was even with difficulty that I could prevent him from following me through the streets.

Our friendship lasted in this manner for several years, during which my general temperament and character—through the instrumentality of the Fiend Intemperance—had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse. I grew, day by day, more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others. I suffered myself to use intemperate language to my wife. At length, I even offered her personal violence. My pets of course were made to feel the change in my disposition. I not only neglected, but ill-used them. For Pluto, however, I still retained sufficient regard to restrain me from maltreating him, as I made no scruple of maltreating the rabbits, the monkey, or even the dog, when by accident, or through affection, they came in my way. But my disease grew upon me—for what disease is like Alcohol!—and at length even Pluto, who was now becoming old, and consequently somewhat peevish—even Pluto began to experience the effects of my ill-temper.

One night returning home much intoxicated from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him, when, in his fright at my violence, he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed at once to take its flight from my body, and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fiber of my

frame. I took from my waistcoat pocket a penknife, opened it, grasped the poor beast by the throat, and deliberately cut one of its eyes from the socket! I blush, I burn, I shudder, while I pen the damnable atrocity.

When reason returned with the morning—when I had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch—I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I had been guilty, but it was at best a feeble and equivocal feeling, and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed.

In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance, but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. He went about the house as usual, but, as might be expected, fled in extreme terror at my approach. I had so much of my old heart left as to be at first grieved by this evident dislike on the part of a creature which had once so loved me. But this feeling soon gave place to irritation. And then came, as if to my final and irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of PERVERSENESS. Of this spirit philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives that I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart—one of the indivisible primary faculties or sentiments which give direction to the character of Man. Who has not, a hundred times, found himself committing a vile or a silly action for no other reason than because he knows he should *not*? Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is *Law*, merely because we understand it to be such? This spirit of perverseness, I say, came to my final overthrow. It was this unfathomable longing of the soul *to vex itself*—to offer violence to its own nature—to do wrong for the wrong's sake only

—that urged me to continue and finally to consummate the injury I had inflicted upon the unoffending brute. One morning, in cool blood, I slipped a noose about its neck and hung it to the limb of a tree;—hung it with tears streaming from my eyes, and with the bitterest remorse at my heart; hung it *because* I knew that it had loved me, and *because* I felt it had given me no reason for offence; hung it *because* I knew that in so doing I was committing a sin—a deadly sin that would so jeopardize my immortal soul as to place it, if such a thing were possible, even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful and Most Terrible God.

On the night of the day on which this cruel deed was done, I was aroused from sleep by the cry of fire. The curtains of my bed were in flames. The whole house was blazing. It was with great difficulty that my wife, a servant, and myself, made our escape from the conflagration. The destruction was complete. My entire worldly wealth was swallowed up, and I resigned myself thenceforward to despair.

I am above the weakness of seeking to establish a sequence of cause and effect between the disaster and the atrocity. But I am detailing a chain of facts, and wish not to leave even a possible link imperfect. On the day succeeding the fire, I visited the ruins. The walls with one exception had fallen in. This exception was found in a compartment wall, not very thick, which stood about the middle of the house, and against which had rested the head of my bed. The plastering had here in great measure resisted the action of the fire, a fact which I attributed to its having been recently spread. About this wall a dense crowd were collected, and many persons seemed to be examining a particular portion of it with very minute and eager attention. The words “strange!” “singular!”



and other similar expressions, excited my curiosity. I approached and saw, as if graven in *bas relief* upon the white surface, the figure of a gigantic *cat*. The impression was given with an accuracy truly marvellous. There was a rope about the animal's neck.

When I first beheld this apparition—for I could scarcely regard it as less—my wonder and my terror were extreme. But at length reflection came to my aid. The cat, I remembered, had been hung in a garden adjacent to the house. Upon the alarm of fire this garden had been immediately filled by the crowd, by some one of whom the animal must have been cut from the tree and thrown through an open window into my chamber. This had probably been done with the view of arousing me from sleep. The falling of other walls had compressed the victim of my cruelty into the substance of the freshly-spread plaster; the lime of which, with the flames and the *ammonia* from the carcase, had then accomplished the portraiture as I saw it.

Although I thus readily accounted to my reason, if not altogether to my conscience, for the startling fact just detailed, it did not the less fail to make a deep impression upon my fancy. For months I could not rid myself of the phantasm of the cat, and during this period there came back into my spirit a half-sentiment that seemed, but was not, remorse. I went so far as to regret the loss of the animal, and to look about me among the vile haunts which I now habitually frequented for another pet of the same species, and of somewhat similar appearance, with which to supply its place.

One night as I sat half-stupefied in a den of more than infamy, my attention was suddenly drawn to some black object, reposing upon the head of one of the immense hogsheds of gin or of rum, which constituted the chief

furniture of the apartment. I had been looking steadily at the top of this hogshead for some minutes, and what now caused me surprise was the fact that I had not sooner perceived the object thereupon. I approached it, and touched it with my hand. It was a black cat—a very large one—fully as large as Pluto, and closely resembling him in every respect but one. Pluto had not a white hair upon any portion of his body; but this cat had a large although indefinite splotch of white covering nearly the whole region of the breast.

Upon my touching him he immediately arose, purred loudly, rubbed against my hand, and appeared delighted with my notice. This, then, was the very creature of which I was in search. I at once offered to purchase it of the landlord; but this person made no claim to it—knew nothing of it—had never seen it before.

I continued my caresses, and when I prepared to go home the animal evinced a disposition to accompany me. I permitted it to do so, occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the house it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favorite with my wife.

For my own part, I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the reverse of what I had anticipated, but—I know not how or why it was—its evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed. By slow degrees these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the bitterness of hatred. I avoided the creature; a certain sense of shame, and the remembrance of my former deed of cruelty, preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not, for some weeks, strike or otherwise violently ill-use it, but gradually—very gradually—I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its odious presence as from the breath of a

pestilence.

What added, no doubt, to my hatred of the beast was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home, that, like Pluto, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however, only endeared it to my wife, who, as I have already said, possessed in a high degree that humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait, and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.

With my aversion to this cat, however, its partiality for myself seemed to increase. It followed my footsteps with a pertinacity which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair or spring upon my knees, covering me with its loathsome caresses. If I arose to walk it would get between my feet and thus nearly throw me down, or fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber in this manner to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly—let me confess it at once—by absolute *dread* of the beast.

This dread was not exactly a dread of physical evil—and yet I should be at a loss how otherwise to define it. I am almost ashamed to own—yes, even in this felon's cell, I am almost ashamed to own—that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me, had been heightened by one of the merest chimeras it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention more than once to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken, and which constituted the sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although large, had been originally very indefinite,

but by slow degrees—degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my reason struggled to reject as fanciful—it had at length assumed a rigorous distinctness of outline. It was now the representation of an object that I shudder to name—and for this above all I loathed and dreaded, and would have rid myself of the monster *had I dared*—it was now, I say, the image of a hideous—of a ghastly thing—of the GALLOWS!—oh, mournful and terrible engine of Horror and of Crime—of Agony and Death!

And now was I indeed wretched beyond the wretchedness of mere Humanity. And a *brute beast*—whose fellow I had contemptuously destroy—a *brute beast* to work out for *me*—for me, a man, fashioned in the image of the High God—so much of insufferable woe! Alas! neither by day nor by night knew I the blessing of rest any more! During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and in the latter I started hourly from dreams of unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of *the thing* upon my face, and its vast weight—an incarnate night-mare that I had no power to shake off—incumbent eternally upon my *heart*!

Beneath the pressure of torments such as these, the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my sole intimates—the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of all things and of all mankind; while from the sudden frequent and ungovernable outbursts of a fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife, alas! was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me upon some household errand into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the

steep stairs, and nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe, and forgetting in my wrath the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal, which, of course would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded by the interference into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith and with entire deliberation to the task of concealing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbors. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments and destroying them by fire. At another I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it in the well in the yard—about packing it in a box, as if merchandise, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these. I determined to wall it up in the cellar—as the monks of the middle ages are recorded to have walled up their victims.

For a purpose such as this the cellar was well adapted. Its walls were loosely constructed and had lately been plastered throughout with a rough plaster, which the dampness of the atmosphere had prevented from hardening. Moreover, in one of the walls was a projection caused by a false chimney or fireplace, that had been filled up and made to resemble the rest of the cellar. I made no doubt that I could readily displace the bricks at this point, insert the corpse, and wall the whole up as before, so that

no eye could detect anything suspicious.

And in this calculation I was not deceived. By means of a crow-bar I easily dislodged the bricks, and having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position, while with little trouble I re-laid the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand, and hair, with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old, and with this I very carefully went over the new brick-work. When I had finished I felt satisfied that all was right. The wall did not present the slightest appearance of having been disturbed. The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself—"Here at last, then, my labor has not been in vain."

My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much wretchedness; for I had at length firmly resolved to put it to death. Had I been able to meet with it at the moment there could have been no doubt of its fate, but it appeared that the crafty animal had been alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forbore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe or to imagine the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detested creature occasioned in my bosom. It did not make its appearance during the night—and thus for one night at least, since its introduction into the house, I soundly and tranquilly slept; ay, *slept* even with the burden of murder upon my soul!

The second and the third day passed, and still my tormentor came not. Once again I breathed as a freeman. The monster, in terror, had fled the premises for ever! I should behold it no more! My happiness was supreme! The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me but little. Some

few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted—but of course nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.

Upon the fourth day of the assassination, a party of the police came very unexpectedly into the house, and proceeded again to make rigorous investigation of the premises. Secure, however, in the inscrutability of my place of concealment, I felt no embarrassment whatever. The officers bade me accompany them in their search. They left no nook or corner unexplored. At length, for the third or fourth time, they descended into the cellar. I quivered not in a muscle. My heart beat calmly as that of one who slumbers in innocence. I walked the cellar from end to end. I folded my arms upon my bosom, and roamed easily to and fro. The police were thoroughly satisfied, and prepared to depart. The glee of my heart was too strong to be restrained. I burned to say if but one word by way of triumph, and to render doubly sure their assurance of my guiltlessness.

"Gentlemen," I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, "I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health, and a little more courtesy. By-the-by, gentlemen, this—this is a very well constructed house." [In the rabid desire to say something easily, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all.]—"I may say an *excellently* well-constructed house. These walls—are you going, gentlemen?—these walls are solidly put together"; and here, through the mere frenzy of bravado, I rapped heavily with a cane which I held in my hand upon that very portion of the brick-work behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the Arch-Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my

blows sunk into silence than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb!—by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman—a howl—a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and of awe. In the next a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up with the tomb!

## RUMPEL-STILTS-KEN \*

FROM GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

By the side of a wood, in a country a long way off, ran a fine stream of water; and upon the stream there stood a mill. The miller's house was close by, and the miller, you must know, had a very beautiful daughter. She was, moreover, very shrewd and clever; and the miller was so proud of her that he one day told the king of the land, who used to come and hunt in the wood, that his daughter could spin gold out of straw. Now this king was very

\* Translated by Edgar Taylor.



fond of money; and when he heard the miller's boast his greediness was raised, and he sent for the girl to be brought before him. Then he led her to a chamber in his palace where there was a great heap of straw, and gave her a spinning-wheel, and said, "All this must be spun into gold before morning, as you love your life." It was in vain that the poor maiden said that it was only a silly boast of her father's, for that she could do no such thing as spin straw into gold. The chamber door was locked, and she was left alone.

She sat down in one corner of the room and began to bewail her hard fate, when on a sudden the door opened and a droll-looking little man hobbled in and said: "Good morning to you, my good lass. What are you weeping for?" "Alas!" said she, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how." "What will you give me," said the hobgoblin, "to do it for you?" "My necklace," replied the maiden. He took her at her word, and sat himself down to the wheel, and whistled and sang:

"Round about, round about,  
Lo and behold!  
Reel away, reel away,  
Straw into gold!"

And round about the wheel went merrily; the work was quickly done, and the straw was all spun into gold.

When the king came and saw this, he was greatly astonished and pleased; but his heart grew still more greedy of gain, and he shut up the poor miller's daughter again with a fresh task. Then she knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep; but the dwarf soon opened the door and said, "What will you give me to do your task?" "The ring on my finger," said she. So her

little friend took the ring, and began to work at the wheel again, and whistled and sang:

“Round about, round about,  
Lo and behold!  
Reel away, reel away,  
Straw into gold!”

till, long before morning, all was done again.

The king was greatly delighted to see all this glittering treasure; but still he had not enough; so he took the miller's daughter to a yet larger heap, and said: “All this must be spun to-night; and if it is you shall be my queen.” As soon as she was alone the dwarf came in and said, “What will you give me to spin gold for you this third time?” “I have nothing left,” said she. “Then say you will give me,” said the little man, “the first little child that you may have when you are queen.” “That may never be,” thought the miller's daughter; and as she knew no other way to get her task done, she said she would do what he asked. Round went the wheel again to the old song, and the manikin once more spun the heap into gold. The king came in the morning, and, finding all he wanted, was forced to keep his word; so he married the miller's daughter and she really became queen.

At the birth of her first little child she was very glad, and forgot the dwarf and what she had said. But one day he came into her room, where she was sitting playing with her baby, and put her in mind of it. Then she grieved sorely at her misfortune, and said she would give him all the wealth of the kingdom if he would let her off, but in vain, till at last her tears softened him and he said, “I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name you shall keep your child.”

Now the queen lay awake all night, thinking of all the

odd names that she had ever heard; and she sent messengers all over the land to find out new ones. The next day the little man came, and she began with Timothy, Ichabod, Benjamin, Jeremiah, and all the names she could remember; but to all and each of them he said, "Madam, that is not my name."

The second day she began with all the comical names she could hear of: Bandy-legs, Hunchback, Crook-shanks, and so on; but the little gentleman still said to every one of them, "Madam, that is not my name."

The third day one of the messengers came back and said: "I traveled two days without hearing of any other names; but yesterday, as I was climbing a high hill, among the trees of the forest where the fox and the hare bid each other good night, I saw a little hut; and before the hut burnt a fire; and round about the fire a funny little dwarf was dancing upon one leg and singing:

" 'Merrily the feast I'll make.  
To-day I'll brew, to-morrow bake;  
Merrily I'll dance and sing,  
For next day will a stranger bring.  
Little does my lady dream  
Rumpel-stilts-ken is my name!' "

When the queen heard this she jumped for joy, and as soon as her little friend came she sat down upon her throne and called all her court round to enjoy the fun; and the nurse stood by her side with the baby in her arms, as it was quite ready to be given up. Then the little man began to chuckle at the thought of having the poor child, to take home with him to his hut in the woods, and he cried out, "Now, lady, what is my name?" "Is it John?" asked she. "No, madam!" "Is it Tom?" "No, madam!" "Is it Jemmy?" "It is not." "Can your name be Rumpel-stilts-

ken?" said the lady, slyly. "Some witch told you that! Some witch told you that!" cried the little man, and dashed his right foot in a rage so deep into the floor that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out.

Then he made the best of his way off, while the nurse laughed and the baby crowed; and all the court jeered at him for having had so much trouble for nothing, and said, "We wish you a very good morning, and a merry feast, Mr. Rumpel-stilts-ken!"

## THE "BOB WHITE'S" HALLOWE'EN

BY JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

Mischief was brewing! You could fairly sniff it in the frosty air.

For days before Hallowe'en, groups of boys were seen in close conference, and occasional shouts of laughter floated down the village street.

Early one Saturday morning the girls of the village were in the woods gathering nuts. As they filled their baskets to the accompaniment of the usual chatter, they were suddenly interrupted by wild bursts of laughter and snatches of talk.

"Oh, Miss Ellen—we'll scare her stiff as usual with a tick-tack. And old man Johnson—he'll wish he'd never been born when he finds his woodshed empty! And the bake-shop ladies! Oh my! we won't do a thing to them!"

"We'll have a picnic in the barn with their apple pie and gingerbread; and incidentally, let's carry their bakery stuff in next door to S'manthy Green's, and put her notions in for the bake ladies; let them keep a thread-and-needle shop for a change. We can get in as easy as anything."

"I'd like to see their faces when they come in the next morning!"

"Then we'll write on all the windows with candles. It's awful hard to get off, and everybody'll be mad as anything!"

"We'll throw every gate into the hollow, and change the doctors' signs."

"Won't Abigail Smith gasp when she finds the veterinary surgeon's sign at her door! She's even skeered of a mouse. Let's catch some, and knock at her door, and when she opens it throw 'em in."

"Ha! ha! That will be our busy night!"

And as the boys passed on, they sang lustily:

"Needles and pins, needles and pins!

When Hallowe'en comes, your trouble begins."

The girls, well screened by the underbrush, stood staring after them, appalled and speechless.

As the chorus died away, the clear sweet notes of "Bob White" twittered and chirped, and the girls clapped their hands in great relief, crying, "The Story Lady! Good! Good!"

"My, what a warm welcome!" exclaimed the adored one, as she stood before them clad in her khaki suit, her clear eyes twinkling merrily under the brown hat-brim. A perky red feather, nestling close to the crown, gave a needed touch of color to the close-fitting suit, and the girls gazed at her with admiring eyes.

"Holloa, wood-nymphs!" she cried. "Have the squirrels stolen your nuts, that you look so glum? Come, tell me your troubles and see if we can't banish them."

Seated at her feet, the girls breathlessly related all they had heard, and ended mournfully:

"Why do boys always want to do such horrid things?"

Miss Ellen is a sweet little old lady. She lives all alone and is so afraid at night!"

"Old Mr. Johnson just got in his winter wood. He never could get it back from the hollow."

"The bake-shop ladies are so bright and cheery; though they're so poor, they always give us one over when we ask for a dozen. They just laugh and say it's for good measure."

"It'll just ruin S'manthy Green's notions the way they'll tumble them about; and the candle writing—it's just terrible to scour off, and no one has time. Every one has finished house-cleaning, and they're doing fall work—drying apples and making apple-butter and cider."

As the doleful chorus closed, the Story Lady threw back her head, and her merry laughter echoed and reechoed through the woods.

"Oh, my dearies!" she finally said, "the hobgoblins seem to have got hold of you long before *the* night. Don't you know Hallowe'en is the jolliest night of all the year—a night to remember for its good fun, not for bad; to look forward to with joy, not dread? Has it always been celebrated this way here?"

"Oh, yes; it is always scary and dreadful."

"Why don't you girls start out and have the right kind of fun?"

"We tried to once; but the boys are so strong and they tossed us about like bean-bags, and carried us to our homes and told us they'd lock us in a barn if they found us out again."

"What were you going to do?"

"Oh, we were undoing their bad work. We washed the windows, and put the gates back, and comforted Miss Ellen."

"Bless your little hearts! That was surely good work,

but of course not what the boys wanted. Some one should have *made* them do that. It would have been a picture to see them washing windows! Why didn't you try it?"

"Oh, the boys say no one can stop them Hallowe'en. They say there's a law about it. Everybody's afraid of them that night."

Again the Story Lady's merry laugh bubbled up into the trees. Then she queried: "A Fraid? What is A Fraid, anyhow? Did you ever see one? I think we'll have to down the creature, whatever it is. S'pose *we* celebrate.

"Let me tell you a little bit about Hallowe'en: In olden times it was the night when magic powers were supposed to swarm aboard to help or injure. A Hallowe'en fire was supposed to protect the people from all evil.

"The early inhabitants of Great Britain, Ireland and France were known as Celts. Their religion was directed by strange priests, called Druids. Three times a year—the first of May, for sowing; June twenty-first for ripening at the turn of the year; and the eve of November first for harvesting—the Druids built fires on hilltops in France, Britain, and Ireland in honor of the sun. You see, the sun did the work and brought them crops. At the last festival, Druids of all regions, clad in white robes, gathered around the cairn of the hilltop. There stood an emblem of the sun. On the cairn was a sacred fire, which had been kept burning all the year. They formed about the fire and, at a signal, quenched it, while deep silence rested on mountain-top and valley.

"Then the new fire gleamed on the cairn, and the people in the valley raised a joyous shout, and from hilltop to hilltop other fires answered the sacred flame.

"On this night all hearthfires had been put out and were kindled anew with brands from the sacred fire, which was supposed to guard the households through the year.

"There! I learned that by heart once, and I've never forgotten it! I love to know what those people thought.

"Now, children, from the hilltop where I live I can see many hilltops; and we, too, can have hilltop fires which mean something. I am so glad I didn't go home. I came only for the summer, but I loved it so I wanted to stay on. Best of all, I have reveled in our story-hour, and I shall be sorry to give it up. But don't let the shadows creep over your faces that way, dearies; you know I promised to send you a story every week, and I'm coming early in the spring and help hunt violets and pick wild strawberries.

"Now, let's think a little more about Hallowe'en. You know on that night not a village in New England but has its circle of fairies. Hobgoblins run wild. It is a time of frolic with the brownies, who hide in the acorns and dried leaves. The sprites who dwell in pop-corn, and the pixies who live in the chestnuts. Let us, too, be fairies and have the grandest night of all the year!"

"But how can we?" queried the girls. "The boys go so fast and are so much bigger, they will pick us up again and lock us in the barn the instant they see us; we're afraid!"

"A Fraud! Dear, dear! A lot of little Fraids sitting in the woods all huddled up in a heap. The boys have much more fun on that account. If no one was afraid of them, it would spoil all their fun. Let's show them we're not afraid. We, too, will have a busy night. If the boys go fast, we will go faster. If they are big, we'll be bigger. This seems to be 'Fraud' village on that night. Let's have a new order of things. Instead of the village being housed, peering out behind locked windows and doors, timid and frightened over what may happen, the boys will find open doors, signs already changed in a new way, and, mark my words, there won't be a word written on a window-pane."



At this glorious news the girls shouted and danced gaily about. Such a wonderful person was this Story Lady! Many times had she helped them out of trouble, but never in so splendid a way as this.

"Won't they be mad!" cried one.

"Indeed not," replied the Story Lady. "The boys do not really want to be bad; they want to have some fun. Let us give them the right kind. We have only a short time to prepare for this grand event, so we must begin at once. We'll be a band of brownies or Bob Whites, whichever you choose. Meet me here at four this afternoon. Good-by." And as she disappeared, her merry whistle floated back, a veritable chorus of bird-notes, leaving the girls thrilled through and through over the joyful time to come.

Four o'clock found them ready and waiting as the Bob White notes again trilled in their ears, and in a moment, there stood their beloved, beaming upon them, crying:

"Oh, girls! it's even better than I thought it would be. I've been to the sewing society. Every one was there, and all so mournful. The bake-shop ladies were almost in tears. Little Miss Ellen's nose was red from crying, and Samantha Green just knows the boys have planned some awful pranks against her thread and needles. The men came in to dinner. They'd been asked to come and see what could be done about this awful night! Suddenly I hopped on to a chair. I'm so little I had to, to be seen. I made a speech. I had them all laughing, the first thing. They decided to take my advice and not bar windows nor chain gates. The Fraids have vanished, and the 'Non-fraids' closed the meeting by singing 'Hold the Fort!' They are so happy and want to help at the party, and a rollicking time we will have. The people at the Hill Farm, where I live, entered right into it, and will let us do any-

thing we want to in their lovely big house.

"Now, girlyies, 'mum' is the password of this Bob White Band. Let it be a secret from the boys, and it will be a perfect success."

Early in the evening of the thirty-first of October the boys gathered in Billy Brown's barn. They seemed in an odd state of excitement. One cried uneasily:

"It's queer how the people act to-night! The gates are creaking in the wind, instead of being padlocked and chained; and that woman we were going to tick-tack has one all fixed and was working it like mad as I came by; and old Johnson's woodshed is empty. Nothing much left to do but dress up the bake-shop windows in S'manthy Green's book-muslin. Come on!"

And singing lustily,

"Needles and pins, needles and pins!

When Hallowe'en comes, your trouble begins."

away they went.

Usually this well-known chorus, sung to the tread of many feet, struck terror to all hearts; and the boys gloried in the fact.

As they paused at the needle shop, they looked amazed to find cookies and pies sparkling in the soft glow of a lamp.

A glance at the sign showed them the one word "Welcome," instead of "Samanthy Green, Notions."

Next door the same warm greeting awaited them; and in that window reposed needles and pins daintily arranged.

"The dickens!" cried one. "I'll settle them!" and he started to write on the window; when suddenly against the pane was thrust a rifle.

They scampered on, and to their great chagrin found

the villagers were all in various windows, fondling guns.

"Well!" cried the leader, "let's muffle the fire-bell."

That was a new and daring thing to do, but nothing was too bad, now that they seemed balked at every turn.

As they marched away from the engine-house, such a din arose all about them they surely were the "Fraids" for a moment, for they seemed surrounded by dozens of tall beings, gowned in black, waving plumes of fire. At once the boys were encircled and forced to march to the outskirts of the town, where they saw, to their horror, the hilltop ablaze.

The Hill Farm, the pride of the village, on fire, and the fire-bell muffled!

With a wild cry all started up the hill, all but one who raced back, and soon the fire-bell was madly clanging; but strange to say, there was no response.

"Oh! They think it's a Hallowe'en prank!" wailed the boy, as he sped up the hill crying, "Fire! Fire!"

He caught up to the weird crowd as they paused and pointed off to many hilltop fires, then marched on to the rousing chorus of:

"Needles and pins, needles and pins!

When Hallowe'en comes, the fun begins."

As they reached the top of the hill they saw Jack-o'-lanterns grinning at them from every window of the farm-house, while the bonfire crackled merrily at a point far away. On the broad piazza the weird figures fell to the floor as the various villagers emerged from dressed-up brooms.

Then followed a rollicking dance to the music of the village fiddlers. The boys found themselves paired off with the bake-shop ladies, Miss Ellen, and many others. Abigail Smith wildly waved by the tail a chocolate mouse,

which she nibbled as she danced.

After this came refreshments; and then, around the bonfire, some cracked nuts and popped corn, while others peered into the future pouring melted lead through a wedding-ring, watching nuts burn in hot ashes, and doing many other odd tricks. Then, when the fun died down the Story Lady clapped her hands for attention.

Mounting a box, standing in the gleam of the firelight, she told them of the olden-time thought of Hallowe'en, of the superstitions, and the hilltop fires which were supposed to give protection through the year. Then she went on:

"The Scotch say it is the jolliest, fearsomest night of all the year; and we, the Bob White Band, decided to have hilltop fires, too, and celebrate Hallowe'en each year as we have to-night. All who want to belong to this band may let us know by whistling our Bob White signal; one, two, three, pucker!" And the shrill notes that followed settled the question.

The Bob White Band was, and always would be; and with a shout of delight they joined hands and circled about the fire, singing joyfully:

"Needles and pins, needles and pins!  
When Hallowe'en comes, the fun begins."

## FROM THE MONASTERY

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

Martin's task as guide, after two or three miles' walking, became more difficult than he himself had expected, or than he was willing to avow. It happened that the extensive range of pasturage with which he was conversant lay to the west, and to get into the little valley of Glen-

dearg he had to proceed easterly. In the wilder districts of Scotland, the passage from one vale to another, otherwise than by descending that which you leave and reascending the other, is often very difficult. Heights and hollows, mosses and rocks, intervene, and all those local impediments which throw a traveler out of his course. So that Martin, however sure of his general direction, became conscious, and at length was forced reluctantly to admit, that he had missed the direct road to Glendearg, though he insisted they must be very near it. "If we can but win across this wide bog," he said, "I shall warrant we are on the top of the tower."

But to get across the bog was a point of no small difficulty. The farther they ventured into it, though proceeding with all the caution which Martin's experience recommended, the more unsound the ground became, until, after they had passed some places of great peril, their best argument for going forward came to be that they had to encounter equal danger in returning.

The Lady of Avenel had been tenderly nurtured, but what will not a woman endure when her child is in danger? Complaining less of the dangers of the road than her attendants, who had been inured to such from their infancy, she kept herself close by the side of the pony, watching its every footstep, and ready, if it should flounder in the morass, to snatch her little Mary from its back.

At length they came to a place where the guide greatly hesitated, for all around him were broken lumps of heath, divided from each other by deep sloughs of black tenacious mire. After great consideration, Martin, selecting what he thought the safest path, began himself to lead forward Shagram, in order to afford greater security to the child. But Shagram snorted, laid his ears back, stretched his two

feet forward, and drew his hind feet under him, so as to adopt the best possible posture for obstinate resistance, and refused to move one yard in the direction indicated. Old Martin, much puzzled, now hesitated whether to exert his absolute authority, or to defer to the contumacious obstinacy of Shagram, and was not greatly comforted by his wife's observation, who, seeing Shagram stare with his eyes, distend his nostrils, and tremble with terror, hinted that "He surely saw more than they could see."

In this dilemma, the child suddenly exclaimed, "Bonny leddy signs to us to come yon gate." They all looked in the direction where the child pointed, but saw nothing, save a wreath of rising mist, which fancy might form into a human figure; but which afforded to Martin only the sorrowful conviction that the danger of their situation was about to be increased by a heavy fog. He once more essayed to lead forward Shagram; but the animal was inflexible in its determination not to move in the direction Martin recommended. "Take your awn way for it, then," said Martin, "and let us see what you can do for us."

Shagram, abandoned to the direction of his own free will, set off boldly in the direction the child had pointed. There was nothing wonderful in this, nor in its bringing them safe to the other side of the dangerous morass; for the instinct of these animals in traversing bogs is one of the most curious parts of their nature, and is a fact generally established. But it was remarkable that the child more than once mentioned the beautiful lady and her signals, and that Shagram seemed to be in the secret, always moving in the same direction which she indicated. The Lady of Avenel took little notice at the time, her mind being probably occupied by the instant danger; but her attendants exchanged expressive looks with each other more

than once.

"All-Hallow Eve!" said Tibb, in a whisper to Martin.

"For the mercy of Our Lady, not a word of that now!" said Martin in reply. "Tell your beads, woman, if you cannot be silent."

When they got once more on firm ground, Martin recognized certain landmarks, or cairns, on the tops of the neighboring hills, by which he was enabled to guide his course, and ere long they arrived at the Tower of Glendearg.

VI

PLAYS AND PANTOMIMES





# THE HALLOWE'EN MURDER \*

BY ELIZABETH COBB AND MARGARET CASE MORGAN †

## CHARACTERS

LAURA REDFIELD

BENJAMIN REDFIELD, *her uncle*

HARRY CARSON, *her lover*

PROPS: *Hand mirror, implement for making noise like tick-tack on windowpane (a knife-handle will do), chairs, table, newspaper, book.*

SCENE: *Living-room in BENJAMIN REDFIELD'S house in the country. Door left, window center; window is closed and curtains drawn over it.*

TIME: *Hallowe'en.*

*As the curtain rises, LAURA is walking slowly backwards across stage, smiling a little, and looking into hand mirror she holds in right hand. Occasionally, she looks over her shoulder at window, where the recurrent, monotonous*

\* In the book, *Murder in Your Home*, the authors tell us, "Last summer a new form of game swept like an epidemic over the beach and country club colonies of Long Island. It was a game of enacting a murder before an audience and having in each murder a number of obvious clues, and then having the members of the audience test their intellect and observation by seeing how high a score each could register in answering twenty questions about those clues. You would be surprised at the low scores of some of the leading lights of the artistic, literary and social sets, but before you get scornful about those low scores try it out yourself."

One of the twenty plays in *Murder in Your Home* is reproduced with permission of the publishers, Ray S. Long and Richard R. Smith. For a week-end party the three guests who are to be the actors should come to the party with their lines learned. For one night parties or camps the characters may read their lines, but they must rehearse the action and know it well. When the observers know that they are going to be quizzed about the play they are very attentive. Fortunately, they are not critical about the acting.

† "The Hallowe'en Murder," by Elizabeth Cobb and Margaret C. Morgan, from *Games and Game Leadership*, copyright by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.

*sound of a tick-tack can be heard against the pane.*

*Door, left, opens stealthily and HARRY CARSON enters.*

LAURA: (*Starting and placing mirror on table.*) Harry! You mustn't come here—Uncle would kill you if he ever found us together!

(*She crosses stage as she speaks and lays hand anxiously on his arm.*)

HARRY: (*Closing door quietly behind him.*) Where is he?

LAURA: He's up in his room. That terrible tick-tack on the window (*Indicating it.*) drove him upstairs. He's been out three times since dinner looking for the kids in the neighborhood who put it there, but he can't seem to find anybody. Won't you sit down.

HARRY: The kids in the neighborhood didn't put the tick-tack on that window. I put it there.

LAURA: *You*, Harry! What on earth for?

HARRY: (*Sitting down and looking at her earnestly.*) Listen, Laura, I've been trying for two years to marry you, and your uncle won't hear of it, won't even let me speak to him—

LAURA: Oh, Harry, I know it. He's a dreadful old man, and I've hated him ever since I came to live with him, when I was six years old and mother died. But he thinks he has a good reason for objecting to our marriage.

HARRY: (*Bitterly.*) I know—and I suppose you can't blame him for not wanting his niece to marry a jail-bird—

LAURA: Oh, Harry, I know you were innocent! I know you shot that man in self-defence, even if they *did* call it manslaughter and make you spend three years in San Quentin. But I wish you had never done it—

HARRY: I've wished that often in the five years since I was pardoned. But I *did* kill that man and, Laura, it's a

funny thing—once you've killed a man, the thought of killing a second isn't as horrible as it might be.

LAURA: You don't mean—

HARRY: No, I haven't killed anybody else . . . yet.

LAURA: Harry!

HARRY: Listen, Laura, nobody is any happier for your uncle being alive, and you and I would both be a lot happier with him dead. . . . Is he coming downstairs again to-night?

LAURA: Yes. He's pasting stamps in his album, and he said he would be down again when he finished.

HARRY: All right. That tick-tack is going to go on tapping on the window, and—I hope—it will annoy him so much he'll go out and try to take it off. Laura, there's a revolver concealed in it that'll go off the minute he touches it. . . . It's got a silencer, and nobody will hear it. . . .

LAURA: (*Putting her hand to her throat in anguish.*) But, Harry—

HARRY: It's our only chance of happiness. I'm thirty years old, Laura, you're twenty-eight. We can't wait for that old man to die. Now listen—I'll be right outside when it goes off, because if I were seen coming in here a few minutes ago, it would look suspicious to have me run away now. As soon as I'm sure the old man is popped off, I'll come back in here, and then we can find his body together, and that will provide an alibi for each of us. Now, when I come back—

LAURA: Harry, you mustn't do this . . . if you're caught—

HARRY: I won't be caught. When I come back into this room, I want you to be doing something quite commonplace—something that will ward off suspicion, in case the servants are around. You see, you won't be able to hear the shot, on account of the silencer on the gun. (*He*

*pauses.*) What was that you were doing with that hand mirror when I came in just now?

LAURA: Oh, it's a silly Hallowe'en superstition. If you take six steps backward, looking into a hand mirror on Hallowe'en, you will see in the glass the face of the man Fate holds in store for you. I would have seen you just now, only you startled me so I nearly dropped the mirror.

HARRY: Well, you'll see me the second time I come in, darling, because that's what I want you to be doing. You'd better wait two or three minutes after your uncle goes out—it won't take any longer than that—and then begin doing the trick with the mirror.

LAURA: Harry—I can't.

HARRY: Listen—do you love me? (LAURA *nods.*) Well, then—Sh! Somebody's coming. Remember now!

(HARRY *exits quietly through door, left.* LAURA *sits down nervously on couch, tries to read a book. In a moment door reopens, and BENJAMIN REDFIELD enters. He is carrying newspaper, looks at LAURA, grunts, goes and sits in easy-chair, unfolding newspaper. The tick-tack at the window continues.*)

BENJAMIN: (*Looking irritably toward window.*) That infernal noise will drive me crazy. (*A pause.*) I thought I heard voices down here just now, Laura. Who were you talking to?

LAURA: Just one of the maids, Uncle.

BENJAMIN: There's too much noise in this house anyway. (*Tries to read, throws paper down in disgust and rises.*) I'm going out and take that blasted thing off the window and throw it at the first person I see. (*Starts toward door.*)

LAURA: (*Involuntarily.*) Uncle!

BENJAMIN: What is it?

LAURA: Oh . . . nothing.

(*He goes out. LAURA rises fearfully to her feet, looks toward window, listens, walks up and down stage, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. Presently she goes to table, picks up hand mirror, begins walking slowly backward across stage, her back to the door, left. The preceding action should occupy two or three minutes. As LAURA nears the door, it re-opens and BENJAMIN re-enters. LAURA sees his face in mirror, gasps, drops mirror and turns quickly toward him.*)

LAURA: It's you!

BENJAMIN: (*Looking frightened, takes handkerchief from pocket and wipes forehead.*) Listen, Laura, there's something funny going on outside . . . we'd better send for the police and a doctor—although I don't think a doctor could do much now.

LAURA: (*Speaking with difficulty.*) What—what happened?

BENJAMIN: Just as I got to the window with the tick-tack on it outside, I saw a man walking away from it. I knew he had no business around here, so I grabbed his arm and pushed him toward the window so I could see his face in the light. His back struck that tick-tack and—Laura, there was a little pop, and he dropped as though he'd been shot.

LAURA: (*Screams.*) Harry!

(*She rushes past BENJAMIN and out door. Her voice can be heard rising in a piercing scream outside the window, as the CURTAIN slowly falls.*)

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR "THE HALLOWE'EN MURDER"

1. On what day of what month does the action take place? *October 31st.*

2. How old is Laura? *Twenty-eight.*
3. How old is Harry? *Thirty.*
4. What is Laura doing when the curtain rises? *Walking backward across stage, looking into hand mirror.*
5. How long has Harry been in love with Laura? *Two years.*
6. Of what crime was Harry once convicted? *Manslaughter.*
7. In what prison did he serve his sentence? *San Quentin.*
8. How long before the action of the play begins was Harry pardoned? *Five years.*
9. How long was he in prison? *Three years.*
10. What is the device by which Harry plans to murder Benjamin? *A revolver concealed in the tick-tack on the window.*
11. What did Laura do with the hand mirror when Harry entered the room? *She put it on the table.*
12. What did Laura do with the mirror the second time she looked into it? *She dropped it.*
13. Did Laura see Harry's face in the mirror when he entered the room? *No.*
14. Whose face did Laura see the second time she looked in the mirror? *Her uncle's.*
15. What did Benjamin do immediately upon entering the room a second time? *He took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead.*
16. What is Harry's motive for killing Benjamin? *He wants to marry Laura, and Benjamin objects.*
17. How many times did Benjamin go out of the house after dinner on the night of the murder? *Four times.*
18. How old was Laura when she came to live with her uncle? *Six years old.*
19. What was Benjamin doing upstairs during the early

action of the play? *He was pasting stamps in his album.*

20. Why didn't Laura hear the shot that killed Harry?  
*The revolver had a silencer on it.*

*Notes for Leaders.* Explain very carefully before the play starts that twenty questions will be asked concerning the play immediately after its conclusion. Tell the players in a general way what the questions are like, for example:

When did it take place?

Who were the characters?

How much time elapsed between happenings?

Tell the audience to imagine that at the conclusion of the play they will be asked questions much as they would be had they actually observed the murder.

It is difficult to imagine many players who will enjoy playing this game as individuals, which would make the game a kind of intelligence test. It is strongly recommended that the players be arranged in small groups or pairs before the play is staged. Permit groups to work as a unit in answering questions.

## THE FALSE FACE

BY ELBRIDGE S. LYON

### CHARACTERS

MR. and MRS. JOHN WATKINS

MISS EDWARDS

MR. and MRS. TOM MASON

*A baker's dozen of well bred children*

SCENE: MR. (?) WATKINS' *living-room on Hallowe'en.*  
*Curtain opens on a party of children in Hallowe'en cos-*



*tumes and masks. There is a babel of sound and much confusion and horse play.*

MR. WATKINS *is walking back and forth across the room with his hands on his head as if suffering from a headache, as who wouldn't?*

MRS. WATKINS: (*All smiles.*) Isn't it grand!

MR. WATKINS: What?

MRS. WATKINS: Isn't it grand!

MR. WATKINS: What?

MRS. WATKINS: What is the matter with you? Why don't you join in and enjoy it?

MR. WATKINS: What did you say?

MRS. WATKINS: If it wasn't for us all these children would be out on the street.

MR. WATKINS: Where they belong. Where did you ever get the idea of having this bunch of demons come to our house—?

MRS. WATKINS: Hush, don't shout so.

MR. WATKINS: You're shouting yourself; got to. I say where did you ever— (*He is hit over the back by a stocking filled with flour, wielded by a small but lusty child.*)

MRS. WATKINS: Isn't he cute!

MR. WATKINS: Cute? Here, you young hyena you—

MRS. WATKINS: Now John, remember you are the host.

MR. WATKINS: Me? I didn't invite them. Can't you get them out? They would much rather be on the street.

(MISS EDWARDS *appears in door right, she attracts children's attention by clapping hands.*)

MISS EDWARDS: Children, listen, listen. Everybody come out here in the dining-room. We are going to play games.

(*Children scramble out. MISS EDWARDS follows and shuts door behind her, muffling the noise.*)

MR. WATKINS: Phew. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. WATKINS: Why don't you go to bed if you have a headache?

MR. WATKINS: See here, were we obliged to have this rabble in our house?

MRS. WATKINS: I've been trying to tell you about it ever since you came home unexpectedly, but you have been so afraid somebody would break something you—

(*A loud crash of breaking glass is heard from other room, followed by a deadly silence.*)

MISS EDWARDS: (*Voice off.*) Never mind, dear, I know you didn't mean to do it.

MR. WATKINS: (*Getting up and starting toward door.*) They'll have us in the poor house.

MRS. WATKINS: No, John wait, please don't go in there just now, Miss Edwards will be so embarrassed.

MR. WATKINS: Why didn't they have this fool party in the school?

MRS. WATKINS: They were going to, but they were afraid they might damage the property.

MR. WATKINS: I see. (*Sinks in chair.*) Well, why didn't this socially minded Miss Edwards have them in her own house?

MRS. WATKINS: That's just it. She hasn't any house.

MR. WATKINS: Well, we won't pretty soon.

(*A loud concerted laugh is heard off.*)

MRS. WATKINS: Aren't they having fun!

MR. WATKINS: You don't suppose they were laughing at me, do you?

MRS. WATKINS: You are too sensitive tonight. Why don't you enter into the fun? They are ducking for apples and doing tricks and things.

MR. WATKINS: With our punch bowl.

MRS. WATKINS: Mr. and Mrs. Mason are coming over

to choose the best costume and award the prize.

MR. WATKINS: What is the prize?

MRS. WATKINS: A five dollar gold piece.

MR. WATKINS: Is Tom Mason giving it?

MRS. WATKINS: He is awarding it.

MR. WATKINS: I suppose I am donating it.

MRS. WATKINS: Of course, we are the hosts.

MR. WATKINS: Isn't the punch bowl sufficient? There must be enough pieces to go around. Souvenirs, you know.

*(Cheers from other room.)*

MRS. WATKINS: Come on, let's go in and watch the darlings; you used to be so full of fun.

MR. WATKINS: You go, maybe I will later. I must get some air first.

*(MRS. WATKINS goes off right and MR. WATKINS follows and looks through door but shuts it and goes off left. Two small boys, BILL and BOB, with masks, come in and search room. They take turns rocking precariously in Boston rocker and leave it lying on its back. They pull several books out of book case and leave them around on floor or anywhere.)*

BOB: I heard her say the candy was safe behind some books.

*(There is a knock on door left.)*

BILL: Hide. *(Goes behind sofa.)*

BOB: I'll put out the lights. *(Punches out lights and hides behind chair, in sight of audience.)*

BILL: Come in.

*(Enter MR. and MRS. MASON, stumbling in dark.)*

MRS. MASON: Gracious, what a reception. I am sure we were invited.

MR. MASON: The light switch is over here somewhere.

MRS. MASON: Ouch! I never saw such a place.

MR. MASON: If you see anything, that is more than I

can do.

MRS. MASON: Here is a book in the middle of the floor, I stumbled over it.

MR. MASON: (*Stumbling over rocking chair.*) Ouch! D-d-darn it, this is dangerous.

MRS. MASON: Did you kick a book too?

MR. MASON: Kick a book! No, a rocking chair kicked me. Where is that light button. Here it is. (*Turns on light.*)

MRS. MASON: Look at this room.

MR. MASON: I guess the party has come and gone.

MRS. MASON: I guess Mrs. Watkins is interested in too many outside things to be a good housekeeper; now I attend to my—

(*Enter MRS. WATKINS from right.*)

MRS. WATKINS: I'm so glad you came; what were you saying?

(MR. MASON picks up bright red book, looks at it intently and puts it on shelf behind wing chair. BOB reaches up and takes it and slides it out on floor.)

MRS. MASON: I was just saying what a lot of fun you all must have been having. (*Picks up 2 or 3 books and sinks on sofa.*)

MR. MASON: (*Picking up same book.*) Upon my soul, two copies of this dreadful—

(*Puts it on shelf beside another red book. BOB again slides it out on floor. This time in a different direction.*)

MRS. WATKINS: (*Who has been picking up books and putting them on table.*) Well, that is all; now let us enjoy ourselves.

MR. MASON: (*Picking up red book once more.*) My conscience, another of these atrocious things.

MRS. WATKINS: I beg your pardon?

MR. MASON: My dear Mrs. Watkins, I would hardly

expect a household of this character to have one copy of this to say nothing of three copies. (*Shows her book.*)

MRS. WATKINS: I am sure you are mistaken; in fact I was not aware we had one copy.

MR. MASON: Do you question my word? Here in my hand is one while here on the shelf are—here on the shelf—

MRS. WATKINS: Never mind, it doesn't matter.

MR. MASON: Doesn't matter? It certainly does. I am positive I myself placed not one but two copies right here on this shelf.

MRS. MASON: Are you sure, Tom dear?

MRS. WATKINS: Oh, that's all right.

MR. MASON: I—I—this house is bewitched. (*Starts to sit in wing chair. BOB moves it a few inches and he sits on arm and falls in.*)

MRS. MASON: Careful, Tom dear.

MR. MASON: Careful? I tell you this house is bewitched.

BILL: (*Out of sight behind sofa.*) Wooooooo!

MR. MASON: And haunted. Let's get out.

MRS. WATKINS: (*Looking behind sofa.*) Oh, so that is it. (*Pulls BILL out.*) Now, see here, young man, why did you pull my books out?

BILL: We were looking for candy.

MRS. WATKINS: Well, you didn't need to take all that trouble. Here it is on this stand. (*Points to jar in plain sight.*)

BILL: And we hunted everywhere and there it was under our noses.

MR. MASON: "Our noses," then maybe there is another miscreant in the room.

MRS. WATKINS: (*To BILL.*) Have some candy, you must have wanted it pretty badly.

MRS. MASON: You are actually going to give him a

piece?

MRS. WATKINS: Certainly, all he wants; don't you like candy?

(MRS. MASON fans herself. BILL takes a hand full of candy. MR. MASON gets up and looks behind his chair. BOB gets up and dodges back and forth.)

MR. MASON: If I ever get my hand on any one of you young rascals I'll—

(Door right opens and all children rush in. MR. MASON is upset and sprawls into chair. MISS EDWARDS follows.)

MISS EDWARDS: (Clapping her hands.) Quiet, children.

A GIRL: What are you going to play now?

MISS EDWARDS: Sit down, everybody.

A BOY: I can't, my boots are too long. I can't bend my knees.

(Two other boys pick him up and sit him down on floor with his legs out straight. The rest sit around on sofa and floor.)

MISS EDWARDS: Now, Mr. and Mrs. Mason are going to try and guess who you are, as they haven't seen you with your masks off. Napoleon, you stand up.

NAPOLEON: (Standing up.) Yes, ma'am.

MR. MASON: That is William Brown.

NAPOLEON: How did you know?

MR. MASON: By your voice.

NAPOLEON: Oh gee.

MISS EDWARDS: Take off your mask. (He does.) Now the boy next to him stand up.

BOY: (Getting up and speaking in deep voice.) I'll bet you don't know me by my voice.

MR. MASON: I'll bet I do; you're John Thompson.

BOY: Are you sure?

MR. MASON: Of course I'm sure. ("Boy" takes off mask and shakes down her curls. All laugh.)

MISS EDWARDS: Who is that very tall one?

MRS. MASON: Is it a boy or a girl?

MRS. WATKINS: That is telling; you must guess.

MRS. MASON: I think it is Elizabeth.

MISS EDWARDS: Whom do you think, Mr. Mason?

MR. MASON: I am sure I don't know.

MRS. MASON: Is it—are you Elizabeth?

*(The one in question shakes head no.)*

MRS. MASON: I'll give up.

MISS EDWARDS: I do not know who it is either. Who are you?

*(Figure puts its arms around MR. MASON'S neck, he backs away and lower part of figure separates leaving a child clinging to MR. MASON and a child on the floor. The figure having been composed of two, one on the other's shoulders.)*

MRS. WATKINS: Fine, splendid. I think they should have the prize.

MR. MASON: *(Taking child from his neck.)* That was deception. I thought it was a grown-up person.

MRS. MASON: Who is that funny-looking chinaman over there?

SAM: *(In a squeaky voice.)* Me Ting Ling Sam.

MISS EDWARDS: That is another I do not know. Who are you?

SAM: Me Ting Ling Sam. Me do washee.

MR. MASON: You do not look it.

SAM: Me washee clothes. Me no need washee till Saturday.

MR. MASON: You seem to think you are funny.

SAM: Me very funny.

MRS. MASON: Let's not pay any attention to him.

MISS EDWARDS: Whom else do you know?

MRS. MASON: I know that is Mildred and that is Frank.

MILDRED: How did you know us?

MRS. MASON: Because you were holding hands—as usual.

MR. MASON: Isn't that Charlie over there?

MISS EDWARDS: Yes and Charlie has a very interesting thing to show us. You explain it to us, Charlie.

CHARLIE: (*Mask removed.*) My uncle who works at Edison's and I—

BILL: Who never work.

CHARLIE: My Uncle and I have made an electric automaton.

BOB: A what?

CHARLIE: An electric man. A man made of iron that does whatever it is told by electric waves and we have it here in the kitchen.

MISS EDWARDS: You and Bill go get it. (*They go out.*) Now, Sam, hadn't you better take off your mask? (*All the others are now off.*)

SAM: No thankee.

MR. MASON: Maybe his face hasn't been washee.

(*Enter CHARLIE and BILL carrying a little old mechanical man. They set him up in middle of room. CHARLIE makes passes over him and in a stiff jerky way with fingers spread and eyes staring he walks a few steps, first one way, then the other. He turns head from side to side with little jerking motions. After a few minutes CHARLIE puts him in a corner leaning like a discarded musket. There is applause, then the figure is forgotten.*)

MISS EDWARDS: Marvelous. Now what about the prize for costume?

MR. MASON: Search me. They are all so different.

MRS. MASON: I was thinking that, in a manner of speaking, they all looked alike. The expression you know.

MR. MASON: I have it. We will draw lots; then there



will be no partiality. I will give you each a number. You Bill are 1, and the—whatever it is next to you, is 2 and you are 3 and you 4 (*etc.*). Now I am writing the numbers on pieces of paper so. (*Tears up a sheet of paper and puts corresponding numbers on them.*) Now I will put them all in the cover of this jar, so. Now we will let Margaret, she is the littlest, draw them out one by one and the last number drawn out wins the five dollar gold piece. Come Margaret dear.

(MARGARET draws amidst great excitement and be-moaning as each is eliminated. The prize goes to TING LING SAM.)

MR. MASON: (*Handing the bright coin to SAM.*) Well, Sammy, you won't have to take in any washing for a few days.

SAM: Thankee muckly, but me no wanty yellow coin. In China he bad luck. Lookee. Me throw it up high, everybody try to get. If you get you keep. Now watchie.

(*He throws coin up against ceiling. It falls to floor and everybody scrambles in great confusion. The little old robot suddenly becomes a very human small boy and dives in and captures the coin. MR. MASON is caught in the riot and much trampled.*)

ROBOT: I have it. I have it.

CHARLIE: Aw, you've spoiled my game.

ROBOT: Honest, Charlie, I was most busted leaning against that wall; I'd have yelled any way in a minute.

MRS. WATKINS: That's all right. I think you were the best anyway. You were the funniest and you didn't have any mask on.

ROBOT: Thank you, Mrs. Watkins. I am not sure that is much of a compliment but I've got the \$5.00 if I have a funny face.

MRS. MASON: As for you, Sam, I think you were very

generous indeed. It isn't every boy that gets his hands on \$5.00 and gives everybody else a chance at it and I am going to give you a nice big kiss.

*(She is about to do so when SAM removes his mask, exposing the smiling face of none other than MR. JOHN WATKINS himself in person. MRS. MASON backs away. MR. WATKINS, who has been on his knees much longer than he is accustomed to, rises to his full height and goes towards the astonished, retreating MRS. MASON as THE CURTAIN FALLS.)*

## THE FIRE GHOST

BY MARGARET MOCHRIE

### CAST

TONY	TOM
BARBARA, <i>his sister</i>	NORA
FRED	BETTY
PENELOPE	JOHNNY

SCENE: *It is Hallowe'en. The action takes place in the summer camp of BARBARA's and TONY's mother. The house is a fairly large one—more like a cottage than a camp—in the woods on the shore of a lake. The scene is the main room of the house. In the center of the back wall is a fireplace in which a cheerful fire is burning. To the right and left of the fireplace are doors, leading into the kitchen and into one of the bedrooms. On the right and left walls are curtained windows. A table, with a pile of magazines and a bowl of apples stands in front of the right-hand window, a chair in front of the one at the left. Before the fireplace is a low bench, and cushions are scattered about on the floor. A lamp stands*

*on a small table close to the fireplace, a little to the right, and there is a candle, unlighted, on the mantel-shelf. There is a basket of logs at the left of the fireplace.*

*When the curtain rises* TONY, PENELOPE, NORA, FRED, BETTY and JOHNNY are seated on the cushions around the fireplace.

NORA: Where's Tom?

TONY: He and Barbara went into the kitchen for the marshmallows and some sticks to toast them on.

JOHNNY: Good! I love marshmallows.

PENELOPE: I love having a Hallowe'en party here in your house in the woods. It's more exciting than having one at home.

BETTY: My mother said that your mother's very brave, Tony, to have eight of us here to spend the night. She says she'd be afraid we'd get into mischief.

TONY: I guess my mother knows we wouldn't. We have sense enough to take care of ourselves. Why, my mother even left us here alone tonight. She had to go across the road and get some eggs from Mrs. Bailey for breakfast. That's how much she thinks we need watching.

JOHNNY: Of course, *we* don't, Tony. But Tom and Nora and Penny are only eleven and—

NORA: I'm just as smart as you are Johnny. So there!

JOHNNY: (*Doubtfully.*) Well-l-.

(*The door to the left of the fireplace opens and BARBARA and TOM enter. She carries three long sticks and he a huge box of marshmallows.*)

FRED: Here are the marshmallows. Give me a stick, Babs. Come on.

PENNY: No, give me one. Such a rude boy, Fred, always wanting to be first.

BARBARA: Tom gets one stick because he helped me find

them. Penny and Betty can have the other two. Then they can all pass them to the rest of us after they've toasted one marshmallow.

(TOM puts the box on the bench, takes a stick, puts a marshmallow on the end, seats himself on the bench and holds his stick over fire. PENNY gets up and sits beside him with her stick.)

TONY: (Putting his hand in the box and pulling out several marshmallows.) I like them just as well raw. (He stuffs them in his mouth.)

JOHNNY: (Following Tom's example.) I do, too. I wouldn't be bothered cooking mine. You can eat more this way.

(TOM draws his stick out of the fire, but before he can take his marshmallow off, FRED siezes it and puts it in his mouth.)

TOM: Hi, there! I cooked that for myself!

FRED: Aw, you can do another.

TOM: Is *that* so! Well, just for that . . .

(He springs at FRED and smothers his head in a cushion.)

JOHNNY: Atta boy, Tom! He won't be so fresh next time!

FRED: Let me go! You're squashing my nose.

TOM: All right. But remember, I get your marshmallow.

NORA: That's right, Tom. Make him do one for me, too.

TOM: Keep out of this, Nora. It's my business. What do you say, Fred?

FRED: Give me air! Sure, I'll do you a marshmallow. I was going to, anyway.

(TOM removes himself and the cushion from FRED and hands him the stick. FRED puts a marshmallow on it and

*toasts it. PENNY eats her marshmallow and hands her stick to NORA. BETTY gives hers to BARBARA. BARBARA and BETTY sit on the bench. The rest, except PENNY and TOM, sit on the cushions.)*

TOM: I think I'll eat an apple.

*(Goes to table at right and takes one. PENNY follows and pulls back curtain at the window to look out.)*

PENNY: Oh-h-h! It's a regular Hallowe'en. So dark and spooky out. I think I see something moving out there. Maybe it's a ghost!

TOM: A ghost? Don't be silly. Here, let me look. *(He pulls back the curtain farther.)* I can't see anything. Here, give me one of those matches on the table.

PENNY: Mrs. Carter said we weren't to light any matches.

TOM: I know how to light matches. *(With his back to the audience he pretends to strike the match and then peers out the window.)* I don't see anything.

BETTY: Tom, you know you shouldn't light matches. Put it out. *(She appears to blow match out.)*

NORA: Wait till I tell Mother, Tom. Mrs. Carter said especially not to play with fire and you—

TOM: *(Coming to fireplace.)* Oh, all right! You'd think we were babies. *(Throws match in woodbox.)*

BARBARA: Look out! There may be some paper in there. *(A loud moan is heard outside. It might be the wind, but it sounds almost like a human voice.)*

PENNY: What's that? *(She runs over near TONY and BETTY.)*

NORA: I heard it, too. A funny groaning sound.

JOHNNY: Just because it's Hallowe'en, you get scared of a little wind.

BARBARA: *(Looking at TONY.)* Tony, do you think it could have been—

TONY: Of course not. There aren't any ghosts.

BETTY: Ghosts? What do you mean, Babs?

BARBARA: Well, there's a ghost that's supposed to haunt the country around here, and I thought that might have been he groaning.

JOHNNY: Ha, ha, ha! She believes in ghosts. That's funny.

TONY: (*Laughing.*) Yes. But then, girls always—

BARBARA: Why, Tony Carter! You believed in old Zeke yourself when Bill Bailey told us about him. You know you did. You even dug up the garden for the gold!

FRED: Gold? Who found any gold? (*Hands marshmallow to Tom.*) Here's your goo, Tom. I hope you choke on it. (*TOM eats marshmallow.*)

TONY: Nobody did. They say old Zeke buried it right around here. His shack stood where this house is built. Anyway, it's different, looking for gold, Babs. That's real. Ghosts aren't.

NORA: I—I—don't know. When anyone talks about ghosts I get sort of scared. One night I thought I saw one, but it was only Mrs. Carey's wash shining in the moonlight.

TOM: I remember. You screamed that night. I thought somebody was murdering you.

JOHNNY: Well, I don't believe in ghosts. But what about this gold, Tony? Why didn't you tell us this summer so we could try and find it? Maybe it's under the house.

FRED: Let's dig for it tomorrow.

TONY: Fat chance! We have to leave here at seven o'clock to get back home in time for school. It takes nearly two hours to drive back to town.

BETTY: Tell us the ghost story, Babs. Hallowe'en's just the right time for it.

BARBARA: I don't think I ought to. You'll all be scared.

FRED: Scared! Me, scared! That's a joke!

BARBARA: But it's a true ghost story. It really happened.

TONY: (*Skeptically.*) They *say* it did. But you can't be sure. It was fifty years ago, Bill Bailey says.

JOHNNY: I'd rather hear about the gold. Gold's useful. You can buy things with it—airplanes and automobiles and racing boats, and—

BARBARA: But this ghost is useful, too. He saved the Abbotts and the Baileys and some other people from fires.

FRED: A spook fire-alarm! That's a good one!

BARBARA: All right, if you're going to make fun of the ghost, I won't tell you about him.

BETTY: Go ahead, Babs.

PENNY: Oh-h-h! I feel so creepy! I know there aren't any ghosts, but just the same, they scare me.

(*The boys laugh.*)

TONY: Oh, no! There aren't any ghosts, but they scare her! Ha, ha! (*He rocks with laughter and leans near the fire. The moaning sound is heard again.*)

BETTY: Be careful, Tom. You're too close to the fire. A spark almost caught your sleeve then.

NORA: I heard it again! I heard it!

BARBARA: So did I. The same moaning. It *was* Zeke.

TOM: (*Getting up and looking out the window.*) Nothing but the wind.

TONY: Of course not, although—

JOHNNY: Although, what?

TONY: Never mind. Tell the story, Babs.

BETTY: We ought to have the light out. It will be more thrilling.

PENNY: No! Don't turn out the light.

JOHNNY: 'Fraid cat. There's enough light from the fire.

See! (*He turns out lamp. The room is in darkness except for the firelight.*)

BETTY: Now, Babs.

BARBARA: (*Talking in a hushed, tense voice.*) Well, old Zeke Baldwin lived about fifty years ago in a shack right where this house is now. He was awfully queer looking, with long, scraggly hair and skinny fingers and he was supposed to be a miser. They say his fingers were always dirty, as though he'd been digging, and that was because he used to dig up his gold every night and count it, and then bury it again. He hardly talked to anyone. Every Saturday morning he went to the village store to buy food for the week. The rest of the time he tended the little garden he'd made in the clearing.

TONY: Some people said he buried his money in the garden and only dug it up on moonlight nights, and others said he put it under the floor of the cabin. He might have sat and counted it right where Nora is sitting now.

(NORA screams.)

FRED: Go on, Babs.

BARBARA: There weren't many houses around here then. There wasn't even the road, just a trail through the woods that led from the village to Zeke Baldwin's shack.

TOM: This isn't so exciting yet. I'd rather play that mirror game.

BARBARA: It's exciting enough later on. But if you don't want me to go on, why—

BETTY: Of course we want to hear it. We'll play the mirror game afterwards, Tom.

PENNY: I won't go in a dark room and look in a mirror! Not after all those groans.

FRED: Aw, keep still! I want to see where the ghost comes in.

BARBARA: One Saturday Zeke didn't go to the store for



his provisions, and the next Saturday he didn't appear, either. One man, Bill Bailey's grandfather, thought it was queer and he came out along the trail to see if Zeke was sick. When he got here he found the shack burned to the ground. Zeke was burned, too.

NORA: Oh!

TOM: Why didn't he run out when the place took fire?

TONY: Nobody knows. They think he must have been hurt or sick or something and that he couldn't get out. Some people say he went back to dig up the gold that was under the floor.

BARBARA: The fire must have started just before a heavy rainstorm, or the whole woods would have been burned. Anyway, Zeke was dead, and though they hunted and hunted, no one ever found any trace of his gold.

FRED: I'm still waiting for the ghost.

BARBARA: I'm coming to that. You see, Zeke was killed by fire. And now his ghost appears when there's a fire or when there's danger of one.

JOHNNY: I don't believe it.

BARBARA: But it's true. A little while after Zeke died, Bill Bailey's grandfather built the farmhouse across the road. One night his wife was wakened by a tapping at the window. It was just as if long bony fingers were beating on the pane. She didn't think much about it and was going to sleep again when the sound came once more, much louder this time, and with it a groan, Bill said, that made her blood creep. She woke her husband and he got up. The first thing he saw was a red glow near the barn. The woodpile had caught fire. Bill's grandmother was sure Zeke's ghost woke her up to warn her.

BETTY: Is it true, Tony?

TONY: That's the way Bill tells it. He says the same thing happened again several years later. Some people

camped in the field next to Abbott's farm. It was a dry summer and the grass was parched. One night, just after the campers had left, Mr. Abbott heard a loud moan, then another. He looked out of the window and saw the field blazing. If he hadn't discovered it then, the woods all around would have burned—all because the campers didn't see that their fire was really out before they left. Mr. Abbott said it was Zeke who moaned and wakened him. I don't know.

BETTY: It probably was the wind, just as it was to-night. The trees make groaning sounds lots of times, and tap on window-panes, too.

BARBARA: But maybe it wasn't the wind. You remember when we heard the moaning? The first one came when Tom threw the match in the woodbox and I said "Look out! There may be paper in there!"

NORA: That's right. And the second came when Tony's sleeve was near the fire. Oh, it *must* have been the ghost!

JOHNNY: Has anyone else heard Zeke besides the Baileys and the Abbotts?

TONY: When Mrs. Alden first went to the camp across the lake, she heard a terrible groaning one morning. It seemed to come from somewhere near the kitchen. She went downstairs and saw her new hired girl all ready to pour kerosene on the wood in the stove to make it burn. Everyone said that was Zeke, too.

BETTY: Why, Tony! You sound as though you believed in the ghost.

TONY: Of course, I don't. Only—

JOHNNY: It was the wind. It was the wind every time! The fires just happened.

PENNY: I don't think it was the wind. I know that ghost is walking around now.

NORA: Oh, it makes me shiver. Turn on the light!

BETTY: You make me mad, with your old ghosts. Come on, let's play the mirror game. (*She turns on the lamp.*)

FRED: All right. Where is there a mirror?

BARBARA: (*Pointing toward bedroom door, left of fireplace.*) In there.

BETTY: I'll go first.

TONY: I'll get the flashlight. (*Goes over to table at the right.*)

JOHNNY: You mustn't use a flashlight. You've got to play this game with a candle. Here's one. (*Takes candle from mantel-shelf.*)

TONY: All right. (*Picks up box of matches and approaches JOHNNY.*)

BARBARA: You know what Mother said, Tony. She told you not to touch any matches or light any candles while she was out. Let's wait until she comes back. Then we can play the mirror game.

TONY: Oh, I'm not a child and neither is Betty. (*He hands her the candle and goes through motion of lighting it but does not actually do so. TONY and BETTY are standing with their backs to the audience.*) Hold that in front of you and look in the mirror and you'll see your future husband looking at you over your shoulder.

NORA: I only hope you don't see Zeke.

BETTY: Don't be a goose! (*Goes into bedroom.*)

PENNY: I wouldn't do that for—for—anything!

BARBARA: Betty's never afraid.

JOHNNY: What's there to be afraid of? The dark can't hurt you, and the moaning of the wind can't hurt you and the—

(*There is a tapping sound at the window, then a long wail.*)

NORA: Barbara! Barbara! There it is again! I heard it!

FRED: I did too!

PENNY: Oh!

*(There is a piercing shriek from the bedroom.)*

TONY and JOHNNY: *(Rushing in.)* We'll get him! Hold on, Betty!

PENNY: Oh, I *knew* something would happen! I'm sure that ghost grabbed BETTY. *(Clings to BARBARA.)*

*(JOHNNY and BETTY come out together. Both look frightened.)*

BARBARA: Oh, Betty! What was it?

BETTY: I—I tripped and the candle fell out of my hand and then I heard that terrible tapping and moaning. Oh—h! *(She drops on a cushion.)*

JOHNNY: The flame had just caught the ruffle of the curtain when we went in.

BARBARA: Oh, Tony shouldn't have disobeyed and lighted that candle!

TONY: *(Appearing at door.)* It's all right now. I smothered it in the bed quilt.

PENNY: We might all have been burned up, Tony Carter.

NORA: And Zeke's ghost warned us. He warned us three times. Now do you believe in him, Betty?

BETTY: I—I don't know. It's queer.

JOHNNY: Aw, it was the wind.

TOM: It sounded awful. I hope it doesn't howl that way again.

BARBARA: It won't. I'm sure it won't if we're careful about fire. It only comes when there's danger of something burning. You wait till Mother sees that curtain, Tony!

TONY: How was I to know Betty'd fall and drop the candle? You'd think it was all my fault. Who put out the fire, I'd like to know?

BARBARA: But you wouldn't have had to put it out if

you hadn't diso—

TONY: All right. I know I shouldn't have given Betty the candle and I know the house might have burned up, and I know Mother'll have a lot to say to me too. There! Are you satisfied?

JOHNNY: Gee, for a minute I thought Betty had seen old Zeke!

PENNY: I thought you didn't believe in ghosts, Johnny.

JOHNNY: I don't. Who said I did?

FRED: Ha, ha! He says he doesn't believe in ghosts, but he thought Betty saw one. Ha, ha!

BARBARA: Anyway, I hope Zeke doesn't have to warn us again.

NORA: I'll think of him, and I'll always be careful about fire.

PENNY: Me, too. All except Tony.

TONY: What do you think I am, foolish! I don't need Zeke to tell me to be careful. Do you suppose I want to get burned up? Not me!

BETTY: Then we all agree. "Carefulness keeps Zeke away."

JOHNNY: Aw, foolishness! It was only the wind!

#### CURTAIN

(NOTE: The fire can be made by electric flashlights or bulbs covered with red paper. The doors need only be openings in the curtains which form the back and sides of the room. Windows may be represented by hanging white or cretonne curtains. It will be easy to fashion the fire-place of a light wooden framework covered with crêpe paper to represent brick or stone.)

# WHAT KILLED GROOGAN? OR THE CUB REPORTER'S SCOOP

PREPARED BY COMMUNITY DRAMA SERVICE

## CHARACTERS

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY

THE REPORTER FOR THE *Daily Exposal*

DR. PILL

DR. BILL

DR. KILL

TWO MORTICIANS

A CORPSE

SCENE: *The office of the DISTRICT ATTORNEY. He sits at a table playing cards with the REPORTER. The DISTRICT ATTORNEY is very sleepy. He lays down a card and dozes. The REPORTER plays, looks cautiously at the DISTRICT ATTORNEY and takes the trick. Sometimes he slips a card out of his pocket and plays it, taking the trick with a great show of triumph. This pantomime lasts for several plays, then the telephone rings. Both jump. The telephone is on the table. DISTRICT ATTORNEY answers it.*

D. A. : Yes, this is the district attorney's office. (*Pause.*) Well, this is the district attorney speaking. (*Pause.*) That's right. The district attorney himself. (*Pause.*) Yes, he's right here. (*Pause.*) Who's this? The editor of the *Daily Exposal*? (*Pause.*) You say you're going to fire him? All right, I'll tell him. (*He hangs up.*) Say, buddy, the editor says he's going to fire you if you don't get on the job and get a story out of the Grooch death.

REPORTER : Gosh! Gee! That's hard luck. I'm going on

my vacation next week and I'm going to get married. Besides, old Grooch died in his sleep and there isn't any story.

D. A.: Don't make any difference. The editor says he's got to have one.

REPORTER: I've got an idea. If I give you an invitation to my wedding will you help me out?

D. A.: Do you mean it?

REPORTER: Sure thing.

D. A.: Can I kiss the bride?

REPORTER: (*Generously.*) You can kiss the bride.

D. A.: (*Stealthily, as though arranging to receive graft.*) Say, is she good lookin'?

REPORTER: She's a beauty. She has Greta Garbo eyes, Gloria Swanson's mouth, Marlene Dietrich's nose, Mary Pickford's dimples and Rudy Vallee's smile!

D. A.: Wonderful! And you guarantee to let me kiss her?

REPORTER: You be at the wedding and I'll see to the rest.

D. A.: (*Shaking hands.*) You're what I call a man's man, Mr. Hoolahan.

REPORTER: (*Seriously.*) I have always admired you. My mother used to say to me, "Son, if there ever was a white man, it's the district attorney."

D. A.: Now that's settled, how am I going to help you?

REPORTER: Let's hold a post mortem and find out what killed this guy.

D. A.: (*Jovially.*) No sooner said than done.

(*He claps his hands three times and the MORTICIANS enter with a stretcher. The BODY, made of pillows, is covered with a sheet and the objects to be removed have been placed under the sheet. The DOCTORS wear white, if possible, and white furnace gloves. The stretcher is placed on*

*two chairs .The MORTICIANS retire to each side and stand with arms folded. The DOCTORS follow the stretcher in. They are very pompous.)*

D. A. : Young man, Doctors Pill, Bill and Kill will examine any part of the corpse which you mention.

*(The DOCTORS bow formally.)*

REPORTER : Good ! Examine the stomach. Maybe he was poisoned.

DR. BILL : Very well, we shall examine the contents of the stomach.

*(The DOCTORS remove an automobile chain from the stretcher, examining it carefully.)*

DR. PILL : This couldn't have done any harm.

DR. BILL : Perfectly harmless.

DR. KILL : It would take more than that to kill Old Grooch.

*(They then remove an alarm clock. They pass it from one to the other solemnly and each makes it ring then nods his head.)*

DR. PILL : Quite ordinary, wouldn't you say ?

DR. BILL : Wouldn't hurt a baby.

DR. KILL : His digestion was excellent.

*(The REPORTER tears his hair. They remove a whistle with paper on it that unfolds when blown and rolls up again. If this isn't convenient, any other noise maker.)*

DR. PILL : The deceased seems to have dieted carefully.

DR. BILL : *(Working the noise maker.)* No traces of ptomaine whatsoever.

DR. KILL : A very conservative eater.

REPORTER : Examine something else ! His brain ! His lungs ! His heart !

DR. KILL : Very well, we will examine his heart.

*(They extract an old battered heart-shaped candy box with a crack marked on it with black ink. Each DOCTOR*



*examines it with a radio head "phone" which he uses as a stethoscope. They shake their heads dubiously. The REPORTER shows great interest.)*

DR. BILL: Very serious.

DR. PILL: Bad complications.

DR. KILL: It undoubtedly was fatal.

*(They all nod vigorous agreement.)*

REPORTER: Give it to me!

*(He grabs the box and opens it. Many small colored notes, paper flowers and ribbons flutter out. He dashes to the telephone.)*

REPORTER: Give me Disaster 9000. *(Pause.)* Hello. Editor? *(Pause.)* I have the exclusive story of the Grooch death. *(Pause.)* Yeah. *(He shouts loud and fast, like a newsboy.)* Death came to Cyrus Groogan as the result of a broken heart! This organ which was alleged to have been the former property of Madame Pumpernickle, famous opera star, was found in a badly demolished condition due to the fact that he was refused by Dolores Darling, famous movie star, and Goldie Graspen, famous wheat cake flipper. *(Local names may be substituted.)* Hey, send photographers over for exclusive photographs of shattered heart of nation's famous unrequited lover!

*(While he is talking the MORTICIANS remove the corpse and the DOCTORS follow them off. He hangs up and starts to dash off but is stopped by DISTRICT ATTORNEY.)*

D. A.: *(Grabbing him by the coat.)* Just a minute! *(Nudging him.)* How about the invitation?

*(The REPORTER takes an enormous envelope out of his coat and hands it to the DISTRICT ATTORNEY.)*

REPORTER: Here you are. And you can have *two* kisses, my friend.

D. A.: *(Shaking hands.)* A-a-a-ah, splendid!

REPORTER *(Going out.)*: So long, buddy!

D. A. : So long, old pal!

(*The REPORTER goes out and the DISTRICT ATTORNEY opens envelope greedily. He reads, staggers, mops his brow.*)

D. A. : What's this! "At the home of the bride's father in ———." (*The most distant part of the country from place where stunt is used.*) He knew I couldn't get there! I've been tricked again! Oh!

(*He clutches his throat and reels on table.*)

## A HALLOWE'EN HUSBAND

ANONYMOUS

### CHARACTERS

SISTER SNOOP	} <i>Witches of considerable renown</i>
SISTER PINCH	
SISTER SCREECH	
JANE LEMON,	<i>almost an old maid</i>
EBENEEZER SWEET,	<i>a woman-hater</i>

*The scene is the interior of the witches' home. It is just like anyone's home except that there is an old black pot standing on the floor in a far corner.*

NOTE: *The witches wear long black cloaks when they first appear. Underneath the cloaks are ordinary dresses. They have tall peaked hats with long wisps of gray hair fastened to the inside of the crown so that it hangs about their faces and conceals their features. Under the hats their hair is arranged in the fashion of today. They speak in ordinary voices in the first part of the play but when they resume their witches' costumes their voices are high, squeaky, shrill, and piercing. Very good effect can be ob-*

*tained with a little practice.*

SISTER SNOOP *enters in full witches' regalia, carrying her broom. She pauses at the door to shoo a cat away.*

SNOOP: Shoo! Shoo! Scat! You nasty cat!

*(She limps wearily in, lays her broomstick aside and takes off her cloak and hat, revealing herself as a nice appearing young woman. SISTERS PINCH and SCREECH come with their broomsticks, also very tired.)*

PINCH: *(Putting cloak and hat aside.)* Thank goodness another Hallowe'en is over. Did you ever have such a tiresome evening?

SCREECH: *(As she takes off her things.)* Never. I'm a wreck. I'm even forgetting how to ride my broomstick.

*(The witches seat themselves, putting their feet on foot stools, arranging pillows at their backs, etc.)*

SNOOP: A witch's life is certainly hard, even if we do only have to work one night a year now.

SCREECH: Thank goodness it's the only time folks believe in witches nowadays, anyway. Think how hard we had to work in the olden times—giving people rheumatism, fits, squint eye and goodness knows what all!

PINCH: Well, they make up for all that in one night. How many apple parings have I turned into initials to-night!

SNOOP: How many sweethearts have I revealed!

SCREECH: That's simply nothing. I'm hoarse from telling fortunes! But thank goodness we don't have to keep cats any more. Renting them for Hallowe'en was a great idea! Now if we could get rid of the brooms and those hats that make us look so awful!

SNOOP: *(Starting up in her chair in alarm.)* Did you hear something?

SCREECH: No. Why? Why, what's the matter, Snoop?

You've fairly turned pale!

SNOOP: (*Weakly.*) And so would you if you'd had the awful night I had.

SCREECH: What was it? An old maid?

SNOOP: Not quite, but she will be next year and she knows it.

PINCH: You poor darling, they're the very worst kind.

SNOOP: (*Almost in tears.*) I couldn't find a husband for her high or low. She pestered me all evening. I declare she did everything from almost breaking her neck backing down the cellar stairs to eating an egg full of salt! I'm just a nervous wreck.

PINCH: Why, that sounds like a description of Jane Lemon!

SNOOP: It *was* Jane Lemon!

PINCH: Poor Snoop! I know just what you've been through. I had Jane Lemon last Hallowe'en and I've hoped and prayed ever since that she'd find a husband before another October.

SNOOP: (*Putting her hands over her ears.*) I can hear her muttering spells still. Hide me! Hide me! I just know she's following me! (*JANE LEMON appears in the door. She is a typical homely, old maid.*) Oh!

(*SNOOP collapses.*)

PINCH: Jane Lemon!

JANE: (*Of course she does not recognize the WITCHES.*) Is this where the witches live?

PINCH: Oh, no—that is, well, as a matter of fact, they do live here.

JANE: Humph! I thought so. I suppose they're still out galavanting around.

SCREECH: Yes. They won't be back for quite a long time.

JANE: Is that so? Well, then, I'll just wait around until

they do come back. I mean to have them boycotted. They're nothing but a lot of fakes and I'm going to expose them. The sooner folks stop believing in them, the better. And if folks stop believing in them they'll be dead as a door nail!

WITCHES: (*Starting, even* SNOOP.) Dead as a door nail!

JANE: Certainly. It's only believing in them that keeps them alive.

SCREECH: You wouldn't really boycott them, would you?

PINCH: You know, after all, there wouldn't be much fun on Hallowe'en without witches.

SNOOP: You aren't serious, are you?

JANE: (*Angrily.*) I should say I am! What did the witches ever do for me? I never went to a Hallowe'en party yet that I didn't bring home the *thimble*. I look in mirrors and jabber spells and what do I see? *Nothing*. Oh, you can't fool me. I'm going to wait on the door step for them and tell them what I think of them. And if they come down the chimney you can just tell them that Jane Lemon's here.

(JANE *marches out stiffly. The witches look at each other in consternation.*)

SCREECH: If she does that we'll actually be *dead*. After all, it's superstition that keeps us alive. Take that away and where are we?

PINCH: There's only one way out. We've got to get a husband for her.

SNOOP: (*Wailing.*) But there isn't a man in the world that will have her! Don't I know? Haven't I been trying for hours to find one for her?

PINCH: But this is desperate. We've got to find one.

SCREECH: Let me think. (*Pause.*) Did you ever hear of

Ebeneezer Sweet?

PINCH: Ebeneezer Sweet? Isn't he the young man who hates girls?

SNOOP: Yes. I know him by reputation. He never went to a Hallowe'en party in his life.

SCREECH: Ebeneezer Sweet is the answer to our problem.

SNOOP: I don't see what good he is to us.

SCREECH: Girls, I'm ashamed of you. Are we witches, or aren't we?

SNOOP: Of course we're witches.

SCREECH: Then let's get the kettle out and look up some incantations and get to work.

PINCH: Why, aren't you clever? I'd forgotten all about those old things. Where's the spell book.

SCREECH: Under those magazines. I always try to keep it hidden. If the neighbors ever picked it up it would look *queer!*

(PINCH gets the spell book.)

SCREECH: Now help me get the kettle out.

(While SCREECH and SNOOP move the kettle out to the middle of the stage, front, PINCH looks through book.)

SCREECH: My, this is heavy!

SNOOP: And to think that we used to haul it around on heaths and moors every night!

SCREECH: (As they put it down.) There. Now we must get into our costumes. This is going to be a real honest-to-goodness spell.

PINCH: (Looking up from book.) Here's a good one.

(She shows them the book.)

SNOOP: That's the very thing. Hurry into your clothes, Pinch.

(They all put on witches' costumes.)

SCREECH: I'll get the charm bag.

(*She gets a black bag full of old shoe strings, nails, old soles, etc. They gather around the kettle, their hair streaming over their faces as they bend over, completely transformed into witches. From now on their voices are high, shrill and piercing. PINCH reads the spell, SNOOP stirs and SCREECH casts the charms into the kettle. They may light incense in the pot to make smoke.*)

PINCH:

Bubble, bubble, cauldron, bubble,  
Cast in owls' teeth, cast out trouble,  
Cast in rats' tails, snakes and rubble,  
Swiftly, cauldron, boil and bubble!

SNOOP: (*Passing the stick to stir pot to PINCH.*)

Brew! Brew! Witches' brew!

Ebenezzer, it's for you!

Drink it down without ado—

'Tis Jane Lemon you must woo!

(*EBENEZER suddenly appears, but not from the entrance used by JANE. He is a cantankerous old bachelor and is far from handsome.*)

EBENEZER: Witches! How did I get here? Speak, you wretched hags!

(*The witches cackle and stir their brew.*)

EBENEZER: You're nothing but old frauds. You're trying to bewitch me but I don't believe in you for a minute.

(*SNOOP dips a cup in the kettle and holds it out to EBENEZER.*)

SNOOP: Drink!

EBENEZER: No, thank you, I don't care for any.

SNOOP and PINCH: *Drink!*

EBENEZER: I won't. I don't want any of your nasty brew.

SNOOP, PINCH and SCREECH: DRINK!

EBENEZER *immediately drinks. The witches watch him.*

*closely. He rubs his hand over his eyes and seems to be coming out of a dream.*)

EBENEEZER: Ah, who is that fair lady I am always thinking of? Jane! Jane! Beautiful Jane Lemon! Witches, I beseech you, tell me how I may find that fair damsel—Jane Lemon!

SNOOP: (*Cracking a finger at him.*) Follow me!

(*She leads EBENEEZER off in opposite direction from JANE.*)

PINCH: Quickly, Screech, fetch Jane in.

(SCREECH *hobbles to the door.*)

SCREECH: Jane Lemon, you may enter.

(JANE *comes in belligerently.*)

JANE: (*Speaking fast and angrily.*) I suppose you wonder what I'm here for. Well, I'll just tell you quick enough, you miserable old creatures! What do you mean by making an idiot out of me for ten years running? What do you mean—

PINCH: Peace, Jane Lemon! We will make amends. (*Handing her a mirror.*) Take this mirror, walk backwards from yonder door and you shall see your future husband.

JANE: (*Snatching mirror.*) Well, it's about time!

(*She goes to door which she has just entered and starts to walk backwards across the room. PINCH and SCREECH motion to SNOOP to bring EBENEEZER in and he is placed so that JANE catches sight of him in the mirror when she is about half way across the room.*)

JANE: (*Gasping.*) A man! A real man! And ain't he handsome!

EBENEEZER: (*Gasping.*) Jane! Ah, beautiful Jane Lemon! At last I have found you!

JANE: (*Embracing him.*) Ebenezer Sweet! (*Leading him out.*) You come right along with me to the minister's.



*(Triumphantly the couple go out without another word to the witches. The three, laughing, gather around their kettle and begin stirring. They repeat the following in weird voices.)*

SNOOP: How happily extremes do meet in Jane and Ebenezer!

PINCH: For she's no longer sour but Sweet!

SCREECH: And he's a Lemon squeezer!

*(As the curtain falls, or lights go off to mark end of play, the high shrill laughter of the witches is heard.)*

## THE SAFETY COUNCIL'S HALLOWE'EN

WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY THE JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL OF  
THE SHERMAN SCHOOL, TOLEDO, OHIO.

### ACT ONE

PLACE: *Safety Council room in school*

CHARACTERS: *Members of the Safety Council*

TIME: *The morning before Hallowe'en*

*(The boys are seated as the girls enter.)*

VIRGINIA: Hello, boys, what are you plotting?

HAROLD: Oh, we're just discussing plans for Hallowe'en.

RUTH: What are you going to do?

ROBERT: Oh, the same old thing, I suppose—soaping windshields, ropes across the sidewalks, dodging traffic, it's lots of fun to excite the motorists.

FORREST: Yes, and don't forget Widow Dugan's steps, she gets awfully sore when we carry them away. It's fun to hear her scold.

FANNY: Well, is that all you boys can think of, annoying people and causing hazards? You're supposed to be

Safety Guards.

PAUL: You bet we are, and we always think of Safety *First*. What do you want us to do? Stay home and do home work?

FANNY: Well, it wouldn't hurt you any.

RUTH: Why don't you boys do something different this year?

HUGH: We're willing—what?

RUTH: Well, I've been thinking. Couldn't you have just as much fun preventing trouble? Sort of scaring the scarers? You know that Elm Street gang will be out—why not circumnavigate them?

HUGH: Huh, if you must use big words why not use the right ones? I suppose you mean circumvent?

RUTH: Well, it's something about a circus—that's what we could have if you do as I suggest.

PAUL: Girls' ideas of circuses are funny. Ring-a-round a rosy, puss in the corner. Well, let's have some more bright suggestions.

EILEEN: I wish you'd stop the boys from ringing our doorbell, scare them off. They make Mother nervous.

VIRGINIA: My little sister had hysterics when she saw one of those false faces at our window last year.

FANNY: Jackie was run down by an automobile because that Elm Street gang chased him into the street.

VIRGINIA: Mother says that you are all to come to our house at nine o'clock to make popcorn and candy if you'll help to make our district safe tonight.

BOYS: Hurrah, we'll do it.

HUGH: Mighty dangerous. Just the same, I might choke on a kernel.

HAROLD: And lose my teeth chewing candy but I'll risk it. Count me in.

HUGH: Come on fellows, we're out tonight to make this

district safe for our sisters and mothers, fathers and brothers.

RUTH: What about yourselves? Don't take chances with that Elm Street gang.

Boys: (*All chant.*)

We'd be safe  
If we were dead  
But we'll play safe  
And live instead.

(*Girls go out.*)

PAUL: Well, it's up to us. Hugh and I will fix Mr. Dugan's steps so the "gang" can't carry them off. You fellows scatter tonight and keep people from being annoyed. We'll all meet in front of my house about nine.

## ACT TWO

TIME: 8: 30 P.M.

PLACE: *Mrs. Dugan's home*

(*PAUL and HUGH are hammering.*)

PAUL: Well, that's done. Let's stick around awhile and watch the "gang" try to take these steps away. We'll have the laugh on them all. Hey! What are you doing?

MRS. DUGAN: (*Who has crept up unseen and has a hand in each boy's hair.*) 'Tis meself do be catching yez, ye thaving young limbs of Satan. Sure 'tis up to mischief yez do always be intirely, 'tis meself will be calling the p'lice.

PAUL: But, Mrs. Dugan, we were only fixing—

MRS. DUGAN: Sure 'tis fixing yez do be and 'tis meself 'twill be fixing yez; 'tis fixing to break me neck, yez do be, 'tis only last year I did be fallin', a steppin' down me steps that weren't there, at all. Bad luck to yer fixin', entirely.

'Tis the p'lice I do be callin'. Officer! Officer!

HUGH: But Mrs. Dugan—

MRS. DUGAN: Here they do be, Officer, the thavin' rascals.

OFFICER: What's the trouble here!

MRS. DUGAN: 'Tis carrying off me steps they did be doin', the imperdent rascals, 'tis meself did be catchin' thim.

OFFICER: Well, I'll take care of them. Why, 'tis Paul Brown and Hugh White. What's the meaning of this, boys? I thought you were Safety Guards.

PAUL: We were just fixing the steps so that Elm Street gang couldn't carry them off.

MRS. DUGAN: Well, well, so they were, the little darlints, sure 'tis meself did be accusin' thim wrongly, the angels. 'Tis not forgivin' meself at all, will I be. Sure, 'tis some grand doughnuts 'tis meself did be makin' the day and 'tis themselves shall be havin' them all, bless their dear innocent little hearts.

PAUL: But Mrs. Dugan—

MRS. DUGAN: Just be kapin' thim a minute Officer, the little dears.

*(Reappears in a minute with a bag of doughnuts. The OFFICER takes two, goes off munching them.)*

BOYS: Thank you, Mrs. Dugan. Goodbye.

PAUL: Gee, we'll take these to the party.

HUGH: I'll take a couple right now.

PAUL: Well, what next, I wonder?

HUGH: Look at those fellows soaping that windshield. It's the "gang."

BOYS: *(Shouting.)* Hey, you fellows, chase yourselves.

PAUL: Watch them run; they think we're cops. Gee, this is fun.

HUGH: Come on, let's clean the soap off, there's a hy-

drant over there. (*They reappear in a few minutes pursued by a lame old man with a cane; chases boys around stage.*)

PAUL: Mister, mister, listen.

OLD MAN: Just let me get my hands on you, you villains; soaping my windshield, are you? I'll teach you. Go right back and wash off that soap.

PAUL: That's just what we were doing. See, it's clean.

OLD MAN: (*Going to door and looking out.*) So it is. Well, well, that is mighty fine of you. You must let me make amends. (*Puts his hand in his pocket and offers them money.*)

BOYS: Thank you, sir, but we can't accept money, we're Safety Guards and it's our duty to help prevent accidents.

OLD MAN: Fine work, boys; you've probably saved me a money loss or injury. Last year my windshield was soaped and I ran into a Safety Island and now I shall always be lame. Come to my car a minute. I have something there I think you'll like.

(*Boys go out, and reappear with big boxes of candy.*)

BOYS: Gee! Won't these make a hit with the girls.

(*Other boys appear.*)

ROBERT: Well, I guess we're all here. What did you fellows do?

HAROLD: Took that fresh Thomas kid home. He nearly had people crazy chasing in and out among the traffic. Well, he's safe to pester them another year.

JOE: Guess we took all the pleasure away from the "gang." Followed them everywhere, not a bell rung, not a window soaped, no ropes across streets, nobody tripped.

HAROLD: And wasn't it fun to train them?

BOYS: Sure, we had all the fun. The girls were right this time.

PAUL: The girls are always right, but don't let's tell

them so. Come on, me for the party.

ALL: Let's go.

CURTAIN

## SPOOKS

BY ELBRIDGE S. LYON

### CHARACTERS

UNCLE JIM AND SOME OTHER CHILDREN

It is hard to recognize character, especially one's own, on Hallowe'en.

### SCENE I

*Private house sitting-room. UNCLE JIM, a small man snoozing in a big chair. AUNTIE reading "Home and Fireside." ERNEST, 12, and SUSIE, 10, are playing parcheesi.*

ERNEST: Go on and move.

SUSIE: I don't want to play.

ERNEST: Auntie, mayn't we *please* go out like the other kids?

AUNTIE: No indeed, with your father and mother away? I guess not!

SUSIE: Oh gee! They always let us.

ERNEST: Who's going to hurt us?

*(A terrific clatter on window-panes. All jump. The two children rush to the window and look out.)*

UNCLE JIM: Why don't you let them out for a while? All children have a right to raise Cain once a year. If you ask me, I think it's enough sight safer out with the gang than it is shut up in here. You are making it a hallowe'en instead of a Hallowe'en.

AUNTIE: Do you want to make hoodlums out of your sister's children?

UNCLE JIM: Do you call me a hoodlum? I was always out with the boys when I was a boy.

AUNTIE: You have a good memory, I must say.

SUSIE: Auntie, ple-a-se!

AUNTIE: You go right to bed!

ERNEST: Aw, have a heart!

AUNTIE: And you too, I won't have any nonsense.

UNCLE JIM: Come now, children, you'd better do as Auntie says. Kiss me good night.

(*He goes to ERNEST, kisses him on the cheek and whispers in his ear. The same with SUSIE.*)

ERNEST: Come, Susie, Mother said to mind Auntie. Good night, Auntie. (*Exit ERNEST.*)

SUSIE: (*Kissing AUNTIE.*) Good night, I'll pray for you. (*Exit SUSIE.*)

AUNTIE: (*Arms akimbo, staring at her brother.*) Now, just what was it you told those children?

UNCLE JIM: (*Guiltily.*) Who, me? Oh, I promised to come up and tell them a Bedtime Story to put them to sleep.

AUNTIE: Better not. They have been naughty, and you would fill their heads with nonsense. Would you really have wanted me to let our own sister's children go out on the street after dark and act like rowdies?

UNCLE JIM: We should at least have given them a party here and let them duck for apples or something.

AUNTIE: They are better off in bed. Besides, Mrs. King is coming here to play cards with us. She doesn't like being home alone on Hallowe'en; and it is possible the Rector may call; he promised to some night this week.

UNCLE JIM: Oh, so *you* are going to have the party, are you?

AUNTIE: Well, so are you. We thought you would play three-handed bridge with us.

UNCLE JIM: Not with that old hen!

AUNTIE: Old? Say, just who do you think you are, anyway? You forget that you are the oldest of ten children while I am your youngest sister. Mrs. King is twenty years younger, at least, than you. Why, you are in your second childhood, wanting me to let two innocent children go out on the street at night like common people. The idea!

UNCLE JIM: I suppose you are right. I'm an old man, and all doubled up with rheumatism. You play with Mrs. King and I'll run along to bed.

AUNTIE: There, there, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You do whatever you want to, but I wouldn't disturb the children if I were you. They're probably most asleep already.

*(Terrific rattle and crash against windows and door. Both jump. Two children appear, half undressed.)*

AUNTIE: Go to bed and stay there! *(To brother.)* Perhaps you had better tell them a story.

*(Exeunt two children and* UNCLE JIM, *arm in arm.)*

*(Knock on door. AUNTIE looks out, but retreats before a shower of confetti, and slams the door. Puts chair against door and pulls down shades, gets out card table and puts it up and shuffles cards.)*

## CURTAIN

## SCENE II

*Yard in front of house. Shades of house are drawn. A shadow on shade of a woman shuffling cards. At the left corner of the house is a water leader, down which one by one come ERNEST, SUSIE, and UNCLE JIM. They have bundles which they throw out. In front of house, and with the help of bushes, they dress as follows: ERNEST, in a*



*short skirt of SUSIE'S; SUSIE, in long pants of UNCLE'S tied up; UNCLE in boy scout shorts and sweater. They all put on grotesque false faces, and SUSIE puts on a derby; ERNEST, a girl's hat, and UNCLE a Boy Scout hat. They tiptoe around and giggle. MRS. KING appears up the path. They hide in bushes. UNCLE goes out in street and up behind her.*

UNCLE JIM: (*In high voice.*) Give me a penny?

MRS. KING: I haven't any. What is your name, little boy?

UNCLE JIM: Trumps.

MRS. KING: Trumps? (*Knocks on front door.*)

UNCLE JIM: No, trumps.

MRS. KING: Ah, "no trumps."

(*Door opens a little. AUNTIE'S head appears.*)

UNCLE JIM: (*To AUNTIE.*) Give me a penny?

AUNTIE: Go home, you naughty boy. (*To MRS. KING, whom she pulls in.*) Hurry!

(*Door slams.*)

(*Children and UNCLE dance around. They find an extra false face which they put on a pet dog, which comes and bounces about with them. They put a string on door-knocker, and go into bushes and pull string, making knocker work. Door opens and AUNTIE looks around. They do this several times. Then a ministerial-looking gentleman comes up path and knocks. The door is instantly opened, and he receives a pitcher of water in his face. Door slams. Spluttering, he retreats. ERNEST comes around house with a pumpkin. They sit on ground and in the light of a street light UNCLE carves out a Jack-o'-lantern, lights a candle and going up to window where the shadow is, ERNEST raises the window, and the shade goes up with a zip. UNCLE lifts the pumpkin up to above level of the*

*window sill, and lets out a yell. AUNTIE and MRS. KING, seen through window, collapse on card table, which collapses. ERNEST and SUSIE are crouched under window, laughing and yelling.)*

## CURTAIN

## SCENE III

*Living-room of another private house. FATHER comfortably smoking before the open fire. GRANDMOTHER, a large buxom lady, rocking and knitting.*

GRANDMOTHER: When I was a child—

FATHER: "I spake as a child."

GRANDMOTHER: I wasn't let out on the street at night.

FATHER: Alice and William are all right.

GRANDMOTHER: But think of the tough boys they may be with.

FATHER: No worse than the girls. It will help make them self-reliant. If they had wanted to stay at home to-night, I'd have been ashamed of them.

GRANDMOTHER: You might at least have gone out with them.

FATHER: I'd have liked to all right, but it is better for them to learn to use their wings. Besides, they'd have given me the slip in a minute. They all look alike in their masks. I told them to come in at 8:30, and it isn't quarter past yet; and I'll give them fifteen minutes' grace besides. This honor system among the younger generation is a problem, but I'll risk it.

GRANDMOTHER: Well, all I can say is, you won't see your motherless children before midnight, if at all.

FATHER: See here, mother, you have plenty of imagination, but you lack romance. I'll bet you never had an affair

in your life.

GRANDMOTHER: Well, I married your father, didn't I?

FATHER: Yes, yes, he was your next-door neighbor all your life. It was natural for you to marry him. Tell me, did you ever meet anyone since he died thirty years ago you cared for enough to—

GRANDMOTHER: William! What made you say that? I was just thinking—

FATHER: Well, well, the fire-light is working. What do you see in the embers?

GRANDMOTHER: William, I have never told even you, but once a few years ago, while at the store, I met a man, and we became great friends.

FATHER: Where is he now? What did he look like?

GRANDMOTHER: I never saw him again, and I do not know where he is. He was short, and he was—

*(Loud knock on door, and unceremoniously in march several children in costumes and funny faces.)*

FATHER: Well, well! How do you do? What is your name?

SMALL CHILD: *(In gruff voice.)* I am Mr. Napoleon Bonyparte.

FATHER: Well Nap, old boy, how's Mrs. Nap?

CHILD: *(Gruffly.)* I ate her up.

FATHER: My! Were you so hungry? Wouldn't you like a cookie?

*(ALL help themselves to cookies.)*

SECOND CHILD: Do you know who I am?

FATHER: Sure! You're the Queen of Sheba.

CHILD: No, I'm not!

FATHER: George Washington?

CHILD: Naw, I'm Jack Dempsey.

FATHER: So? Well I'm Babe Ruth.

THIRD CHILD: Well, good-bye.

FATHER: Good-bye! Come again next year, won't you?

THIRD CHILD: Yes, ma'am.

ALL: Good bye. Thanks! Thanks! (*Exeunt.*)

GRANDMOTHER: Well, that's the fifth crowd that has been here. And your own children are going, goodness knows where, begging like paupers.

FATHER: It will help them learn to stand on their own feet.

GRANDMOTHER: It's half past eight. You won't see them for an hour, if then.

(*Door bursts open, and in rush WILLIAM and ALICE, in costumes but carrying masks in their hands. They rush to FATHER and speak rapidly.*)

ALICE: He's so funny!

WILLIAM: He can walk on his hands.

ALICE: And wriggle his ears and dance and sing.

WILLIAM: There are only three of them.

ALICE: They're awfully nice. Can they come in?

WILLIAM: I promised them some cider. We've had so many peanuts we're awfully thirsty.

ALICE: May we, Daddy, please?

FATHER: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! What is it?

(*Children rush out and drag in UNCLE JIM, ERNEST and SUSIE follow with their masks on. UNCLE leads in the dog by a string. Dog has on a false face.*)

UNCLE JIM: No, no, I tell you, No!

ALICE: Just for a minute. Walk on your hands.

WILLIAM: Show Daddy some tricks.

ALICE: He ate fourteen doughnuts at the Parsonage.

UNCLE JIM: I did not. I'm cold.

FATHER: Come in, come in! Go over there by the fire.

GRANDMOTHER: What have you in those bags?

(*WILLIAM and ALICE empty huge paper bags onto the table, displaying endless crackers, candies, fruit, etc. SUSIE*

*removes her mask and shows her face covered with chocolate.)*

FATHER: Come here, my dear. Where do you live?  
(*Puts his arm around her.*)

SUSIE: Home.

FATHER: Oh, and where is home?

SUSIE: I don't know. I'm lost, I guess.

UNCLE JIM: (*To GRANDMOTHER.*) Please, may I have a drink of water?

FATHER: William, go get the cider.

(*Exit WILLIAM.*)

GRANDMOTHER: (*To UNCLE JIM.*) What is your name?

UNCLE JIM: Trumps.

FATHER: Full of tricks, eh, young man?

(*SUSIE rests against FATHER sleepily. WILLIAM returns and serves cider. ERNEST removes his mask to drink. UNCLE drinks under his mask.*)

FATHER: Now let's have some of those famous tricks.

WILLIAM: Sing a song.

UNCLE JIM: I'm tired.

ALICE: Oh, please do.

UNCLE JIM: All right. (*Sings.*) Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way, for gone are the days in my old Kentucky home, far, far away, and I hope no more to roam way down upon the Suwanee River. There's where the old folks are seeing Nellie home, home, sweet, sweet home, sweet Adeline. Merrily we roll along, roll along, merrily we roll along, good night ladies, in a one-horse open sleigh. (*Dances a jig.*)

GRANDMOTHER: Come here, little boy. Where did you learn those old-time songs?

UNCLE JIM: From Grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER: Is your Grandmother living?

UNCLE JIM: No, ma'am.

GRANDMOTHER: Is your mother good to you? But of course she is.

UNCLE JIM: No, ma'am.

GRANDMOTHER: She isn't?

UNCLE JIM: No, Ma'am, she isn't, she is dead.

GRANDMOTHER: (*Patting him.*) Oh, you poor boy. Sit down.

FATHER: What is your name?

UNCLE JIM: Trumps.

FATHER: And these other very quiet children, what are their names?

UNCLE JIM: They are Deuces Wild.

FATHER: Deuces Wild? Do you play poker?

UNCLE JIM: Of course.

FATHER: Does your father let you play poker?

UNCLE JIM: I don't know. He's dead.

GRANDMOTHER: Your father dead too? You an orphan at your age?

UNCLE JIM: Yes, ma'am, at my age.

FATHER: Well, I think all people at your age ought to be in bed.

UNCLE JIM: Excuse me. It was so home-like I forgot. Come Deuces Wild, let's go. Thank you very much, especially for the fire. (*Holds out hand to SUSIE.*)

FATHER: (*Lifting SUSIE up and kissing her awake.*) There now, remember where we live and come and see us again. Alice, what are you doing?

(*ALICE, WILLIAM and ERNEST are on the floor counting the pennies they have collected.*)

ALICE: We are looking for Indian Pennies.

GRANDMOTHER: (*Kissing SUSIE.*) Good night, my dear. Ernest, will you give us a kiss?

ERNEST: Yes'm, good night, thank you.

GRANDMOTHER: (*Putting hand on UNCLE'S head.*)  
Come now, take off your false face and kiss me good night.

(*She puts one arm around his neck and with the other pulls off his mask and bends to kiss him but draws back in consternation but UNCLE JIM continues and completes the embrace and runs out after the children as the*

CURTAIN FALLS

## THE DRAGON WHO REFORMED

BY DELLE OGLESBEE ROSS

### PERSONS

ELF, *who acts as the Herald*

TWO WOOD MICE

CHARLIE CHIPMUNK

SAMMIE SQUIRREL

BILLIE WOODCHUCK

THE DRAGON

GRANNY SPIDER, *a wise witch*

RAB GRAYFUR, *a wild gray rabbit*

PRINCESS BUNNY, *a tame white rabbit*

PETER POINTER } *the Hunter's dogs*  
HARRY HOUND }

THE HUNTER, *who is heard, but never seen*

FROG ORCHESTRA—if desired. (This may be a "Miniature Orchestra," using toy instruments.)

SCENE: *A farmer's field at the edge of a wood.*

TIME: *Late afternoon. Hallowe'en.*

*The costumes may be merely suggested, or may be made of outing flannel, with wired tails. No masks.*

PRINCESS BUNNY—*white, with pink lined ears.*

RAB—*gray, with white pompom for a tail.*

BILLIE, CHARLIE, SAMMIE—*brown, with appropriate tails, which could be made of tissue paper.*

GRANNY SPIDER—*short full skirt, and blouse of yellow, brown arms and legs, brown ruff, and witch's pointed hat. Carries a tiny spinning wheel.*

DRAGON—*Bright green and red, with long tail, head covering with a point that extends over the face.*

ELF—*green, with brown wings.*

WOODMICE—*dark gray, with long thin tails.*

DOGS—*one white with brown spots, the other brown with white spots.*

The field may be indicated by a corn shock or two, some pumpkins, scattered bushes and vines. Different shades of brown and green curtains at the sides and back suggest trees, and provide exits at right and left and right back. At center back there lies a large hollow log, with the open end facing the footlights. This may be made by covering a roll of wire netting with brown paper cambric, and roughly painting to resemble a log. The web should be made of tinsel cord, and fastened to the inner side of the log. As GRANNY spins it is brought down, and fills the opening. During the action of the play the light grows dimmer, until the last is in the twilight.

An ELF sits upon the hollow log studying a long narrow paper. He has read almost all of it, so the ends are held by two WOOD MICE, one crouching on either side of him as

#### THE CURTAIN RISES.

(The ELF studies his paper for a moment, then rising, he comes down center front, accompanied by the WOOD MICE.)



ELF: Good Friends—we salute you! (*He makes a deep bow. The WOOD MICE make equally deep curtseys, sweeping their tails behind them, as ladies do their trains.*) It is our duty and our pleasure to present a tale—(*The MICE look worried, and see that their tails are out of sight, the ELF studies his paper.*) to present a tale of heroism and devotion—of chivalry to lady fair—and of a heart made repentant. No humans will you see, but (*sadly*) you will hear them—you can't keep 'em out entirely. (*The MICE shake their heads dolefully. The ELF studies his paper.*) This, Friends, is a farmer's field upon the edge of a deep wood. (*The MICE wave their paws right, left, and back.*) Behold the trees all flaming scarlet and warm gold. The stubble of the field has not yet turned brown, and near yonder hollow log wave plumes of goldenrod—somewhat faded 'tis true. It is late in the afternoon of Hallowe'en, and a mysterious thrill—(*Sharp cries are heard off stage. The MICE look worried, one of them drops his end of the scroll, the other pulls the sleeve of the ELF.*) The sky is—but stay! What cries are these—

WOOD MICE: Eek! Eek! Eek!

ELF: The play begins!

(*They hurry to the back of the stage, and have the appearance of hiding behind the trees, then disappear through the curtains. CHARLIE CHIPMUNK, SAMMIE SQUIRREL, and BILLIE WOODCHUCK run on from right, squeaking with fright. They are pursued by the DRAGON, who roars as he chases them across the stage and off at left. All is still—then the DRAGON returns and seats himself upon the log, wiping his head, and fanning himself with his huge red paws.*)

DRAGON: (*Sighing loudly.*) Missed again! It's getting to be chronic. First thing I know I'll just lose myself in a crack, I'll be so thin. (*Holds his head in his paws.*) Trou-

ble with me is I'm getting too soft-hearted. Can't bear to pester these poor little wood folk. They can't fight back—but on the other hand—I can't catch them, either.

(CHARLIE, SAMMIE and BILLIE peep out from the trees. DRAGON sees them and roars loudly. The little creatures quickly disappear.)

DRAGON: Oh dear— Oh dear! They really ought to have fallen down in fright and given me a chance to pounce on them. That's what would have happened in the good old days—only I wouldn't be chasing squirrels and such. (*Shakes his head.*) Ah me! Ah me! What is this old world coming to. No more princesses to capture and d-r-a-g off to my fearful lair! No more shining knights to fight—of course they always cut off my head, but the goblins put it right on again. By the way—I haven't seen a goblin for almost a hundred or two hundred years. They don't seem to come out very often.

(*Stops and meditates solemnly. RAB GRAYFUR appears and dodges back. The DRAGON begins to nod his head drowsily. BILLIE WOODCHUCK hurries in, sees DRAGON and hides behind the log.*)

DRAGON: (*Sleepily.*) Not a single goblin—for—centuries—and—centuries—

(HUNTER'S horn is heard, and the excited barking of dogs.)

DRAGON: What now! The Hunters are out. They have better luck than I do. I'll just wait here, something in the dinner line may come my way if they escape the Hunter.

(*Sits quietly listening. RAB appears again, slips across the stage back of the log, and hides in the trees.*)

DRAGON: (*Yawning and patting his mouth politely with his paw.*) Ho—hum! Not a princess—nor a knight—nor a single goblin! Hallowe'en time, too, they ought to be out now—(*Yawns again.*) Tiresome waiting—with an

empty stomach—

*(Gives a prodigious yawn that produces a muffled roar, nods his head, finally crawls into the log and goes to sleep. BILLIE W., SAMMIE S., and CHARLIE C. slip from their hiding places and gather in a little group, center front.)*

BILLIE: *(Rather fat and pompous.)* This field is worse than the wood—

CHARLIE: *(Slim, with quick nervous movements.)* No place is safe, no place at all—

SAMMIE: *(Lithe and graceful.)* What with Hunters in the woods and Dragons in the fields. Even the trees—

CHARLIE: Well, I'll be blessed if the trees and the fences aren't the worst of all. Why—my uncle's wife's grandmother—

BILLIE: I don't believe I'll be able to get my nest ready, I'm so pestered—

CHARLIE: Why my uncle's wife's grandmother was going along the rail fence—

BILLIE: Here it is Hallowe'en, and I always have my nest ready—

CHARLIE: Always pestering! My uncle's wife's—

BILLIE: And now that old Dragon has come to this field—

SAMMIE: *(Looking fearfully at the log.)* Sh! Sh!

CHARLIE: *(Gazing at the DRAGON.)* Oh, he's sound asleep.

SAMMIE: One thing—he hasn't caught any of us yet.

*(Horn and barking heard again, they prepare to flee when RAB GRAYFUR hurries in quite out of breath.)*

RAB: Oh—Oh—Oh!

*(They rush over to him, one holds him up, another fans him.)*

SAMMIE: Did the Hunter see you?

RAB: Yes—yes—

CHARLIE: (*Running around in circles.*) Then they are coming here?

RAB: Hide me! Hide me!

(*He peers around for a hiding place, sees the log—but it is full of DRAGON.*)

BILLIE: You see! There simply is no place for a woods creature to hide!

(*Horns and barking grow fainter. All listen, then sink to the ground. RAB is still panting.*)

CHARLIE: I believe they are going away.

RAB: Those Dogs nearly got me that time.

SAMMIE: What were you doing out in the open where they could see you?

RAB: I was searching for the Princess Bunny—

ALL: (*Excitedly.*) The Princess Bunny!

RAB: (*Springing up.*) Why, haven't you heard?

BILLIE: Heard what?

SAMMIE: What?

CHARLIE: What?

RAB: The Princess Bunny has disappeared!

ALL: Oh—Oh—Oh!

BILLIE: Where?

SAMMIE: Why?

CHARLIE: When?

RAB: I'll tell you. You know tonight is Hallowe'en, and on this night the goblins and the elves are out. Even the fairies leave Fairy Land—

CHARLIE: Yes, yes—we know—

RAB: So the beautiful Princess Bunny told her nurse that she was going to the Fairy Ring—

SAMMIE: The Fairy Ring!

BILLIE: But that's dangerous!

RAB: So her nurse told her. But she wanted a charm—

BILLIE: What does she need of a charm?

RAB: A charm to prevent her marriage to the old Flemish Giant—

CHARLIE: Oh, she must never marry *him*!

SAMMIE: If he tired of her he'd give her to the Dragon—

RAB: She shall never marry him! (*Strikes an attitude.*)

BILLIE: How will *you* prevent it?

RAB: (*Sentimentally.*) I adore Princess Bunny—

SAMMIE: (*Skeptically.*) Does she like you?

(RAB *looks doubtful.*)

CHARLIE: (*Frisking about.*) Well, did she get the charm?

BILLIE: It's too early. The magic people aren't out until midnight—

RAB: But she's disappeared. I tell you— (*He again drops to the ground forlornly.*)

CHARLIE: You didn't tell us—

RAB: All her many suitors were out searching for her. But they gave up—all but me. I've looked and looked every place—

BILLIE: Well this is a dangerous world—

SAMMIE: What with Hunters and Dragons—

CHARLIE: I should think *He'd* be ashamed to pick on little creatures like us—

BILLIE: Why don't he stick to his princesses and knights—

RAB: Princesses! (*Strikes his forepaws together.*) Maybe he has devoured my beautiful Bunny!

BILLIE: Aw—no—he hasn't!

CHARLIE: We heard him groaning and moaning—

SAMMIE: He's hungry!

RAB: That's it. He may wake up any minute, and if Princess Bunny should wander into the field—

(*Horns are heard in the distance. The old witch,*

GRANNY SPIDER, *leaps in. She seems to have dropped from the trees. She does not see the group of wood creatures, and does a wild, weird dance with her tiny spinning wheel.*)

GRANNY SPIDER: (*Singing. Tune: "On the Bridge of Avignon."*)

Whirl and whirl,  
Curtsey and twirl,  
When day's done  
Our revel's begun.  
Soon, ah, soon  
The Hallowe'en moon  
Will shine on our frolic and fun.  
Spin your thread,  
Weave your web,  
Spin, ah, spin,  
Then we begin.

(*Places her spinning wheel on the ground near the log, and prepares to spin.*)

CHARLIE: (*Excitedly.*) Not there! Not there!

GRANNY: (*Looking at him calmly.*) Why not, then? This is a very good place, and I've a web to finish before midnight.

BILLIE: But the Dragon!

RAB: The Dragon is hungry—

GRANNY: Pish! The Dragon! I'm a witch—

RAB: A witch!

CHARLIE: (*Nods his head briskly.*) Sure—Granny Spider's a witch—

BILLIE: Every one knows that—

GRANNY: Dragons never harm witches. Besides they are as harmless as the little lizards you see sunning on the rocks—

ALL: Harmless!

GRANNY: Of course. If you are not afraid of them they can't hurt—this is the last one anyway. We let him stay on as a curiosity.

SAMMIE: Well, he roars terribly!

BILLIE: And he's always hungry!

GRANNY: (*Wisely.*) His time is almost over. So is mine, for that matter.

RAB: Why?

GRANNY: No one believes in us any more—or is afraid of us—

CHARLIE: But you are good—

SAMMIE: And wise!

GRANNY: Goodness and wisdom is all that is real about magic, anyway. And fear is all there is to a Dragon.

RAB: (*Thoughtfully.*) You are good and wise. Perhaps you can help find the Princess Bunny.

GRANNY: Not found yet? The ants told me she had disappeared. She sat under a big leaf near the Fairy Ring all morning. But something frightened her away.

(*Horns and barking are again heard.*)

RAB: There—those brutes are coming this way again. If she is in the wood she will be so terrified.

BILLIE: She won't be able to run—

RAB: You see, she is not used to the wild wood.

SAMMIE: She lives in a castle, doesn't she?

RAB: Yes. The Castle Hutch. And she never has to hunt for food. The tenderest green lettuce and clover and golden carrots are served her each day—

BILLIE: Um! Um!

(*The DRAGON snores. All start, regardless of GRANNY, who sits calmly spinning.*)

RAB: Now he is getting ready to waken. Poor little timid Princess Bunny! So frail! So delicate!

SAMMIE: She can never escape—

CHARLIE: The Dogs! The Dragon!

RAB: I *must* find her! I must go at once—

ALL: We will go too— We will help. Hurry! Hurry!

GRANNY: I will take care of the Dragon, never fear!

RAB: But you are so small and weak—

GRANNY: I'll weave my web in the opening of the log.  
A magic web, strong with courage. He can not break it.

RAB: Oh, good witch. Wise and brave Granny spider!

GRANNY: (*Snappily.*) Don't flatter! Away with you all  
and find the Princess.

(*They scamper off in different directions. The horn and barking sound nearer. GRANNY fastens the thread to the log, and as she spins she goes back and forth from wheel to log, apparently weaving the web in the opening. She sings softly and dreamily as though making it up as she goes along. Through the song is heard the barking and the horn, with an occasional snore from the DRAGON. The words are sung to the melody of Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song," and the music continues softly until the DRAGON awakes.*)

The wheel turns round about—

The thread, magic thread, I will spin

Ere our revels begin.

Then wind it in and out.

The web I will weave

Only Dragons deceive.

This Hallowe'en charm

Ne'er will do any harm;

'Twill save the little wood creatures alarm.

Spin it

And wind it,

The thread cannot break—

Tho' he wake—



Spin it strong,  
Spin it long,  
    It must hold—  
    Dragon bold—  
Till thoughts most kind  
Do change his mind.  
Then Love will set him free—  
Set him free—  
Set him free.

*(When the web is finished GRANNY dances a few steps, laughs in a croaking way, leaps and disappears. It would seem that she is drawn up in the trees. The DRAGON gives an awful snore—and wakens.)*

DRAGON: *(Yawns.)* Well, I can sleep anyway. Oh—but I am hungry! Time to get on the track of some dinner— *(Starts to move out of the log.)* What's this—what's this! I can't get out! *(Struggles and roars.)* What is this thing? Just a spider's web! Why can't I break it? *(Shakes the web.)* Am I to be imprisoned forever? Oh, think how I used to imprison fair princesses! *(Roars loudly.)* But I'm hungry! *(Thoughtfully.)* I expect they were, too. *(He is silent for a moment.)* Think how I've frightened and worried these little creatures in the wood and field. *(His roar becomes a groan.)* I suppose there is other food— Um! I know there is! I've heard princesses talk about cake and chocolate pudding and ice cream. Sounds good! *(He weeps huge tears.)* Oh, how wicked I've been all these hundreds of years!— And now look at me! Wickedness never gets you any place—

*(The PRINCESS BUNNY runs in, quite exhausted. Runs to the opening of the log. Sees the DRAGON. Shricks.)*

PRINCESS: Oh, horrible! Oh, what shall I do—

DRAGON: Who are you?

PRINCESS: I am the Princess Bunny of Castle Hutch.

DRAGON: A princess! Well! Well!

PRINCESS: And I'm lost— (*Sobs.*)

DRAGON: Lost, eh?

PRINCESS: Oh, please, Sir Dragon, don't eat me—

DRAGON: I can't very well—

PRINCESS: Oh, I thought Dragons ate everything—

DRAGON: You see, I can't get out.

(*Horn and barking again heard, louder and nearer.*)

PRINCESS: Oh, there are those terrible Dogs! And the Hunter! What shall I do? They almost caught me—

DRAGON: Let me out. I will protect you. (*Softly.*) Think of me protecting a princess.

PRINCESS: No—no! I'm afraid of you! I'm afraid of the Dogs! Afraid! Afraid!

(*Barking is louder; the PRINCESS is beside herself with terror.*)

DRAGON: Let me out—let me out— Run! Run!

(*She runs out as the DOGS rush in. The DRAGON roars and they come over and sniff around the log.*)

PETER POINTER: What's this thing in the log?

HARRY HOUND: Looks like a big lizard.

DRAGON: (*Roaring.*) I'm a Dragon, I am! A DRAGON!

PETER: Never saw one before—

HARRY: Never heard of such a thing— (*Tries to break the web.*)

PETER: I scent the rabbit— (*Runs around, sniffing.*)

HARRY: Well, on with the hunt. I can't break the web anyway.

PETER: Hurry on—or the Master will be angry.

(*They run after the PRINCESS as the horn is heard.*)

DRAGON: (*Desperately.*) The other way—the other way! Oh, the poor dear little thing. Oh, I'm so sorry for

all the princesses I've captured.

*(Puts his paw over his eyes. Wild shrieks and loud barking as the DOGS come back dragging the PRINCESS.)*

PRINCESS: Oh, let me go—please let me go—

DRAGON: *(Shaking the web.)* Let her go, you ruffians!

PETER: We'll take her to our Master—

HARRY: Come, don't you hear the horn?

PRINCESS: *(As they drag her off.)* Oh, Rab—Rab—save me! Save me!

RAB: *(Rushes in from the same direction as the DOGS and PRINCESS.)* I heard her call! I saw her—I'm sure I saw her!

DRAGON: *(Sadly.)* They have carried her off—

BILLIE: *(Comes in from right.)* They are taking her to the Hunter.

RAB: Where—which way? Oh, the poor darling!

DRAGON: Let me out! I'll help you—

RAB: Let you out? You'll eat us all—

DRAGON: I never will— I'm going to stick to ice cream.

BILLIE: Hooray!

DRAGON: I will live to help princesses, not capture them—to protect the little creatures, not harry them—

RAB: *(Cuts the web.)* Come then—

DRAGON: *(Crawls out of the log.)* Lead on!

BILLIE: This way—this way—

*(He leads them off right, but as they run off the DOGS come on right back, with the PRINCESS. They come to the front and lie down, panting. HARRY keeps his paw on the PRINCESS, who is too terrified to move. At right there is a glimpse of RAB, DRAGON, and BILLIE among the trees. They are talking softly.)*

RAB: If I show up they will drop the Princess and chase me—

BILLIE: Slip around those trees and run towards us.

DRAGON: Then they will chase you this way—and I'll get my clutches on them.

BILLIE: Sure you can manage them?

DRAGON: Sure! My strength is returning, and I'll soon breathe fire. They can't resist that!

RAB: They will probably catch me—but I must take the chance—

DRAGON: You are the Knight who will rescue the Princess—but not from me this time.

RAB: (*Draws himself up bravely, takes a long breath.*) Well, here goes!

(RAB dashes back of the trees and enters from left. Runs across the stage. DOGS see him and chase him off stage right. The PRINCESS is too terrified to move but screams "Rab!" The DRAGON roars and hisses loudly, the DOGS yelp and bark. There is evidently a terrible combat going on. RAB runs in and clasps the trembling BUNNY, lifting her to her feet.)

PRINCESS: Rab—Rab—are you safe? Unhurt?

RAB: Perfectly safe. And you, beautiful Princess?

PRINCESS: But the terrible fight?

RAB: 'Tis the Dragon and the Dogs.

PRINCESS: The Dragon?

RAB: Yes, the old Dragon wishes to mend his ways, and atone for his many wicked deeds—

(The ELF and WOOD MICE run in left, stopping before right exit, where they stand peeping out at the combat. During all this there is constant roaring, hissing, barking and yelping.)

ELF: At them! At them! Brave Dragon!

MICE: (*Dancing up and down excitedly.*) Eek! Eek!

ELF: He lashes his terrible tail—

MICE: Eek! Eek!

ELF: But their teeth are sharp, and their claws— They

have him by the throat—

PRINCESS: Ah, poor—poor Dragon!

RAB: Two to one! Can he withstand them?

ELF: Now he breathes fire! The flames come from his mouth!

RAB: I thought Dragons couldn't do that any more—

ELF: But 'tis Hallowe'en—the power comes back to him—

PRINCESS: The power is given him because he wants to do good.

ELF: Oh—Oh—he has them down! They are vanquished!

MICE: (*Triumphantly.*) Eek! Eek!

(*The horn is heard, clear and very close at hand. The DOGS slink in at right, licking their wounds, go across the stage and out at left. The horn is heard once more, then shouts. Enter DRAGON, CHARLIE, SAMMIE, BILLIE at right.*)

CHARLIE: Victory!

SAMMIE: The Dragon won!

BILLIE: The fight is over!

DRAGON: (*Quite winded.*) The Princess is safe—

PRINCESS: (*Running to him and helping him sit on the log.*) Oh, dear, good Dragon—

RAB: (*Coming up and clapping him on the shoulder.*) Good old fellow! The King shall hear of this.

DRAGON: How happy it makes me to have you turn to me for help. But, Rab, you are the hero!

BILLIE: How bravely he ran into the field—

SAMMIE: He knew the Dogs would see him—

CHARLIE: He *wanted* the Dogs to see him—

PRINCESS: (*Turns to RAB.*) Oh—their great white teeth and horrible red tongues—(*Stretches out her hands.*) My hero!

RAB: No risk is too great to take for you, my beautiful Princess!

DRAGON: Hereafter, my life will be spent helping others—

BILLIE: And we will bring you sweet roots—

SAMMIE: And nuts—

CHARLIE: And ripe berries—

DRAGON: And—mayhap—cake and ice cream, eh? I've heard they are very delicious—

CHARLIE: And you will join in all our frolics.

(ALL *join paws and dance around the* DRAGON. GRANNY SPIDER *leaps to the ground.*)

GRANNY: Now—come, come—'tis almost time for the Hallowe'en revels to begin—

RAB: It is growing late—

GRANNY: Soon the goblins and the elves, the brownies and the fairies, and my wise sister witches will be out to dance and prank in the light of the Hallowe'en moon—

PRINCESS: May we join them?

GRANNY: Nay—go now—go! Into your homes—your nests and holes—ere the moon, which I see dimly, rides high. No bright eyes must watch our Hallowe'en mysteries.

BILLIE: Come, Dragon, to your cave—

(BILLIE, SAMMIE *and* CHARLIE *go out gaily, leading the* DRAGON.)

RAB: Beautiful Princess, you are weary—

PRINCESS: And I have not found the charm. Ah! Woe is me!

GRANNY: But you have! A loving and a brave heart. A repentant soul, eager to make amends for a mis-spent life. Loyal friends. These are the charms which will lead you into the arms of your true love.

RAB: Come, lovely Princess, I will take you home.

PRINCESS: To your home, dear Rab. Nevermore to

Castle Hutch.

*(They wander out right, hand in hand. GRANNY winds a ball from the web. The ELF and MICE advance to center front, positions as at first.)*

ELF:

And now, dear friends,  
A Princess rescued—  
A Dragon reformed—  
The play is ended.

CURTAIN FALLS

## A HALLOWE'EN PANTOMIME

BY MABEL RAY GOODLANDER

### SCENE I: IN THE WOODS ON HALLOWE'EN

Children represent trees. A group of squirrels and then of bunnies play among the trees until interrupted by a nutting party of boys and girls, when they scamper away, the squirrels scolding loudly at the intruders. A storm rises, the trees wave wildly, and the children, fearing the approaching darkness and the witches, hasten off. They are just in time, for six witches ride in on broomsticks and wildly dance in a circle.

### SCENE II: THE CHILDREN'S HOME

First a group of little ones have a bed-time frolic and then fall asleep. In their dreams they see the Jack-o'-lanterns and brownies, who come out on Hallowe'en. By the light of the Jack-o'-lanterns the brownies dance, but disappear before the children waken in the morning.

## THE STRAW PHANTOM

BY DOROTHY BREWER BLACKALL

A PANTOMIME FOR HALLOWE'EN

NOTE: This pantomime was suggested by Hawthorne's tale of "Feathertop" in "Mosses from an Old Manse."

It can be given on any small stage and demands neither elaborate scenery nor experienced actors. The parts of the Witch and Scarecrow require the most ability, the Girls of Different Nations can be taken by absolutely inexperienced actors of fifteen years or over, and the Jack-o'-Lanterns and Rabbits may be easily played by little girls or boys. There are no lines to be learned and the pantomime action, accompanied by appropriate music, easily conveys the story to the audience.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE WITCH

THE SCARECROW

THE SIX JACK-O'-LANTERNS

THE TWO RABBITS—*He and She*

THE MAIDS OF { HOLLAND, SWEDEN, PERSIA,  
RUSSIA, JAPAN, SPAIN, U.S.A.

THE SCENE: A forest. Two trees stand out prominently in the center background. In the right foreground the Old Witch is bending over her cauldron; Scarecrow is partly hidden behind a sheaf of corn which stands in the left background; across the front of the stage in a semicircle six little Jack-o'-Lanterns are curled up fast asleep. Real trees or a set of forest scenery may be used, as is convenient.

*(To be read before the curtain is raised)*



## HALLOWE'EN

If you would hear a story  
About All-hallow's Day,  
Just listen very carefully  
To every word I say.

Once on a time there lived a witch  
Deep in the forest glade  
Who built a fire and brewed a charm  
And a wondrous scarecrow made.

The Jack-o'-Lanterns helped her,  
And two rabbits—He and She.  
The wind did howl as they did dance,  
Just wait a bit—you'll see.

"Upon my soul!" cried old Dame Witch,  
"This fellow's far too gay  
To be a common scarecrow  
And frighten birds away.

"That pumpkin head and fine buff coat  
No crow would ever fear."  
And creeping slowly up to him  
She croaked, "Smoke this, my dear!"

A knotted, crooked, gnarled old pipe  
She stuck between his lips;  
A wondrous thing did happen when  
He'd taken three good whiffs.

No more his legs were bean-poles stiff,  
His breath in quick gusts came;  
He slowly made a deep, deep bow,  
And the witch she did the same.

And then they started whirling—  
Gadzooks! a funny scene  
To see a witch and a scarecrow  
Dance on All-hallowe'en!

"I'm proud of you, my beauty,  
You're such a worthy son.  
You'll choose a partner of your own  
Before this night is done.

"Nor shall you, like a country lad,  
Look near home for your lass.  
Watch well the magic mirror here  
And see what's in the glass."

First, in this magic mirror,  
Appeared a sweet Dutch lass.  
"She's very pretty," Scarecrow said,  
"But still I'll let her pass."

And then in quick succession  
Came girls from every land:  
A beauty fair from Sweden,  
A belle from far Japan.

A Persian maid so languorous;  
A Russian, swathed in fur,  
A Spanish señorita,  
Each one his heart did stir.

"You all are very lovely,  
But you hail from far away;  
I choose a partner near at home,  
A girl of the U. S. A."

You'll see her if you watch, good folk,  
Come—pull aside the screen.  
Long live the Stars and Stripes, my friends,  
And likewise Hallowe'en.

### THE ACTION

As the music begins, the witch stirs her cauldron with long sweeping strokes and dances back and forth to the scarecrow, as if putting the last touches to her handiwork. Then she steals stealthily to the pumpkins (Jack-o'-Lanterns), touching them one by one with her wand, at which they slowly yawn and stretch and twirl about in a frightened way, finally joining together in a weird, spook-like dance. There is a noise outside, and into their midst with a hop, hop, hop, springs Mr. Rabbit, followed in a moment from the opposite side by Mrs. Rabbit, who skips about with him in proper rabbit fashion, cutting up many jolly antics. The little pumpkins all the while look in with envy until they can stand it no longer and join in the merry frolic. Suddenly, right in the midst of the fun, there is a blood-curdling shriek, and the old witch shoos them helter-skelter off the stage.

Then back she goes to her pot-boiling and hovering around the scarecrow. First, she tastes her brewing from a long-handled spoon and slyly gives a sip to the scarecrow. Next, a fine cocked hat comes out of the pot and is placed on his head instead of the old straw one, which she flings far into the bushes. By this time, we can see that the scarecrow looks quite like a gallant gentleman, and after she has discovered a pipe in her cauldron, taken three puffs herself and stuck it into his mouth, we see a still further change.

Puff, puff, puff—each seems to give him life. His stiff

arm is slowly swinging, his wooden legs are actually moving, until at last he steps out before us—a very gay fellow—and makes a deep bow to the witch, who returns it with grave pleasure. They dance.

(Any character dance may be adapted for this, starting stiffly, but ending in a wild, hilarious whirl.)

The scarecrow finishes with a gallant flourish and the witch stands aside, greatly admiring her creation. Suddenly, she has a brilliant idea. She claps her hands, the wood falls into complete darkness, and the music is full of thunder and lightning until, with a crash, a brilliant bar of light streams across the back of the stage and we see, between two trees, a magic mirror.

(This can be simply arranged between the two rear wings or trees by mosquito netting stretched on two poles. The netting should be carefully rolled on one pole and held in place above the wings, so that when the light goes out, it can be unrolled like a curtain and fall to the ground, the second pole serving as a weight to hold it in place. The light thrown in back and not in front gives the effect of a mirror.)

First, behind the magic mirror, dances a *Dutch Lass*, her wooden shoes clicking, her yoke pails full of flowers. She offers her wares as she dances, and the scarecrow is greatly pleased, but shakes his head at her sadly when she throws him a rose in parting.

Next, comes a sunny-haired *Girl from Sweden* in a gay little folk-dance of her people; but she, in her turn, cannot win his heart.

A *Belle from far Japan* then comes to view, bending and swaying, coquetting with her fan in most appealing fashion; but she likewise has to give way to the *Persian Maid*, who moves with languorous grace—first calling upon Allah with upraised arms, then falling upon her

knees and prostrating herself, finally covering her eyes with her shimmering veil.

*The Russian*, tall and stately, has her muff full of snowflakes which she roguishly throws at the scarecrow; then uses the same muff to hide her face.

With tambourine and flashing eyes, the *Spanish Señora* comes to view. Charming as she is, the scarecrow shakes his head.

Then we hear "Yankee Doodle," and she comes—the maid of his choice—in her *Red, White, and Blue*, a smile on her lips, a twinkle in her eye. A gay little jig quite wins his heart, he kneels before her, she curtsies low and dances out of the mirror to take his proffered hand.

Led by Dame Witch, all the characters circle about the stage in a farewell march—the pumpkins following two by two, then the maids of the different nations, and Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit hopping on behind.

### COSTUMES

**SCARECROW:** *A Colonial costume of white satin knee-breeches, colored waistcoat, and buff coat.*

**WITCH:** *Full short skirt with panniers, white guimpe, black bodice, and black steeple hat. Any touches of color, such as brilliant patches on the skirt or hat, help to make the costume distinctive.*

**THE SIX JACK-O'-LANTERNS:** *Costumes of orange cambric made to represent pumpkins. A full bloomer hanging from the shoulders is caught in at the ankles, a hole being cut for arms and head to come through. These bloomers can be wired out or stuffed out with newspaper. At the neck is a green frill, on the head a tight green cap with point to represent the pumpkin stem.*

**THE TWO RABBITS:** *Peter Rabbit costumes of white*

*Canton flannel. Hoods of the same with pink-lined ears and white mittens on their hands.*

*He wears a bright green waistcoat and checked jacket.*

*She wears a plaid shawl and short full skirt.*

**DUTCH GIRL:** *A conventional Dutch costume. White muslin cap, black bodice, white guimpe, skirt of brilliant hue, white apron, wooden shoes. A wooden yoke about her neck from which are suspended two flower-filled pails.*

**SWEDISH MAIDEN:** *Full red skirt, white guimpe, black bodice, apron with bright stripes running across it. Snug white cap. White kerchief.*

**BELLE FROM JAPAN:** *A gaily embroidered kimono with sash tied in huge butterfly-bow behind. Paper chrysanthemums in her hair.*

**PERSIAN MAIDEN:** *Full baggy trousers of any soft material. Short embroidered or beaded jacket over full white blouse. Broad girdle. Scarf over head and lower part of the face, showing only the eyes.*

**RUSSIAN GIRL:** *Russian blouse suit of brilliant blue, edged with white fur or cotton batting marked to represent fur. White fur toque. Big muff.*

**SPANISH SEÑORITA:** *Full skirt of orange cheese-cloth, white blouse. Black bolero. Bright sash. Black lace mantilla worn over the hair, which is done high on the head with huge comb. Ear-rings and a tambourine.*

**THE GIRL FROM U. S. A.:** *A "Miss Columbia" costume, consisting of short skirt of red and white stripes. Snug pointed bodice of blue, studded with silver-paper stars. One single star on a diadem perched high in her hair.*















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